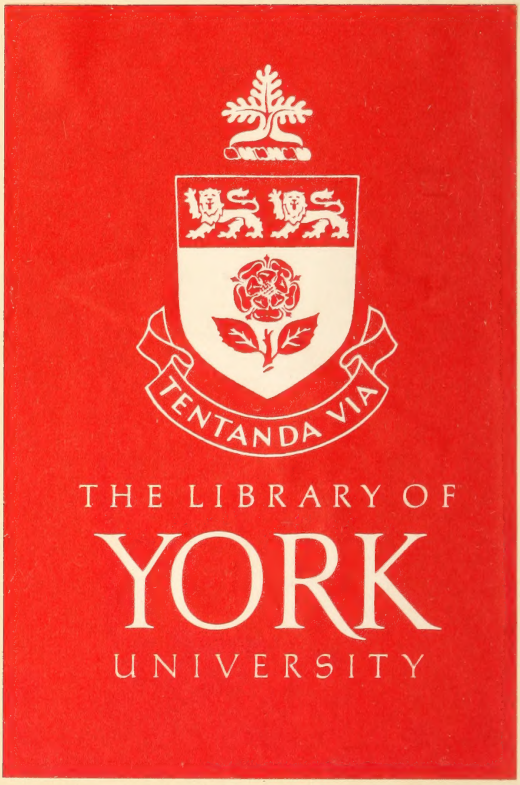
THE LENORE

By TERENCE O'DONNELL


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THE LENORE

A Maritime Chronicle

BY

TERENCE O'DONNELL



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
The Riverside Press Cambridge
1926

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The Riverside Press
CAMBRIDGE · MASSACHUSETTS
PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

To
My Father and My Mother
and to Boston
The City of Their Marriage

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O Ships of Clipper Days!

To sing of you is to be as one dumb before the spread of a gull's wing or the effortless flight of an albatross; you were all beautiful, ever white and ever young, because it is not given to man, working well and honestly with tools, to fashion aught but loveliness when he lays the keel and builds the hull of a ship.

O Ship of Sailing Days! O Lenore!

Do you not remember that morning when you slid proudly down the ways; when sails like great white moths hung upon your yards, and you sang in the perfected fullness of your being:

'I wait for him, my Master! Hitherto I have lain cradled. I have stood tamely, concealing the wildness of my eyes and the eagerness of my heart. I wait, Master — thy Lenore!'

Noiseless and powerful the white-maned steeds of Ocean bore you on; coquetting, you curtsied to the lifting swell. Though you were buffeted with storm and tempest, your graceful bows never cleft your beloved sea in anger; no frown ruffled your sails, ere they were whipped from their boltropes by the demons of the gales.

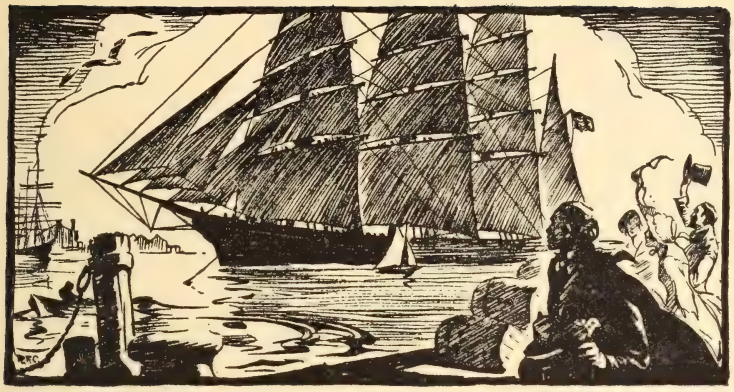
Prayers and curses have been offered you; incense rarer than the odors of Socotra exhaled with your breath. With you men bridged Ocean; through you Commerce worked its wonders; around your wharves life wreathed its plenitude and contentment and storied glory.

O Ship of Sailing Days! O Lenore!

This is a tale of hands that wrought and reined you; of men that loved you, and souls that justified your love.

A Tale of Clipper Days!

THE LENORE



THE LENORE

CHAPTER I

THE HOME-COMING OF THE LENORE

Boston and 1857, and a crowd gathered on India Wharf. There is a downy mist of New England autumn in the air through which the chimes of North Church come pealing a lively melody, until you seem to see the golden notes petal down, like flakes in Danzig punch.

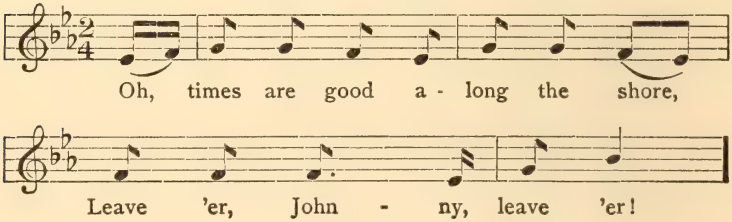
All eyes are upon her as she tacks past Governor's — a great ship like a doming cloud, skysails and stu'n'sails set before a stiff northeaster, the Stars and Stripes apeak. Soundless, as she wafts shorewards, she strikes skysails and royals, fleet as a gull sheathes wing. Backed topsails, now, until her way is checked; and superbly, as she had made her outer landfall and stood in past Boston Light, she makes her flying moor.

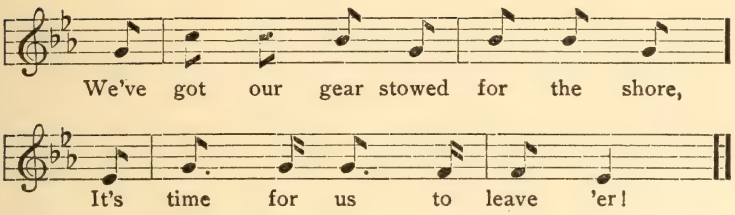
An anchor is let go and her hands clew up all sail. Her way is gradually lessened, and her second anchor is let fall. As the first anchor's chain is hove in, the cable of the

second is slacked away. In and out, in and out, until her moorings tauten; then, swinging smartly to her cables' pivot, a bare two cables' length from India Wharf, the famed clipper Lenore is once more home in Boston from China and the sea.

The moving figures upon her rigging slide below, and there is a level bracing of her yards. Her running gear is coiled and flemished down, and her deck is cleared for warping in. You hear faint hails and nearer bellows from the crews of ships, barques, brigs, and schooners, and the Lenore's sailors swarm along the levers of her windlass. Now larboard, now starboard, her cable rises, and the sailors with their gaff-hooks drag it along her deck. A waiting boat leads out a line from her capstan to the wharf, and a faultlessly dressed youth springs to help the willing hands of others make fast her bowline to a bollard. The line grows taut.

The ocean of sound, which rose hither and thither in directionless surges, now gathers in a long diapason of song synchronizing with the crowd murmurs and the Old North chimes. You hear it plainly now, as from around the Lenore's capstan, to the time of the carpenter dancing on its middle to the roundabout tramp of sailors' feet, come shoreward the words and music of the ship's own song as her sailors walk her toward the wharf and she comes breasting in:





Make fast 'er lines upon the shore,
Man each paddy fender,
No woman's skin is like Lenore's,
No woman's look so tender!

Oh, soon my feet will tramp the shore —
Leave 'er, Johnny, leave 'er!
But back I'll tack to my Lenore, —
I never want to leave 'er!

The pilot ceases his barking in the fo'c'sle head; the captain's promenading upon the quarterdeck becomes more and more self-conscious. Resolutely he keeps eyes away from the wharf, and absent-mindedly joins in the last verse of the familiar chantey; then the Lenore bumps to her springlines, fore and aft, and nestles close to the wharf like a tired bird that has winged home.

The gangplank is lowered, and in their shore clothes — white pants, blue round-abouts, and new tarpaulins — all hands muster smartly at the rail. The master, a dignified man in his middle years and a close-buttoned frock coat, with beaver hat and black satin stock, steps with bow-legged briskness along the gangplank's length, and you note how his red face, sea-burned like a cherry, resembles strongly that of a youth waiting by the end.

A pale personage in a seersucker suit that seems suspended by a black catch from his Adam's apple advances from the crowd to the end of the gangplank, greeting the captain with a handshake and bow. The youth manages an unnoticed 'Welcome home, sir!' from

between his bowler hat and smart white scarf, and, as the two men depart together, falls unnoticed in their wake. Captain Peleg Parker, owner and master of the clipper ship Lenore, is home in Boston port, and with his chief factotum abeam and his son astern is shaping his course toward the Parker office at India Arch. As the Lenore had passed the Quarantine Grounds and come up the harbor, he had observed the clippers Defender, Flying Cloud, Nightingale, Staghound, Romance of the Sea, and Westward Ho! with others of less note; but a swift glance showed none of their masters or his familiars among the crowd upon the wharf. So he knew he need not waste time upon their greetings; and for the rest, the wharf loungers proffered muttered 'How d'ye do's!' as a matter of course and, receiving in return as little as politeness ordered, quickly gave him sea-room — curling in his wake like parted waters abaft his own clipper. They felt they knew why his sailors called him 'Old Stormy.'

The youth ran ahead to open the door of the Parker office; an unnecessary effort, since an apprentice clerk had already descended the stairs and was performing that important, if small, courtesy. Within the office the stiff, formal greeting of the clerks was given to their employer in their best counting-house manner, fading quickly in the renewed rustle of paper and scraping of pens. A bouquet of asters which the youth had carried down to the wharf in honor of his father's arrival decorated the battered desk in an alcove, the bright-work of whose fireplace need not have suffered by comparison with the binnacle of the smart Lenore. Neatly piled on a corner of the desk were the Boston, New York, and Liverpool papers; and under weights lay written statements in clerkly hands that showed the standing that day of the Parker business;

the reported position of chartered vessels, in port or at sea; freight quotings and the manifests of cargoes; and the contract values of ships building on the ways at the Parker yard.

'A fine passage, I hope, sir,' ventured Mr. Hiram Johnson, the factotum.

'Fair, Johnson — middling fair,' deprecated the captain. 'You look well.'

'Quite well, sir; quite well. Business is fairly brisk, sir.'

'Mrs. Parker?'

'Was notified as soon as we got the signal from Telegraph Hill, sir. Your son is here, sir.'

'Oh,' said the captain, as though he now discovered the youth for the first time. 'So! And why are you not at school?'

The youth reddened, gulped, and all but stammered: 'Mother sent me, sir.'

'Well, hurry back. My — er — compliments, and say I shall be up at six. Will you cast an eye over that manifest, Mr. Johnson? Not bad, sir?'

'They'll envy you at the Exchange, sir,' admired Mr. Johnson dutifully.

'And those East Indiamen wagered I'd forfeit under the terms of the charter! Damned near it, sir, for we met as devilish a Cape gale as I've ever snouted in mid-winter. But I tell you, sir, with only a storm fores'l we scudded around that Cape at thirteen knots. Stop the Lenore? She flew through the sea like a crazy shark. Four men at the wheel; frozen to it. If they'd let go for an instant we'd broached to. I out-bawled the gale for twenty-four hours; they heard me at Fiddler's Green, I'll warrant! But we're here with our flat tea wedged and dry at seventy-five

cents a foot, albeit Manuel's hencoops went, lashings and all, to cross breeds with the pigeons.'

'Hencoops; only hencoops, sir?' exclaimed Mr. Johnson. 'Why, there's gossip at Topliff's that the Winged Racer's foundered, and other shipping —'

'So?' interrupted the master of the Lenore. 'I spoke her off soundings; not a rag on her. That man Hall, sir, was not fit to wash the poop of a Dutch schuyt on the Dogger. I'll be back,' he finished abruptly, and was off to the Customs and his cronies at the Exchange Coffee House.

The youth, whose presence had been all but ignored, and whose filial greeting was met almost with rebuff, had listened round-eyed. He watched his father out, and there was a quiver on the fairly full, fine lips, the only color in a face pale after its first flush of sensitiveness. But the well-turned chin held firm, and, though the brown eyes glistened, the forced widening of the lids kept the tears from welling. He made his way, discreetly unobserved, down the stairs and away from the musty odor of calfskin ledgers and the goosequills held askew, to the wharf and the Lenore.

Shipshape and splendid, she lay alongside the dock — new and glistening as on that not far distant day when she had come sliding proudly down the ways to her element, the sea. Her long tapering spars, white-tipped, stood unashamed against the lowering sun. Freed of her press of canvas, with her moonrakers closed down upon the squared and lofty yards and with her studdingsails stowed from their booms, her blocks and running rigging were now silhouetted in unhidden lacing against the sunset sky, like the torn cobwebs of giant spiders, within whose trap the brass caps on her rigging ends and the lanyard

knots lay caught like gilded beetles. Her jib boom extended forward and upward from a curved line of bow so graceful that it gave him a sensation of indefinable pleasure. All her lines swept forward to her figurehead, the half form of a beautiful woman, extending from the stem her outstretched arms. The vessel was eighty-four days out of Canton and did not show it; the mates had coaxed, and the crew had holystoned and painted, until the Lenore shone, shrouds fresh-tarred and ratlines square, the rakiest and most beautiful vessel at the tier of India Wharf.

From her deck resounded the noise of vociferous barter and ribald repartee; likewise of curses, as the stevedores negotiated the stubbornly set key-chest of the tea-chest tiers within her opened hatches. A few merchants in blue coats and pantaloons and buff waistcoats stood aloof, eyeing activities appraisingly. The crimps and hussies of Ann Street, with their runners and tailors and peddlers, were swarming up the gangplank, laden with riotous rum, long-faced hats, and pinchbeck watches dangling from great silver breastpins like dinner plates. Once on board they would be beaten off, only to swarm elsewhere again, forward or aft.

In the lull, the youth hesitated a moment, then mounted the gangplank. Level with his eyes, the teakwood deck showed white and perfectly seamed, smooth as a mackerel's belly; stanchions, fife-rails, and deckhouses shone with mahogany, rosewood, and brass. There was a sweet sound of bustle and scuffle and a fragrant, exotic, dry hay-ey odor of tea, as chests rose and slings whanged on the deck. He felt that he should only be in the way if he boarded, so he contented himself with withdrawing, passing his hand along her sleek topsides. Black, smooth, and

glistening, the planks returned to him something of the warmth of his caress — and from overhead a form came catapulting, landing on all fours beside the youth, with a jug and a bottle clenched safely whole in either fist.

'Rather fallish!' effused the new arrival.

'Sir!' exclaimed the youth blankly.

'Got a bottle of New England here and some choice old Jamaica!' continued the other. He was an unshaven, weazened little dark wart of a man, a runner for Simon Spickett's grocer shop.

'No occasion for any, thank you, sir!' hesitated the youth.

'Have a little real Hollands, if ye prefer it!' persisted the runner; 'or, some nice old cherry or a mug o' flip.' The 'jackal' of Simon Spickett, who felt he had been licensed for the sailors' good, was not easily thwarted in his effort to dispose of his wares.

'Tare an' 'ouns, are ye there yet!' sounded from above. An old sailor grunted and heaved his bag, bowling over the runner amidships and cracking his dubious containers on the flags. 'Ho, ho, his rile highness the Jook of Bilgewater has had a hem'rage! Begone, ye jackal, and take your carcass to Spickett's capsil. I tasted that divil's rum — once,' continued the descending old sailor, by way of explanation to the youth, 'and I didn't wake up till Liverpool.

'Is it ye would be liking to sail on her now, or drink that bilgewater?' he continued, looking at the boy quizzically. 'Come, now, ye are too fine a lad to do it at all. And it's getting late. 'Tis no place to be caught in after nightfall. Will ye give me a h'ist of me bag, and we'll be on our way.'

The youth blushed and stammered wordlessly; non-

plussed and shy, as is the way of youth, that cannot know its attractiveness to its elders. He felt vastly honored, for this new arrival speaking him as one of his own kind was an old sailor of venerable mien. The youth felt that he must have been a tall, fine-looking, hard-a-weather fellow in his day. Now he was a model for the veritable Ancient Mariner, his years tolled up as long sieges of encounters with the deep and with stringy horse beef and flinty, maggoty biscuit; his whiskey-and-tobacco-soaked hair and beard outflowing in the evening breeze from under his tarpaulin; his jaws working in a hanging, shifting way from the scurvy that troubled his old gums. He looked disreputable, but he was known the world over as the greatest sailmaker of them all — 'Old Murphy,' whose sails always hung from a ship's yards as gracefully shapen and neatly sewn as the draperies of a Paris dressmaker.

But of anything savoring of an introduction the old sailor forbore. 'Step along with me, laddie,' he invited, 'and I'll overhaul ye a bit. Was it a drink he was trying to sell ye?'

'I . . . think so, sir!'

''Tis good philosophy,' went on the old sailor, 'for a lad to act as mild as milk and merry as a kitten. But if any "jackal" from Spickett's grogshop offers ye a sup, put your monkey up and look black as thunder. Where might ye hail from?'

'I'm Captain Parker's son, sir!'

'No!' exclaimed the other, dropping his bag in astonishment. 'Where are your eyes, Tim Murphy?' he admonished himself, tipping his new tarpaulin awkwardly. 'I might have known ye were, sir, if it weren't close nightfall. Ye are the dead spit of him . . .' and he finished, murmuring incoherent asseverations to himself. They

had reached the head of the wharf, and the little parade of decanters in Simon Spickett's bay window radiated pleasant reflections that seemed part of the glow from the noisy, cheerful crowd within.

Old Murphy sighed, looking at it all; but forbore, regretfully deciding to keep on his tack past, steering a course for the safer, if pious, quiet of the Sailor's Home on Purchase Street.

'Let me carry your bag, sir — part of the way?'

'Whisht, no, *agra*, God blessing ye, and me thanking ye kindly just the same. 'Tis that crinkled with me little that's in it ye would think 'twas barnacles on it. Give me another h'ist, and we'll be on our way.'

'Do you like sailing, sir?'

'Ye can't teach an old dog new tricks, and 'tis all I know. Ye'll be after sailing yersilf some day, Master Parker.'

'I wish I could . . . ' breathed the youth wistfully. 'I've never been on the Lenore; on any ship, even. I'd sail even before the mast, if I could.'

'I disremember, but I think your father came up through the hawsepipe. 'Tis the only way makes a sailor. *Wurroo*, here we are, thanks be to God, and the promise of the first dacent bed me ould bones have had for eight months. Good-night, laddie . . . er . . . Master Parker!'

'Good-night, sir!'

'If ye'll come to the boat to-morrow, I'll show ye a few tricks, sir.'

'Oh, thank you, sir! I will — *I will . . . Good-night*, Mr. . . . ?'

'Tim Murphy, as I told ye once, sir,' he supplied, mildly aggrieved, and turned the doorbell.

The youth strutted proudly away, his chest out manfully. And why not? He was only seventeen. And as the old sailmaker looked after him up the murky street, he admired his clothes and his gait, and the youth that glowed from him. But as the door opened, it was with a shaking head he answered his welcome and went inside — thinking of a captain's son who had never been on a ship; and who, by the same token, had never known a tar bucket. 'Twas lucky, he told himself, that Tim Murphy had happened along, to teach him to hand, reef, and steer, and splice a rope and raise a perpendicular; yes, and to handle a palm and needle, for the stuff was in him!



CHAPTER II

THE MASTER COMES HOME

THE house where the youth had plucked the bouquet of asters earlier in the afternoon was a great Georgian mansion on the 'morning side' of Mount Vernon Street, whose white-columned portico, foiled elegantly against red brick, pointed upward toward an approving cornice hiding the slate roof beyond. Six great elms shaded it; and their leaves, thin with the first sear of autumn, still spread their shadow over the well-raked velvet lawn. A driveway extended curvedly from the street to the portico, skirting the house through the aster beds and hawthorn and boxwood hedges until it ended at the barn in the rear, of a pattern in design with the house. Within these hedges there were smaller gardens, hedged primly with low privet boxing cosmos and yet other asters in well-kept bloom. In the corners of the yard, within the outer hedges, were white-latticed arbors with chairs of cream rattan with picked black-lacquer ornament. At the back of it all stood the sentinel Normandy poplars, shedding green and yellow leaves upon the brighter verdure of the grass.

And about it all was that air of quietness that bespoke the aristocratic aloofness of well-ordered living, and of assurance, withal, foundationed thoroughly upon a wide good taste.

Now, at nightfall, the returning boy sensed an air of bustle about the mansion. He saw that the blinds had been folded back onto their hinges and recessed at the sides; the curtains looped inside the glass, so neatly polished it gave the illusion of being absent, with no barrier between the interior and the outer autumn air.

As he entered, he saw that the great room which extended back from half the front on the ground floor had its furniture bared of the striped summer coverings. Quaint Chippendale chairs, high-lighted with curious relievings of the Chinese artists, held aloof from other chairs of koa and teakwood and blackwood; inlaid, some of them, with mother-of-pearl, and curiously carved like stiff, outlandish lace; and backgrounded with wall brocade whereon clouds, gods, flowers, cranes, and flamingoes remained forever poised in a colorful, golden enchantment. In the dusk the great tapestries at the far end paraded grotesque pageantries to the candlelight, and then withdrew into seemingly illimitable shadow above and about the great mirror that flamed back the reflection of a great golden Buddha set in its carven shrine. The pianoforte was open; the netting unswathed from the crystals of the great central chandelier; and late roses and marjoram in vases disputed with their seemly northern odors other scents — vague, exotic, that stirred within him strange suggestions of distant places. Hepsy Hawk, the slight Medford woman who cooked and baked and swept and was the real housekeeping spirit of the place, had left it shining and spotless, waiting the arrival of the master.

Hunt's portrait of him, framed in the carven sea nymphs and Tritons above the mantel, dominated that unusual room as did the original his own vessel and the shipping of the sea. There he stood effigied as on the quarterdeck and under the sail of the Lenore. His cap was off, to show the tawny hair vigorously a-curl upon and above the high forehead; his aquiline nose and gray-brown eyes, forever inscrutable; the firm, full lips finishing off a very handsome face that was framed with side-whiskers which, the youth heard, had even excited the envy of the Spanish admiral.

He went up the stairs. Evidently, and as was his custom, his father had not arrived yet, and he must perforce report to his mother. On these returns from the voyages which kept him absent for many months, the youth knew his father could not be expected at home until every last detail of ship's business had been attended to; but the mere fact of having seen and exchanged greetings with his father personally made him the bearer of news far more important, he felt, than the mere routine announcement of arrival Mr. Johnson would send.

He gave the news to his mother. She was in her boudoir. In the wake of the afternoon's hurry and bustle her face had become flushed; and, leaving the supervision of the kitchen pots and pans to an extra woman for the time being, Hepsy was copiously blanching her mistress's complexion with cucumbers and almond meal and apple water, while above the cloths a canopy of hair jutting out on curling-kids made the youth think of some great rain-swept castor-bean pod of the fall.

The face turned toward him was middle-aged; a face which she affected to imagine resembled that of the Tintoretto Madonna above her mantel, but did not. It was a face which the attentions of art kept flaccid and

vacuous, freed from the lines which were unwilling to undertake the hazards of a forever-chased existence. But there was strength in the deep and square jawbones, and power within the dark water-bright eyes in which belladonna made deep twin wells, shadowed with mascara.

When he had dressed and returned to assist her downstairs, the kids had been taken out; under the skilled hands of Hepsy her hair had been combed heavily from a middle parting and brought around her head in a black and brilliant wide braid. Her dress was a black mantua velvet robe with a long train, with sleeves hanging down almost to the knees, and lined with white satin. Around the top of her low bodice seed pearls were embroidered; and the pearls also formed clusters of leaf embroidery, going down the front of the skirt and all around the skirt and train. A rope of matched pearls encircled a neck in which middle age had as yet sculped no shadows; and against the mulberry drugget glistened slippers of black velvet with buckles of seed pearl, on feet still arched, and small and neat of ankle.

She was a regal woman of above middle height who stood before her mirror with complacence, awaiting the arm of her son. Only her right slipper began to tap impatiently. 'It is time Sara is home,' she observed vexedly. 'What will her father say?'

She paused one comprehensive idle minute while she gave the room and its perfect appointments her critical eye, looking finally to where the suit of blue pilot cloth, with white waistcoat and cravat, lay in readiness upon the white coverlet of the four-poster bed; to the gaiter slippers warming by the hearth. Then, giving the youth her arm, she went down to the great room.

She completed it, thought the youth, as he left her

there, waiting by the window. She knew how her husband would come home, from the direction of the State House and Tremont, with Sambo and the bays driving smartly, his face lit with the last glow of the sunset; impatient and impulsive, almost boyishly ardent. But there was no sound of him as yet; and she hurried in for one last look at the perfect dinner-table appointments, and thence to the kitchen.

Upon the great new stove that had come up from Philadelphia, and now stood in the fireplace alcove which was big enough to turn a yearling carcass on the spit, stood great pots of burnished copper titillating jailer lids with tantalizing odor. For to-night she had discarded her fanciful breaded French chops and fastidious dishes with a sigh, instructing Hepsy to prepare only those dishes the master favored. And capable Hepsy had seen to it that there was boiled cod seasoned with pork scraps; calf's head with dropped eggs; corned beef and cabbage; thick soups of chicken and terrapin. The kitchen crinkled with the scent of crusty fragrant biscuits newly drawn from the oven, and was rich with the savor of pies made from golden squash and pumpkin, darkened with cane molasses and spiced from the strings of aromatic 'yarbs' that dangled overhead. And again, there were apple pies powdered deeply with nutmeg and cinnamon and a dish of his favorite cottage pudding; and at a table in the corner Hepsy and her quondam assistant were wiping the cellar dust from garnet bottles of Barbadoes rum and choice Antigua of a vintage of fifty years before.

There came a smart clatter of coupé wheels on the driveway and the stamp of feet in the hall, and she fled; and, as though the portrait in the great room had been charmed from its mantel, the living Captain Parker

sailed into the house. She met him coming down the long hallway, whistling his inevitable tune of 'Nancy Brown' and pirouetting over the polished floor in the first movement of a sailor's hornpipe.

Their lips met, and he held her in a long embrace as he mounted the staircase, home again after an eight-months' absence. She watched an index finger of his slide along the polished rail lovingly, yet tartly, as though he would encounter dust; rebelling, while she laughed mischievously. She felt happy; from the housekeeper down, no one would know him for 'Old Stormy,' the martinet master of the Lenore.

They sat in the great room after dinner; tea had been brought in, and liqueurs, and long black Italian cigars, suited to his pickled palate. He felt surfeited with ease; he dimly saw the cannel coal flash, and how the colors of the room leapt out. The youth had gone to the pianoforte to accompany his sister on the violin; they had quarreled about the *tempo*, had played stiffly, and ceased. Mrs. Parker had poured him his cup of tea, seated at the priceless *tête-à-tête* of carved red lacquer, and had herself placed the plump hassock for his feet, drawing her own chair close and chatting in her low, sweet voice. He watched her through half-shut eyes: the penciled brows which contrasted so oddly with the matronly poise of her head and body; listened to the harmless gossip of the parlor lectures, of Thursday's concert, of the charity theatricals, and the Christmas music, already being hotly debated on. He did not care to break the agreeable monotone of her conversation; it seemed that, aided by the French incongruities of her toilet, her plain face grew not unlovely. He noticed how the pearls she wore at her throat found

fit rivalry in the white sheen of her skin; inescapably, his mind contrasted them in their position there with the houri's throat, whence he had wrested them one night in a terrific leave-taking in Constantinople. Yes, he conceded; they were absolutely — fit: that was the word. She felt his concentrated gaze and ceased speaking, looking at him questioningly.

The room seemed stifling; he arose and asked her permission to open a window. A fall rain had set in, and the drops freshened his face; he breathed the outer air deeply.

When he returned, her face was deep in the 'Courier,' hiding her sudden expression which had neither inquiry, sympathy, nor fear alone, but partook slightly of the nature of them all.

The duet began again at the piano in a manner calculated to demonstrate the superiority of the musical taste acquired at Harvard College, against that current in the fashionable Gannet Institute for Young Ladies. In an indefinable way these two suggested the elder couple; Calvin giving promise of being a slighter and less forceful image of his father, and Sara showing in every one of her fifteen years the simpering affectation of one destined to queen it socially over less fortunate mortals.

'Have you seen the "Courier," my dear?' asked Captain Peleg.

'No; but then I have been busy.'

'Naturally; but read!'

She had not been reading, then; her thoughts had engaged her, and they were various and wandering. Now, before her eyes, lay the news that 'Captain Peleg Parker, our distinguished fellow citizen and widely known shipmaster and shipbuilder, has been honored by the Chinese Empire by being requested to come to China and begin

the construction of auxiliary wooden steamers, of suitable draft, for the rivers and coast waters of the Flowery Kingdom.' There followed other commendatory matter. One gathered that it was due to the 'Courier' that the news of Captain Parker's existence had penetrated to China. The duet suddenly fell to *pianissimo*.

'It would be a great honor; a great opportunity,' she said half-heartedly; the project held possibilities that attracted and repelled.

'You are not overly encouraging,' he rejoined. 'It comes rather providentially, if what I hear at the office is true. Affairs have not shaped themselves very profitably while I was away.'

'No . . .' she answered hesitatingly. 'Contracts are going to the English yards. The last wooden steamers we constructed for Hollings in New York were condemned. They contend our ships cannot bear the propellers.'

'Laird is not following my plans, then,' stormed Captain Peleg. 'In that case, why wooden ships; why in the name of wisdom don't we give them iron ships?'

'We could not build them and compete with the English. We figured, at the lowest, $65 a ton for a 1500-ton ship with complete India outfit. The English quoted $55. I sent Mr. Laird to New York personally. It was only by making the most urgent representations in our favor that we were able to land the contracts for wooden ships at all,' explained his wife.

'It would be like Laird to claim that,' countered Captain Peleg grimly. He stared moodily at the fire. All this was substantially as had been told him by Laird, shipyard superintendent, that afternoon.

'If the landlubbers in Congress had not abolished the subsidy last year there might be some incentive to stay in

this hazardous gamble. Gamble it is,' he said bitterly. 'Profits seem to lose themselves like mackerel off Nantucket.'

'I see there is another shipyard beginning in New York,' said his wife, after another look at the 'Courier.'

'Builders of wine droghers.' He spat into the fire in disgust. 'They charter a hundred lazy loons about the streets, and send notices to all quarters, trusting to luck and God Almighty.'

'Oh, they are clever,' agreed his wife. 'And yet you cannot blame them for wishing to see ships go up under their own eyes. I believe it has hopes of being as great a port as Boston.'

'Woman's patter. All — will — not — build — like — the — Parker shipyard,' he remarked with a hesitating regret and sadness. 'What's more, Laird tells me our side venture in sugar machinery is almost a total loss.'

'Not all,' corrected his wife. 'The West Indies customers paid in full of account; the steam engine and boilers sent for free trial to Welshman's Hall Plantation brought orders from all over the islands. But our shipments to Texas and Louisiana have not paid; they have not recovered from the drought of two years ago. Then *we* have been at fault. Transportation was difficult, and we were not able to have the machinery set up to take off the crop. We are deeply involved, but I am sure there is a way out,' she finished with brave cheerfulness.

This storm of bad news had driven him sullenly into his chair. But mixed with his disappointment, diluting it with hope, was the satisfaction with which he heard the business-like words of his wife. Dammit, she was a woman to be proud of! He sat up, with new courage.

'Leave it to me; give me credit for a little business dis-

cretion after having knocked about for twenty years among Jews and Gentiles — yes, and Chinese! There'll be no trouble about the business. The East Boston Company's order ought to put us on our feet splendidly,' he said hopefully.

'The subsidy default left them in a bad way,' his wife informed him, hesitatingly. 'There is talk of canceling their contract.'

'Dammit, they will not!' he exclaimed. 'If any East Boston Company thinks to get the weather-gauge of Peleg Parker . . .'

His wife laughed. She herself had been thinking deeply about this something which so directly concerned their fortunes. 'Peleg,' she now said, 'could you not sail the East Boston Company vessels to China and sell them there?'

He looked at her, startled. 'N-o-o-o,' he drawled, his eyes upon her lips, as though he read thereon an idea. 'No, but there is this can be done, damn their white livers! I'll take the ships with me to China and give the East Boston Company a bellyache for its pains. I'll disembowel them of their engines, and get paid handsomely from the Chinese. And I'll have the money, and with the Lenore I'll have three as crack clippers as ever kicked the foam from their keels. Dammit, Hannah, it must be wonderful to be educated!'

He stood up with sudden decision. The duet quavered in a vibrant, discordant *crescendo*.

'Stable music; let's have no more of it!' he ordered brusquely. 'Come here, sir.'

Calvin advanced. He did not take time to lay his bow and violin down; as he carried them he seemed to his father more the helpless dilettante than ever. The re-

lieved Sara gave her attention to reading the *risqué* French novel she had hidden below the innocuous pages of 'The Amaranth.'

'How goes the school, sir?' asked Captain Peleg. 'What headway is he making?' he asked his wife.

'For his first year — excellent!' she reassured. 'It is a good —'

Captain Peleg interrupted impatiently. 'If I had my way he never would have entered Harvard. I have had only fifty-four hours of schooling my whole life, and I can outdo him at figures. Look at him — hands like a girl! One of my own little fing —'

He cut himself short, eyeing his great hands.

'Egad, I have it!' he exclaimed. 'Sir, you are doing indifferently well. I know nothing of schooling, so mark you, make the best of it! Next year you ship with me to China. And take my advice. Give more attention to ships and less to books and the fiddle. Tell me, do you know the way to the shipyard? Aye? Then chart a steady course there, sir!'

'Y-e-e-s, sir!' faltered Calvin, who could scarce believe his ears. 'Yes, sir!' he repeated, as he hurried out into the hall and up to his own room, as though its puny four walls could still the tumultuous joy within his breast.

'That he may!' murmured Captain Peleg to his wife after his son had gone. 'Making a sailor out of *him* will be like putting a mackerel in a barnyard to scratch for its living.'



CHAPTER III

THE HOUSE OF PARKER

PELEG PARKER was in his forty-fifth year. He had begun his maritime career at the age of ten, landing with both feet on the deck as cabin boy on an East Indiaman. At fourteen he had made seven trips to China. At fifteen he had been shanghaied aboard a Liverpool vessel, chased by West Indian pirates on her outbound trip, yet safely making port. Later came a year in the Texas Navy, and after that a tour in a haunted ship around the world. On the return voyage from Sumatra the first and second mates both died, and the captain agreed that Peleg Parker should act thenceforth in the capacity of mate. He then sailed for Calcutta, first mate of the Hindostan, Indiaman, and his maritime career may be said to have begun, placing him fairly before the wind on the great voyage of life.

His wife was a Cambridgeport woman, the only daughter of a retired merchant grown wealthy in the East India trade — a man whose desire for worldly goods had caused him to forsake a Harvard teaching position for the counting-house. Her mother had been an ailing,

sickly woman, who died young as a protest against the existence of a husband whose work was not lucrative, and yet implied an aristocracy of thinking in which she could not share. Before her father became a belated devotee of Mammon, the daughter had been subjected by him to a forcing-house system of home education which made her a youthful prodigy. Later, when her father had embraced whole-heartedly a business career, he stood aghast before the slim possibilities for the future of a rather plain young woman who, while she could recite Virgil, Horace, and Ovid, and extol the devastating philosophy of Renan, and was an excellent housekeeper, had left herself pale and aloof and rather disdainful of her by no means plentiful suitors of the other sex.

He had considered it an excellent thought which impelled him to bring home with him one day to dinner the young officer whose intelligent face and manly bearing seemed to have justified his choice as mate by the captain of one of his firm's vessels. Of Peleg Parker's antecedents he knew little, and cared less; there were many Parkers in New England, and, so far as he was aware, none had disgraced the name. Besides, the ex-Harvard pedagogue prided himself upon knowing a promising youth when he saw him. By a system of mild deceit common to parents and matchmakers he succeeded in conveying to both of the young people supposed confidences relating the esteem in which one was held by the other.

The girl had not seriously considered marriage, nor had she even given a thought to rough-and-ready, if handsome, Peleg Parker. But as she permitted herself to contemplate this unexpected suitor, she was forced to admit that he undeniably had attractions. His hair was that warm gold that lies between flaxen tint and auburn; his

beard and whiskers, not too thick or curly, showed the ruddy skin below, and the clean line of chin and jaw which the beardy covering could not deny. He had, she confessed, a practiced 'way' with him, and when she took occasion to draw him out and gain a measure of his intelligence, she found that he could maintain a reserve and silence that more than compensated for any lack of landlubber bookish wisdom. Peleg Parker, on his part, was nothing loath; he was a healthy young animal, without any well-defined sense of physical direction, accepting all as it came. He had found, to his pleasure, that the girl was an excellent housekeeper and cook; and as for her undoubted social and intellectual proficiencies, he could not altogether comprehend them, and decided they would cast no umbrage upon him, nor bring him uneasiness. And, too, he met the girl's father on a common ground, with a mutual liking and understanding — raised to a paternal and filial esteem when Peleg, agreeing to marriage, became master of the crack vessel of the merchant's fleet.

The girl became more complaisant with the change in his fortunes. This was maritime Boston, wherein the captain of an East Indiaman or a China Clipper was a hotly angled catch for even the reigning belle. It was something, she decided, to be of mediocre attractiveness, and still be lifted beyond the fate of spinsterhood; something, to tame this bold and handsome rover who held the lives of men in the hollow of his hand; and who, if the truth were told, was not averse to exercising his power over them, body and soul, on occasion.

They had been married twenty years, and were the parents of a girl and a boy — Sara and Calvin. Captain Peleg would have had more children; but his wife, an

austere, aloof helpmeet, lessened uxorious ardors and yet contrived to hold his husbandly love and admiration, not only by her splendid judgment and head for business, or by her genuine care and consideration for his health, comfort, and the prosperity of their house, but by attention to those requisites of the toilet which aided her in glossing over her physical shortcomings and making the most of the few bodily attractions a rather commonplace marriage between parents had transmitted to her possession.

It was not the part of an educated woman to follow the dictates of fashion, she had often tried to avow to herself; she knew many women in Boston who did nothing else, and she despised their eternal chase of the will-o'-the-wisp that was commended as being infallible in changing the contour of the body to the silhouette of a Greek statue, or which undertook to take a sallow and freckled skin, and, by a few applications of arsenic powders, make it bleach and bloom like the first May rose. Yet, she felt, her station as châtelaine of the Parker mansion called for certain attentions to such evanescent and unimportant details of life; and she often grieved, as she sat down to the deft treatment of Swedish masseurs, over the feminine instinct which forever rose uppermost, the perpetual care for the form of a body which nature had created in an angular mould, topped with a face square and almost masculinely massive, a head luxuriant with raven hair that was the envy of scrawny-polled Hepsy, the cook and housekeeper; an unimportant sortie into dilettante paths that had grown to be a fearful necessity. For, though at first she entered into the process of beautifying herself as a graceful adventure, it came to her that were she to hold the affection of Peleg Parker it was to be a rite as neces-

sary as daily bread. Her husband had an appreciative and ranging eye and many an amorous peccadillo may have characterized their life together for two decades; but he still stood in awe of this woman of superior attainments, who had come from another station in life than his own, and whose inheritance had been of no inconsiderable advantage in enabling him to become a successful shipmaster and shipbuilder in his own right.

At the age of twenty-one he had stood upon his own quarterdeck, as the master of a ship; at twenty-five, in his own East Boston shipyard, he was laying the keel of his first sailing ship. For without any actual training, he had a fine eye for proportion and modeling; and indeed there were not wanting captious souls who gave him credit for bringing to the construction of a vessel the same sense of appreciation he had for a well-turned ankle. Captain Peleg had secured his inspiration for the hull, which later blossomed to full perfection in the Lenore, from a sampan he had once seen in Singapore. He bought it outright from the sampanwalla for eighty Spanish dollars, had it hoisted on board, and busied himself with design and outline and construction details in the leisure moments of a return voyage from the East.

When he reached Boston, he broached his shipbuilding plan to his wife, and, properly encouraged, set about securing the proper site for a shipyard. He had long ago decided against Boston proper; now he bought a lot in East Boston, fronting on Border Street, and extending to the Commonwealth line. Here in East Boston, he knew, vessels of the greatest draft could lie easily at the wharves from Jeffries Point to Chelsea Tree Bridge throughout the thumping of the northeast gales; whereas in Boston proper the storm sent the vessels colliding and chafing

their gear against the wharves. Besides, the deeper water of the channel lay nearer the East Boston shore.

In due time the shipyard was completed. There were two dry-docks of stone, of a capacity sufficient to receive ships of the largest class; the heaviest rolling machinery; forging, planing, and slotting machines; iron sparyard — every device for the construction of large ships for steam or sail.

Theretofore American vessels had been constructed with wood lodging and vertical knees; but in the Parker vessels the wood vertical knees to the beam ends — and in many cases the wooden lodging knees — were discarded. In place of these shelves and waterways were worked equal in transverse sectional area to the particular beams at their ends. Iron hanging knees and knee-riders were substituted, the latter embracing all the points of the frame, and bolted through and through by short spaces the entire length of the rider. This made for increased strength and carrying capacity, to say nothing of the better ventilation ensured to the cargo.

The hulls of Parker-built vessels always showed a characteristic deeply curved 'V' in the 'midships section which, despite its extreme grace and sharpness, gave them twice the strength of other ships. They were wholesome craft, which could be depended on to try, hull, and ride well, without heavy laboring in a sea. They saved in freight, in dunnage, and in cooperage; other vessels might come in with barrel cargo stove in, whether properly dunnaged or no; but a Parker-built ship could be depended on to show through her stripped hatches the most fragile casks intact. If leaks sprang from a ship's twisting in heavy weather, they were but minor ones, to which any pump was more than equal, and which could not, by

any stretch of imagination or fact, work harm to cargo.

Captain Peleg Parker was the first shipbuilder to equip sailing vessels with steel lower masts. Later, topmasts and topsail yards were likewise of steel, topsail and topgallant yards being split for greater ease in handling. Most of the vessels had steel wire for the standing rigging, drawn out in his own forges by experts he had brought, bag and baggage, from Braintree. The sailing records of Parker-built clippers confounded all nautical men, and ensured for them most favorable charters; and their sumptuous furnishings appealed no less to the reckless and spendthrift 'Forty-Niners' than to the sailors who considered it a good omen to sign aboard a Parker-built ship — skysails, moonrakers, and all; though it were a rare thing to see the 'employment pennant' struck at her main-royal masthead.

Theretofore he had built ships for the account of others, and freighted out every last penny from the still seaworthy vessels of his deceased father-in-law's fleet. The discovery of gold in California had put every shipbuilder on his mettle; the reckless passage money; the unbelievable profits in freights — these had led to a forcing of every ancient hull into service which ended only when her hulk's seams widened too far to hold a caulk. Now, with finances easy, and with certain ideas definitely fixed, Captain Peleg bethought himself to add the crowning chapter to his shipbuilding career.

There began at his East Boston shipyard the building of a clipper the like of which no mariner had ever seen. The Flying Cloud, most famous vessel of her day until that time, was 229 feet long, with a registered tonnage of 1793. The Sovereign of the Seas, another renowned clipper, was 258 feet long, and registered 2421 tons. But

Captain Peleg Parker began the lines of his Lenore by planning her a length of 334 feet, with 53-foot beam and 38-foot depth, and to register a tonnage of 4340.

She was the most beautiful vessel that had ever slid down the ways of any shipyard to her element, the sea. Her fame had gone abroad; all the shipwrights worthy of the name had begged and cajoled for the opportunity to work upon her; rival shipbuilders sighted her construction with envy; and there were bets about her at the Exchange, at Topliff's — in every New England city that made its living by the sea. Her mainmast, including topmast and skysail pole, towered 225 feet aloft. She was given a main yard 120 feet long; the fore-skysail yard was 40 feet. She carried a spanker-mast with a gaff-topsail and gaff-topgallantsail, besides her three immense and towering square-rigged masts braced with enormous shrouds. Her mighty sails had taxed every neighboring sail loft for her 45,580 running yards of prime Belgian canvas; three suits of sail had been given her — one bent on the yards, the other two stored in the sail locker for the wear-and-tear when outside the calm latitudes, running down the Trades. She carried more flying kites than all the sailing-wise men conceded a vessel of her rig had room for — skysails, royal-studdingsails, jibojib, staysails alow and aloft; even watersails, and savealls to fit below all fore, main, and mizzen topsails. She had gypsy winches, geared capstans, gun-metal roller bushes in the sheaves of the braces, and gun-metal reef tackle and halyard blocks. Abaft the deckhouse was a forty horsepower donkey engine to which was taken all halyards, braces, clew lines, and reef tackle which could be conveniently led thereto, through stationary lead blocks placed for that purpose in various parts of the deck.

Her figurehead was John W. Mason's masterpiece — the finest he had ever carved for any Boston clipper. Speculation existed as to the model — if model there had been; that bland, broad, pleasant brow; that distinctive profile with the proud curl to the upper lip, and the soft tenderness of the lower where it met the softly rounding chin; that exotic coloring below the plaited hair — it were difficult to imagine such a characterful figurehead as the mere chance of a carver's fancy. The coloring of the figurehead had been a matter of great exactitude; it had been done by Yen Sun Ho, a Chinese artist who had come from Canton on a Parker vessel, and the marvel of it was that it was so literal: as though he had been shown but once what was desired of him, and, having seen, performed to the utmost satisfaction of the owner.

She was launched fully rigged, her colors flying below the red-and-white Parker house-flag with the single-starred blue triangular corner. It was the day before Christmas Eve, 1853; a terrific northeaster was blowing down the Banks, freezing the tallow on the ways and temporarily halting her before boiling whale oil gave her passage to the water. Of the fifteen thousand who had gathered at the North End Wharves, the Navy Yard, and Chelsea Bridge, nearly half looked to see her keel under her extraordinary top hamper. On Christmas Day, when the weather had moderated, she went on her trial trip, and made the unapproachable record of 436 miles in twenty-four hours in a winter sea.

She came back to the wildest rejoicings. A salute of a hundred guns was fired as she swept proudly in past the Navy Yard. The public buildings were illuminated; there was a great Christmas Tree ablaze with candles on India Wharf; farther uptown the trees of the Common were

hung with Chinese lanterns that tossed their dancing greetings to Captain Peleg as he swept homeward in his sleigh with Sambo behind the prancing bays. It was a worthy welcome for a worthier captain and his vessel; for tacking, or closehauled, or under bare poles, Captain Peleg had seen none to compare with this wonder, the Lenore. To see her dress above him: her full dress of Old Murphy's best moonrakers and royals, all her studding-sails set, was Sailor's Paradise. From that moment he knew her, this vessel he had wrought; for there had come up from the Lenore, through his feet, his thighs, his heart, his sinews, his every perception, the 'feel' of the Lenore: proud, aristocratic, haughty; a ship that would love his torment of her, his eternal driving of her, and who owned a personality so confident, a soul so sensitive, that she would resent mistreatment and respond to his mastery of her in a way that made the sailing of her a pleasure almost akin to pain.

When she made her maiden voyage to San Francisco and thence to Canton, making the first passage in ninety-eight days, and the return voyage from Canton in ninety days, it was not only the wonderful record which astonished all nautical men; it was that she had earned Captain Peleg in freights a cool $155,000 — $5000 more than he had been offered by a firm of British charterers as an unbelievable purchase price. It was then that the East Boston Company conceived the plan of ordering from the Parker shipyard two sister ships like the Lenore.

When his reputation as a shipbuilder and master came to its peak, Captain Peleg and his wife felt it merited a proper setting. She, indeed, it was who took the initiative, deciding on the lot on Mount Vernon Street, bought cheaply by her father from a livery-stable owner

many years before. Through a terrible period of American architecture, when the early Colonial impulse had departed, leaving no craftsman devotees; when art languished, and carpenters perpetrated at will hideous pierced embroideries with scroll saw and mitre, it is to the credit of the future master and mistress that they stood pat upon the carrying-out of their very well-defined ideas. Mrs. Peleg Parker remembered with remarkable clearness old Georgian mansions in the back ways of Cambridge, familiar to her during her home there as a professor's daughter; once the quarters of representatives of the Crown in pre-Revolutionary days, but now falling into splendid decay.

So there came into being the great mansion of light-red brick, with its trimmings of red Longmeadow stone and Dedham granite, and the admirable portico and perfectly balanced doors and windows that even to a much later day stood representative of the best work of Bulfinch, and brought sight-seers from Bunker Hill and Faneuil Hall tours to see the residence of 'that eminent sea captain and unsurpassed shipbuilder, Captain Peleg Parker.' Gradually the tall, well-proportioned rooms became filled with the furnishings gathered by Captain Peleg in his foreign travels and by his wife in her equally productive, if more restricted, journeyings to near-by Colonial farmhouses. Upon the walls of the hall was papered the mauve grayness of the scenic wall-paper design, 'Mourning at the Tomb of Washington,' and in the great drawing-room the adventures of Ulysses on the Island of Calypso disputed wall-room with giant brocades of orange shot with gold, the rape of bribed ones in the Lama Temple in the Forbidden City of Pekin.

Here were fiddle-backed chairs and claw-footed chests and a Marm Storrs clock salvaged from forgotten Colonial garrets; alabaster vases from Florence, and a fireplace taken bodily from a Genova palace. Below the Buddhist temple draperies stood a carven Gothic chest, spread with a gorgeous golden cope from a Spanish convent chapel, and bearing upon its shining sea nacre amulets from Japan and priceless jade chinoiseries. The shrine of the Buddha stood beside a ship's clock, which told the hours as on the watch at sea. The chairs of Chippendale were painted and lacquered in rare abandon with pagoda and ball, dragon and mandarin; and beside them and the carven temple chairs of blackwood and inlaid teak low stools from the hands of long dead Shinto artificers rested upon a tessellated floor. These black-and-white squares of marble had come from the proud but wasting palace of the Davazanti; and so with the refectory table and settles in the dining-room, with its ceiling by Richardson, and wall-paper glory of the 'Bay of Naples.' Draping the windows were mulberry damasks lined with Shun Tak China curtains of cream, trimmed with India silk, from milder bolts than had supplied the crimson damask bedcurtains of the upper floor, the green silk bedspreads and the purple silk quilts. In the room which had been apportioned for books, *were* books — the legacy of Mrs. Peleg Parker's father. He had had a catholic taste in literature, that man; the life-size head of Yüan Shi Tientsun, the Venerable One of Heaven, the first of the Three Pure Ones, beautifully yellow with its rarest jade of Huotien Chow, need feel no revulsion in its niche between the bookcases. For here were the 'Five Humanities' of the ancient Chi, the Emperor Shun's Minister of Wisdom; the 'Chou Li'; the Confucian 'Analects'; the Works of

Mencius; the Works of Lao-Tsŭ. And jostling them were Lord Berner's 'Froissart,' and 'The Compleat Angler'; Sir Thomas Browne's 'Urne Burial,' and the Baskerville 'Ariosto'; Goethe's 'Faust' and a Spanish 'Don Quixote,' whose outlandish illustrations must surely have placed the laughing lines which spanned the virile, majestic, spiritually expressive face of the Eastern god. He stood now, backed with the Chinese ideographs carven in the supporting panel on the wall, lord here in his bookish domain, and with less palaver than the portrait of the man in the drawing-room, painted by Hunt in his Sumner Street studio during the fuss and fume of one of 'Old Stormy's' most bilious land afternoons.

The house-warming had been a grand *soirée*. Invitations had gone out to the *élite* of Boston and New York; to the spick-and-span officers and midshipmen from the Navy Yard; to Captain Peleg's fellow shipmasters in port; the East Boston Company and the members of the Exchange; the officers and sailors of the Parker ships; and the horny-handed shipwrights, carpenters and joiners, the sailmakers and ironworkers from the shipyard. Laird, the shipyard superintendent, had come with Johnson, the office factotum; their minor differences and prejudices of station being transferred for the present to their ambitiously dressed wives, the while the two husbands sampled the sideboard's ruinous sea of punch, eggnog, and sherry, and between drinks contemplated the pictured Lenore above, dressed complete in her canvas, even to spritsails and moonrakers, her thirty-seven sails keeling her along at twenty-seven knots.

Forgotten for the nonce were 'Old Stormy's' gruff manners of the quarterdeck; carefully dressed, his 'standing and running rigging in exact order,' as he expressed

it, Captain Peleg was here, there, everywhere, the life of the party. When it had ended, his tired wife was beaming; he had not perpetrated 'ye' for 'you' once! She was launched successfully upon her social career as mistress of one of the finest mansions in Boston; as for Captain Peleg, sitting in his square pew in Old South Church the next Sunday morning, worshiping on ground worth a cool thirty dollars a front foot, he could indeed feel he had arrived.

The Parkers were always 'at home'; and though Captain Peleg might be away on voyages, the open hospitality practiced by his wife was a boon to many who, having no home ties, found an evening at the Mount Vernon Street mansion a splendid anchorage. Mrs. Peleg Parker shared the typical New England predilection for 'views'; if anything, her upbringing had made her more so than many other women in her circle. She opened her house to the Abolitionists, to whom the Reverend Theodore Parker, an unrelated namesake, and Mrs. Stowe pictured vividly the vile subjection of the Southern slaves. When he was ashore, Captain Peleg found little in the company of these scholars and writers and artists and publicists to amuse him or pique his interest; he could not understand the grave Emerson, the gentle Longfellow brothers, bland Whittier, the fiery Schurz, or the pompously affable Henry James. There was Whitman, though, a shaggy, ruddy lion of a man. Captain Peleg had seen him browsing around the shipyard, and had taken him home to dinner. He ate astoundingly, confounding an old professorial friend of Mrs. Parker's father, and a smart midshipman or two who had dropped in to dinner. Afterward he and Captain Peleg had gotten drunk on the Antigua and gone down to see Charlotte Cushman to-

gether at the Museum. Mrs. Peleg Parker taxed her husband roundly when he returned, and henceforth the shaggy one and his host kept their friendly rendezvous in the office cabin and the Parker yard.



CHAPTER IV

THE SHIPYARD

On the morning following his unceremonious dismissal by his father, Calvin did not, as was his wont, direct his steps toward Bowdoin Square to take the horse-car to Cambridge. He had made a very careful toilet. He was dressed in the black, close-buttoned frock coat affected by the very young bloods of the time, patent-leather gaitered shoes, and bowler hat — the turnout's severity relieved by the touch of striped white satin offered by the scarf. His attire, bearing in mind Old Murphy's invitation and the visit he purposed making to the shipyard, had been the subject of much speculation. He did not wish to appear extreme, nor yet too rough-and-ready; for he wished to reflect some credit as his father's son.

Wheretofore he had always thought of the Parker shipping business in a vague way, there now rang in his ears the stern injunction: 'Give more attention to ships and less to books!' Ships he loved — as who did not? — but their operation he had considered a mere detail in the vast scheme of things which had to do with the Parker

prestige in Boston. Now this operation partook of mystery, as their beauty partook of the unreal; and the jargon he had always heard associated with ships had been mysterious, expressed in words non-understandable and uncouth. He had never let a day of sailing or arrival go by but he had watched the Lenore in her white beauty out or in; but he had always an instinctive shrinking from any forced introduction to the rough life of the docks or even of the East Boston shipyard.

And it was a revulsion due to an error in his training rather than to undue æsthetic sensitiveness. His love of the Lenore lay unexpressed within his heart. His was a shy, retiring nature his father affected to despise and yet stood in awe of; it indicated a sphere of intellect which nonplussed him as its possession on his wife's part had often circumvented him. Captain Peleg knew that the education his son was receiving was forging a weapon which would enable Calvin to duel hardily with him as a man; and yet, for the life of him, he saw no way out of it. Other shipmasters and merchants were giving their sons equal advantages; a new generation was growing up with more polish than the old and which affected to despise the elder's more rough-and-ready manners. And withal, Calvin offered to his father no hope of vigorous succession; it seemed that his way would lie through the dry figures of the counting-house rather than at the shipyard or in command of a Parker ship. The more Captain Peleg thought of his sudden resolve to take Calvin along upon the Chinese shipbuilding expedition, the better his judgment seemed; one way or the other, he would make a man or a monkey out of him, as he had later expressed to his wife.

Yet he was not altogether fair to Calvin. His son had

gone, first to the Latin School in Bedford Street, where the main instruction was the Latin language. It emphasized, in addition, Greek, mathematics, and English composition, declamation, and the elements of Greek and Roman history. There was no nautical science, such as one might expect of a school serving the scions of shipmaster families; no science of other kinds; no physical training, such as the slight build and shy disposition of Calvin's type demanded. The younger boys recited to the older boys, and not to any master; and the youthful pedagogues overlooked no opportunity to stress their own particular superiorities. He had gone from the Latin School to Harvard because his credits entitled him to, and because his mother felt the College a fit preparation for any career he might follow; and he found that the higher courses at Harvard were but extensions of the ones he had known in Bedford Street, and being a student was but another pupil to be lectured at. If he had been given an opportunity to choose his own way, it would have been to perfect himself in the playing of the violin. But whatever hopes he may have had of paternal assistance disappeared with the night before; his feeling rendition of 'I Know That My Redeemer Liveth' had called forth no other comment than 'Stable music! Let's have no more of it!'

Yet his father, matter-of-fact disciplinarian that he was, had known this son of his was at the crossroads; or, as a sailor would put it, at the point of departure on a track which would affect his whole future career. He wanted his son away from the effete land life of Boston; and unconsciously he had opened wide to Calvin the reality of a dream his son nurtured in his heart to the exclusion of all else. Beyond the great curving arch of the sea which Calvin now fully for the first time visioned in

its greatness, lay China — the Hidden Kingdom, the Fantastic Parade, the Repository of Ancient and Strange Wisdoms. He had been less a Boston lad did he not feel its urge; less the son of his famous father did he not envision to the full its gorgeous implications, of a nature to inflame every flight of youthful fancy. And to know that he was to sail there upon his goddess the Lenore — ah, that sent the blood spinning in his heart. Let roughness and rough living come, he would welcome it; let whatever work would be come blistering to his hand, it would find him ready. He quickened his steps to bring himself the sooner to the wharf and the Lenore for his first sailor lesson from Old Murphy.

He passed Faneuil Hall, that old Cradle of Liberty, not quiet and resting as it had been the evening before, but set in the midst of bustle and looking down disdainfully over the desolation in which commerce had mired it. Anxious-faced men were scampering hither and thither in the mad race for the dollars and dimes of daily bread; hotel keepers were paying flying visits to the markets near by; and heckling, bidding dealers surrounded carts laden with produce and lent their discords to the din. A few visitors stood in an isolated group, eyeing the storied building, and an omnibus almost bowled him over at the moment; and then he was out of the square and approaching the great gabled warehouses of the docks.

Here to his eyes lay the visible evidences of the economics of commerce, in a way no one might ever learn from books. Here could be gathered in one day an entire ship's cargo of the necessities and luxuries of civilized life, for any port in the world. Here, waiting for their cradles in the holds of barques and brigs, schooners and steamers, ships and barkentines, lay bales of silks and

calicoes; ploughs and printing-presses; shovels and picks; house frames and grindstones; clocks and tea; indigo and rum. Here were melodeons and dictionaries; canned salmon and fancy biscuit; casks of oysters and baskets of salt fish; bales of wool and gunnies of ostrich feathers; bales of goatskins and kegs of wroughten nails; diamonds and jasmine; ship's slops and stores.

Along the wharf the jutting bowsprits of the ships extended even to the warehouse walls as though they would peer curiously into the dusty windows. Below and around them rattled the wagons and trucks laden with hampers and bags and boxes; a kaleidoscope of color and sound such as the docks of the Tagus had not known even in the palmy days of old Phœnician glory, nor the beach at Ophir; nor Venice or Genoa, crammed full with the rich riot of Moorish snake-ships, or Crusaders' galleons and carracks, or the discoverers' high-pooped caravels.

The Lenore was busily discharging, perfumed with the sweet odors of Asiatic tobacco, spices, and mandragora, dusty with teas. But when Calvin diffidently inquired the whereabouts of the old sailmaker, he was rather bluntly informed to make a search of the Spickett rum-cellar. It was too true. After a night at the Sailor's Home, the quiet, homelike pleasure of which could not have been improved upon by even the most pious Boston householder, Old Murphy had succumbed inevitably to the lure of the Spickett bay window bottles, and even then was 'three sheets in the wind,' as the saying was, sprawled upon a lounge in Simon's back parlor, with the 'jackal' seeing that he was served additional spirits out of a bottomless bottle as soon as his hull righted itself sufficiently to allow gravity to convey yet more ballast toward his 'midships.

His disappointed student made the best of things by making his way to the East Boston ferry, and soon was on the small paddle-wheel vessel that threaded its way through the harbor craft whose jackstaffs flew the flags of every maritime nation under the sun. Far over, toward the Navy Yard, the copper-bottomed flashings showed the two- and three-decker warships riding lazily to anchor, their threatening broadsides gently masked, their bow and stern chasers lazily passive. As Calvin neared the island of East Boston, two great Cunarders, breasted at the wharf, hid and indicated the nearer activities of workers inshore.

He disembarked at the Maverick Street landing and found himself in the midst of a hurry and bustle that seemed a replica of what he had passed through in Boston proper. Only here the lesser appurtenances of shipping added more color to the scene. Along the sloping shore between the spacious wharves lay shipyards and timber sheds; busy machine shops filled the air with cheerful clangor; foundries and forges gave forth blasts of smoke and fire, and the clinker-clanker of mighty hammers.

Farther along were the ship stores, ready to chandler a vessel from anchors to raisins within the hour; the instrument-makers and regulators, advertised by gayly painted wooden midshipmen who were continually bringing down the sun and moon at unseasonable hours to the level of their wooden quadrants. The muffled sound of sailmakers' mauls came beating from the riggers' lofts, keeping time to the ribald chanteys eddying out from the public houses and the bawd houses and the boarding-places of the crimps. Outside the slop and pet shops hung the treasures of many a sailor's chest: oilskins and sou'westers, shirts of blue flannel, and red woolen under-

wear. There were a few captains sauntering along from Sturtevant House and salty tars from the Navy Yard keeling along on the arms of gaudy females mouthing coaxing endearments and obscenities. It all fused before his flushing vision, this cyclorama of shipping activity; the swirling odor of the tarry sail lofts; the smoke of the cannel coal in the forges; the fresh fragrances of maple and spruce and hickory and hackmatack in the sawmills; hemp and oakum and Stockholm tar and Carolina pitch; the odors of tea and rum and brown sugar and salt water; and then, at the end of the ell of the street, came the turn, discovering the sign and gateway of the Parker shipyard.

'Well, well, *weel* — good morning, sir!' exclaimed Laird, the shipyard's superintendent, as soon as Calvin found the worthy. 'Stand by a minute — *there!*' And he signaled with one eye the placing of a timber, the while with the other he fathomed his caller, head to foot. Fresh as a bandboxer, he decided. He was a Scotchman who had come to America in his twenties and by Scotch worth and perseverance attained the considerable position he now enjoyed. Looking at his five feet of graying muscularity he gave an impression of being as soundly fashioned and as solid throughout as a chunk of teak.

'Did ye come with your father?' asked Laird. 'He slept late this morning, I suppose.'

'I presume so, sir,' answered Calvin. 'I didn't see him at breakfast.'

'It won't be long before he's here, bows on,' observed the superintendent dryly. 'What is it I can do for ye?'

'I've just come to look about, sir — if I may,' answered Calvin.

'A minute, and I'll show ye about. We are not overly busy. No chance of our getting the Lenore to condition,

d'ye suppose? Ye know about the Chinese matter, young sir? 'Tis a good stroke on the old man's part — a good stroke; what with the Calcutta goods glutting the market and the bankers shutting up, China will be the best place for a year or so.'

'I am to go along,' announced Calvin proudly.

'Ye don't tell me!' exclaimed Laird delightedly. 'Now I call that rare good fortune. It is a strange country — a far call from Boston,' he finished quizzically.

'Mr. Laird, can you show me those ships we built for the East Boston Company?' asked Calvin. 'Why don't they take them? Shall we lose much on them? My father thinks that —'

''Tis no moment what he thinks or doesn't think,' said Laird glumly. 'They are on our hands. They were built for the Liverpool run, for the account of the East Boston Company. They expected a subsidy, but it didn't materialize. And 'tis us that stand the gaff — damn all politicians for lubbers!'

Before Calvin, as they talked, the keel of a ship lay true and strong, its hull a forest of curves — now gently horizontal, now vertical, the ribs of a yet unborn being resting to the hands of the shipwrights upon the sloping roll of the keel blocks. Turning his check-book and pencil over to a foreman, Laird led the way.

They passed sheds where masts and blocks vied with giant timbers and hektographs in the attention they were receiving from a hundred busy workmen. To one side, seasoning in wind and weather, lay piles of oak logs from New Hampshire that would some day be sawed and turned and shaped into the skeleton of a ship, strengthened transversely by the hackmatack knees which lay waiting alongside them, the spoil of countless hours of

searching by keen-eyed Indians in Canadian forests. There were long, smooth white pine logs from Philadelphia and hard pine freighted by coastwise schooners up from Georgia that would find their way into decking and bulkheads; oaken keels, already hewn, from the Ohio forests. There were odd chunks of silver-gray teak from Malacca and long squarish logs of mahogany from Honduras and Brazil.

Before them now, as they stopped, barricaded by the stern of the unfinished vessel they had seen head on before, workmen were ripping out sternpost and timbers, driving in new planks to strengthen the rudder portion, and mauling the tree nails home. Close by the water's edge were the heavy stores destined for the two vessels already launched and riding upon the water — the ill-fated White Lightning and the Sea Empress, the contract for which had been so sanguinely fostered by the East Boston Company, and as cold-bloodedly canceled by the same. There were anchors and cables and spare anchor stocks, and fishes for the lower masts and other spars, all freshly wroughten from the forging sheds that resounded with the sharp ring of hammers upon singing iron. They passed through the pitchy fragrance of the sail loft, where sailmakers were middle-stitching with palm and needle great new suits of crowling canvas for bending on the yards of ships, and then Calvin followed Laird down upon a raft and up the ladder of the Sea Empress, a proud vessel whose hull gleamed dully with the copper sheathing that was to foil the barnacles and clogging vegetation of the water of the seas.

'I don't know how we shall get rid of them save at a loss,' observed Laird as they stood upon her teakwood deck. 'The White Lightning and this are fancy ships and

sisters of the Lenore, except they have gone her one better and are fixed for steam to boot.

'Other yards turn out boats that are made by the mile and cut off as wanted, like a bar of soap; but nary a Parker-yard ship! As these lie launched, they stand to cost $75,000 each more than any other vessels of the same tonnage that may look the same. We do nothing half-heartedly in the yard' — and he indicated it all with a sweep of an arm. 'We could have saved ten dollars a ton if we used cheap English spruce. But we used oak, hard pine, and hackmatack instead. It takes a Yankee to cut his own throat; they don't want to pay for good work in Boston any more. Show them where they can save a few dollars and they'll let any bloody English yard have the contract. Will ye step below? I'll show ye something!'

They descended to the compound room. It was fitted with engines whose polished surfaces showed gleaming and colorful in the light of Laird's lantern.

'The latest oscillating type,' he observed, smoothing a hand lovingly along the wheel of the engine. 'Feel that finish; 'tis finer than the best cloister work that ever came out of an English foundry — and I've seen them all. With this engine and her full suit of sail the Sea Empress could show her heels, with the White Lightning, to any ship afloat. Aye, even to the Lenore! But now . . .' He ceased abruptly, and his voice was bitter.

When they had gone above, Laird remained sunk in a dour Scotch silence, his weather eye alert to the position of the main tack block and the ones on the fore and main sheets which fitters were fitting with the sheaves. His mind still dwelt upon the tragedy of the refusal of the ships — the apples, indeed, of his trained eye — the while his glance busied itself with the critical survey of kevils,

cleats, and belaying pins that would depend for their eventual efficiency upon the length of the yards, the size of the sails, and other circumstances it was not reasonable to expect every one of his workmen and foremen to take into account.

As Calvin left him and threaded the welter of masts and rigging on his way outwards, he felt something of Laird's depression. Something had come home to him — an aspect of his father's business he had never faced before. It seemed to him inconceivable that these ships, fitted with the latest steam machinery; equipment that should expedite the dispatch of their cargo and discharging, and the getting in and out of ports; that would enable their masters to surmount the set-backs of calms and head winds and bad weather; built as only the Parker yard knew how — it seemed unbelievable that they had been rejected, that they should come to nothing. He felt a hot rise of anger against the spineless East Boston Company, and a hotter one against the stubborn blindness of the anti-subsidy Washington politicians. It was as his mother had often said — one could hardly call them statesmen.

Laird had caught up with him before he reached the gate. 'No way around it, sir,' he said as he bade Calvin good-bye; 'we have to begin the building of iron ships. The old proportions and forms that your father developed are ill-suited to the paddle-wheel or the screw. We should have done it before this happened, but what has your father ordered from the forges? Sugar boilers! And there's no money in that. They've brought us nothing but grief.'

Calvin said nothing, and stirred uncomfortably. Some comment, he felt, was called for; but, like many another

wiser man, he remained silent. And, indeed, what was there to say? For the first time in his life he was being talked to as a man; as an equal of a man. Laird was giving him credit, through a mere chance question, for a knowledge of the Parker shipping business and of ship's business in general which the veriest wharf rat must have considered commonplace; with sweeping strokes and bitter enthusiasm there had been outlined for him facts which this man and others must wrestle with for daily bread.

Why had his father not talked with him in that way? Looking back over Captain Peleg's long absences and short and infrequent stays at home, Calvin had to admit very little contact with his parent. There seemed something lacking of the filial feeling a son ought naturally to have toward a father.

Walking homeward, Calvin felt an urge toward his violin — something within him strained for expression, quickened; and died. A song was being born in his heart, but its time was not yet.



CHAPTER V

PREPARATIONS

So it came about that there were three Parker vessels which would set out for their Canton destination the following October: the Lenore, and her twin sister ships, the White Lightning and the Sea Empress. The Lenore was away, but the newer vessels were being put through their paces. He had chosen capable masters, had Captain Peleg; Forbes, the master of the White Lightning, and Clark, master of the Sea Empress, were known warmly wherever ships were known, and had the ungrudging approbation of every sailor on the Seven Seas. On their trial trips the White Lightning and the Sea Empress had performed such evolutions in the harbor that the crews of other ships had sprung to the vantage-point of rails and yards in fendering and frolicsome frenzy, and caused the wharf loungers' spyglasses fairly to splinter with astonishment. The more reserved among the spectators had gone straightway home, writing to the newspapers opinions calculated to make Captain Peleg Parker more a personage than Fulton, and his Chinese project fraught with

far more importance than the one begun when Commodore Perry's Susquehanna woke the western echo in Yeddo Bay.

In September the Lenore arrived back in Boston port, and preparations were completed for the simultaneous departure of the three great clippers on the 20th of October.

Two days before, the Mount Vernon Street mansion offered its famous hospitality anew to as heterogeneous an assortment of guests as could be imagined. Every one who was any one at all had received invitations to the parting reception which the city was according its distinguished citizen, Captain Peleg Parker; and managed, too, with typical New England thriftiness so that the brunt of entertaining was thrown upon him and his wife in their own house. But Mrs. Parker had invited the circumstance, and she stood now bowing in the hallway to the arriving guests, her pale, unattractive face like a separate attachment above a gown of extraordinary splendor. The skirt, white and festooned with lace, and all her headgear and outriggers and braces and bowlines, as Captain Peleg called them, made her a fashion-piece the envy of the ladies; her skirt, hooped, spread so billowingly that not alone etiquette but common sense suggested what she was in fact doing, remaining in one place. Here she smiled, shook hands or merely curtsied, and glanced at her guests petulantly or pleasantly as their station demanded.

The mayor and his satellites had come in and made their devoirs, and a fat pompous representative from the South End had read an address of congratulation in a terrific voice. There was a delegation of dress-conscious colleagues from the Merchants' Exchange; and another,

of sheepish members of the East Boston Company. It was distressing to meet these men; she had listened to their tiresome apologies and haranguing at a banquet tendered herself and Captain Peleg at Sturtevant House the night before, and the rum and tobacco smoke had given her a headache which the night ride across the ferry had not taken away. Now there eddied about her a miscellany of well-wishers; she observed especially Andrew Jordan, the Medford distiller, with the uncouth Whitman in tow. They staggered past her apologetically, but she blinked so sweetly, they returned full of conversational urge. Then she turned abruptly, kicking her hoops savagely, and made her way to the farther corner of the great room.

But she was not to avoid them so easily. Jordan and Whitman were again magically at her side, and the befuddled Whitman was saying: 'My old friend Andy Jordan, Mrs. Parker, of whom I am sure you have heard your husband speak often. Bow, my dear fellow, we're in the nick of time; Mrs. Parker is going to make some more punch. For managing her man and making a bowl of punch, Mrs. Parker has not her equal in the county.' Mrs. Peleg Parker was beaming in a stifled sort of way.

'Punch?' queried the distiller. 'I find I can do well without it. A watery stomach can be contracted too easily. But now you take Captain Peleg's wine; very good! And he has some tolerable brandy, tolerable, and some choice Hollands.'

The owner of all this cellar wealth was now himself advancing upon the trio. He helped his wife pour out a case-bottle of old Jamaica very civilly, and bowed to the two anticipatory ones hovering about the sideboard.

'My dear Jordan; my dear Whitman,' he said, 'you

cannot tell how glad I am to see you; what an impression all this has made on me; — four limes, you know, my dear. And ice, to give it the full smack of the rum!'

'Yes, yes,' said Mrs. Peleg, in a voice of annoyance; she wondered where Hepsy, jewel of cooks and housekeepers, could be.

'Well, now, Jordan,' continued Captain Peleg, 'tell us about your daughter; or is it daughters? Whitman, now . . . Half a dozen tablespoonfuls of arrack, my dear, to give it a flavor.'

'My dear Peleg,' said his partner, with rising petulance, 'I do not feel I have to be directed, after making your punch for twenty years; especially now, when I feel that affair of last night has given me Saint Anthony's Fire.'

'Make it your own way, my dear,' soothed the prudent Peleg. 'I assure you, gentlemen, nobody can make it better. Mrs. Parker's forte, Jordan, is your mulled wine.'

'I never touch it!' she exclaimed indignantly.

'No wine!' interjected the distiller. 'Mrs. Parker, you amaze me; you astonish and please me. *I* do not like this liquor business; I am in it by a sad circumstance of fate.'

'Come, now,' chaffed Captain Peleg, 'it has not interfered with your enjoyment of it. I have been in many harbors in the course of well-nigh thirty years, Whitman, but I have yet to see a town where the drinking spirit seemed to have the vogue Jordan has helped give it in Boston.'

'I move that it is expedient to get up a society forthwith to put down this wickedness and folly,' said a very pleasant voice, from a gray-headed, ascetic, clean-shaven face, set upon a moderate body garbed in black.

'Father Taylor,' chuckled Captain Peleg, 'you are just

in time. These two friends of mine had better be praying down in your North Square Bethel than drinking up my punch.'

The old friend of seafaring men acknowledged the pleasantry with a smile, likewise the subsequent introductions, and invited them to his chapel services at whatever time was most convenient.

'Mrs. Parker, ma'am, this is a fine reception; what an honor! Don't tell us you are going, too? Why, we should lose the brightest light in our community!'

'Why —' she countered, 'who would manage the business?'

Captain Peleg saw a storm rising. Full well he knew how the least false touch of the helm could make his wife change from her pleasant course of hostess ever so many points in an instant. His face turned all the colors of a dying dolphin.

'I'm no old wife, to take a woman along aboard ship,' he mumbled, *sotto voce*, to his tipsy comrades, and took Father Taylor's arm. 'The boy is going with me this trip; he is waiting in the library, where I told him to expect — some one.'

The old man of God nodded. 'Before the mast?' he queried.

'Aye,' answered Captain Peleg.

'Do you think —?' began Father Taylor.

'I think it is better so,' countered Calvin's father. Then he turned back to his wife. But she had gone into the kitchen regions, planning with Hepsy the final details of the dinner which would be served about midnight. When she looked at the menu, her head throbbed with more pain than ever. It was stupendous, and lacked *finesse*. She wished a light repast, but here in the kitchen the

actual fact stared her in the face with horrific immensity.

There was soup in two forms, clear and thick, competing with cod, bass, trout, haddock, and blackfish for the first course. For the second course were boiled chicken and turkey, boiled mutton and boiled ham; veal fricassee and chicken salad. The third, the roast course, included beef, mutton, chicken, duck, partridge, plover, quail, woodcock, mongrel geese, and turkey. The fourth, or dessert course, offered pastry pudding, jelly, blanc-mange and *méringue à la crême*, with a fifth course of Seckel pears and choice Concord grapes. The rows of bottles brought up from the cellar, barely indented from the requirements of punch, gave promise that, instead of a dinner with liqueurs, it would more likely eventuate as a wining contest with victuals. She brewed a swift cup of tea and returned to her guests.

The evening honors were over; she had stoically stood by her husband's side, making her stately adieux to the houseful of guests, the majority of them gibberishly loquacious and befuddled. Her headache had almost gone, so she had permitted her maid to retire soon after midnight. It was now past three o'clock, and after her bedtime toilet she lay wakeful by her husband's side.

'It was awkward that you should have had such a fearful headache,' he said. 'Are you sure you can sleep now?'

'It is not that I am sleepy,' she answered. 'Being wakeful, perhaps it is just a fancy; I can enjoy more minutes of your company, now that you are to be leaving. I wish you were not going,' she finished hesitatingly.

'It is better so, considering our present circumstances. But if I did not go, could I expect to give the business better management than it will get from you?'

'Flatterer — you and Father Taylor! Well, I hope I have always justified your trust in me.'

'Always — always,' he assured her fervently. 'But I wish I could place my hopes more with justice on Calvin. Sara we can, of course, marry off well. But Calvin is a disappointment, and I believe you feel it too, and agree with my action with respect to him.'

'I do not agree with you altogether; possibly I have a different viewpoint — I am his mother. I can see where he might do well in another career than shipping. But he is your only son. I think he might have tried to realize better his opportunity and obligation.'

'Well, he soon will have a chance to draw his own conclusions in that respect,' rejoined Captain Peleg grimly.

'Are you sure association with those rough men will not peril his character? He is a singularly good boy; high-strung and sensitive.'

'I do not. Do you wish him forever tied to your apron strings? I traveled far and wide before I was his age, and buckled under. And as for remaining here until the last minute, he'd better have himself and duffle already on board. At any rate, you can depend on it, Father Taylor gave him an earful of gospel.'

'My mind is easy on that score, then,' she said. 'Good-night, dear Peleg; kiss me!'

The face turned toward him in the darkness was murmurous with the words of the soul. He knew it for what it was: cordial, but not loving; sentimental before his approaching departure, but calmly possessed with an aloofness he could only marvel at; set in the proven constancy of middle age, and its commonplaceness offset by an ingrained distinction and a tried and capable devotion to all his interests.

She had brought him many things, and yet, as he kissed her and drew her to his embrace, there was that in the yielding gesture which seemed to imply but a portion of love.

As though she glistened in the night, a great and gracious star; not alone, but in a constellation.



CHAPTER VI

OLD AGE AND YOUTH

CALVIN had wandered through the crowding guests unnoticed, his principal concern being to see that each group found places for hats and coats and canes in the vestibule and in the spare rooms upstairs. None of his school or college acquaintances had come with their fathers, and he was glad of it; he felt he should have to make explanations which would hurt his pride — one they could not understand: going as ordinary seaman upon his father's ship. His duty over, he had withdrawn to the library; there at least was quiet, and he was soon buried in the volume of Mandeville's 'Travels.'

Soon he, too, would traverse the same route as the famed old navigator; would sail up the amethystine Java Sea by Calonak, that fabled East India isle 'where once a year come all manner of diverse fishes one after another, and they cast themselves to the sea bank, and there abide three days, and then depart and go to the sea; and after them others, till all [men] have taken of them that wish to.' And he read on: of Java, that paradisal isle, whose

great King had many times overcome in battle the great and otherwise unconquerable Chan of Cathay; who was 'full a great lord and a rich and mighty, and hath under him seven other kings of seven other isles. . . . There grow all manner of spicery, more plenteously than in any other country, as of ginger, cloves, gilofre, canell, seed-wall, nutmegs and maces. . . . And the King hath a palace full noble and marvelous and more rich than any in the world. For all the degrees to go up into halls and chambers be, one of gold, the other of silver. And, also, the pavements of halls and chambers be all square, of gold one, and another of silver. And all the walls within be covered with gold and silver in fine plates, and in these plates be stories and battles of knights enleved, and the crowns and the circles about their heads be made of precious stones and rich pearls and great. . . .'

He looked up from his dreaming reading with a sigh of pleasure, to meet the fine, strong face of a hale, squat old man, his blue-gray eyes twinkling, his little steel specs holding back his hair from his fine forehead in a pious sort of pompadour, his silver-topped ebony cane contrasting oddly with his pilot coat.

His hand was outstretched, and Calvin took it, laying the book aside.

'Father Taylor, my lad,' said the old sky pilot without more ado. 'Your father told me to find you here.'

Calvin had risen, bowing, dumbfounded with this visit of a man he had heard of often in a vague sort of way, as one hears of oddities beyond the pale; the man who had a reputation for the preaching of Hell and Damnation, Heaven and Bliss, without alleviating imagery; whose preaching seemed the incarnation of the lightning and the thunder — and who was, after all, merely a nice old man,

benign and fatherly, all pulpit mannerisms gone. So different he seemed to Calvin to the bland, urbane clergymen he had hitherto met as guests in his father's house, pompous and intellectual and faultlessly dressed, and who gave the impression of having solved all earthly and heavenly problems to their individual satisfaction.

'My son,' said the visitor, 'your father has told me you are going a-voyaging on one of his own ships, and it is a fortunate opportunity, such as comes to few lads of your age and station. You are, so your father tells me, to ship before the mast. I am an old man who has sailed the sea, and I pray God He will add His blessing to what I say for your consideration.

'Look to your honored father; should you persevere in leading a seafaring life, pray to find yourself in a few years hence the master of a ship. If you should be so unfortunate as to think you are too young, and will occupy too unimportant a station now; that what you do and say will not be noticed and remembered, you will find yourself in great error. Little things, as youth estimates them, will go to make up the character men hold of you, and they will be observed by your shipmates with a minuteness of which you may have no conception, for you are their employer's son.

'You are going among men of uncouth manners, and loose and easy virtue, and my heart sinks at the thought of words which will now fall upon your virgin ears like the drippings of a cesspool. If it should be seen that you listen with satisfaction, it will be hard for you to turn about in opposition to those around you, and you will fall into degrading and sinful things. Run your colors up to the masthead as soon as possible after getting aboard. Let your shipmates know you for what you are.

'Many are the breakers which have wrecked many a gallant craft, my son. The first of these is the grogshop. More seamen have gone to pieces on this reef than would serve to man all the ships afloat, ten times over. If you are headed to this port of destruction with newfound associates, I beg you to haul your wind. And if you permit your keel to graze it, you will be a pretty lubber, and more than human if you do not run your craft on it a second time.

'Profane the first Sabbath, and let the irreligious on board see you unable to resist their enticements or sneers, and will you keep the second or following Sabbaths? Swear some the first week, and habit will lead you to swear more the second; and when shall you have the resolution to stop?

'And finally, my dear son in Christ Jesus, avoid loose and bad books and pictures as you would poison. They pave the way for the house of ill fame, or avenue to the grave, for "her house inclineth unto death and her paths unto the dead. She hath cast down many wounded; yea, many strong men have been slain by her." Oh, my son, never become the victim of the smooth-tongued wanton! And if it should happen, though God forbid, that you be led into the haunts of sin, pray, my son, for divine strength. Up helm and scud; with such an enemy flight not only insures safety, but honor.

'Think of the rigors of your calling, my son; how death may take you unawares. Think of eternity; how soon you will be there, to partake of its joys or sorrows. Think of God, Whose eye will be ever on you; feel you have a commission to do good in the midst of the heathen, and like the early Christians rejoice to have the grace to present Christ to them and to your shipmates as their only

Saviour. As you strive to excel in Christian graces, so strive to excel in seamanship; let no man be ahead of you in duty; and may the Lord bless, guide, and keep you in the way of duty, of safety and of peace.'

The man of God laid his gentle hand upon Calvin's head, and was gone. The boy sat alone, his fingers fumbling the pages of the prayer-book which Father Taylor had left behind him on the table. The candlelight flickered in the quiet dusk, lighting the jade inscrutableness of Yüan Shi Tien-tsun, relieving the carven Chinese ideographs behind the god with shadow, and making a gold-shot tapestry of the tooled bindings in the bookshelves. He sank to his knees and prayed to God that he might be given strength to follow the advice of His minister.



CHAPTER VII

CALVIN PARKER, ORDINARY SEAMAN

At breakfast next morning his father said: 'Best get your duffle ready now,' and, the chest set behind the coupé, father and son were driven toward the wharves, sped with the ordinary tearful good-byes of his mother, sister, and Hepsy, best of cooks. But as they made the turn he looked straight ahead, with never a backward longing look. Neither did he look to one side or the other; he feared to meet a familiar glance; cringed before any recognition from any school-fellow of himself in pea jacket and sailing cap, and lamb's-wool muffler instead of collar and stock.

The Lenore lay in her berth at India Wharf. Last-minute bales of cargo were being hurried to the dock's edge, and the booms were swinging it aboard. Sambo, the coachman, shouldered Calvin's chest, and the trio moved up the gangplank, Calvin following his father to the forecastle for the deposit of the chest, and then to the after hold where the mate was supervising the stowage of the cargo. Kind-hearted Sambo departed, muttering objurgations of Captain Mas' Pa'keh.

'Mr. Gates — my son,' said Captain Peleg. 'He goes with us, before the mast, as ordinary. I hope you will find him all you can expect,' he finished. The officer bowed pleasantly to Calvin, with an 'Aye, aye, sir!' to Captain Peleg, and the latter turned to go. 'I shan't expect to see much of you, sir,' said his father to Calvin in a low, admonitory aside, 'and I haven't much to say; but first on the yard, last at the mess, is advice worth remembering.' And he was gone.

The mate hailed a busy individual passing with saw and hammer. 'Bosun, when you adjust the lee boards and bowse all taut, come back here. This is Mr. Calvin Parker. Show him about the ship, and fix up his berth for'rud,' ordered Mr. Gates.

'You will excuse me, sir,' he said to Calvin after the bosun had gone. 'We sail at daybreak, and trimming ship with this late cargo is ticklish work. You'll be in good hands with the bosun, and if I can be of service, command me.'

Calvin stood waiting, watching the loading. Every swing of the boom with its weight had a particular meaning now; each piece of cargo formed part of the home which was to be his for months. Presently the bosun returned and they made their way to the fo'c'sle. It was in a deckhouse forward, and not below decks as was common on less-advanced vessels. The quarters were empty, save for a man putting final touches to a frame.

'Chips, allow me to introduce Mr. Calvin Parker, our future messmate,' interrupted the bosun.

The carpenter looked up curiously, then touched his tarpaulin civilly.

'A new messmate; well, well!' he exclaimed. 'Let's see how he squares up.' And he took the frame, eyeing Cal-

vin comically, as though he were a captain sighting with a quadrant. Chips was a born mimic; his attitude was a ludicrous imitation of Captain Peleg. Calvin laughed merrily.

But his observation of Calvin seemed to have excited the risibilities of Chips in turn. 'Bosun,' he said, 'I'm fainting at the sight. Bear a hand, and ask the captain if he can't send him back ashore.'

Calvin shrank back; he looked over his outfit.

'Don't lag astern for that one's chaff,' reassured the bosun; 'don't mind a word he says — the old swab. Ye look shipshape, me lad; a damsite more than Chips — a landbird blown to sea.'

'My eye, bosun,' ejaculated the mischievous Chips, 'ye are Brutus that spake thus, or by the gods this speech were else your last!'

'Don't mind him, lad,' said the bosun.

But the carpenter continued inexorably: 'Let's look at your teeth.'

Calvin complied.

'Young shark's teeth; I knew it! Eat more in a day than the crew could chew in a month. Cook'll have to lock the grub.' He began to scribble hastily with his pencil on a chip. 'I'll give ye one, but I'm doubtful of it,' he said, handing the token to Calvin. 'There's an order on the cook; get your mouth measured for a spoon.'

The situation cleared. Calvin saw that he was being made game of; but so comically and without malice that he felt reassured. He laughed and extended his hand.

'You'll do, me lad,' observed the mischievous Chips. ''Tis but a natural pleasantry — between friends?' His eyes asked it quizzically. Calvin sealed it with a handshake.

'So you're going to ship with us before the mast?' asked Chips.

'My own choice,' confirmed Calvin hastily; 'I thought I'd . . . feel more at home.'

'Aye, so ye will — so ye will. 'Tis a lucky ship is the Lenore, and she ships a good crew. Now, then, where's your gear? First come's first served, so ye may take your pick o' the bunks. How's this?'

It was the upper one on the starboard side — the deckhouse being divided into two sections, one for the larboard watch, by a bulkhead down its middle. The bunk to which Chips waved Calvin's eye was decorated by a marvelous canopy which some former occupant had drawn and braided and crocheted from sail canvas. With its convenient porthole it was snug and cozy enough.

The chest was now opened to secure the expert opinion of his two new friends. Captain Peleg had done himself proud with the equipping of it, and no less a personage than Chips himself had made it, though this was a fact no one knew because the braggart Chips failed to tell. Captain Peleg it was who had supplied the oilskins, sou'wester hat, blue flannel shirts, sea boots, shoes, and heavy underwear. Sara had donated the ditty bag and folding case of spools with needles and buttons and scissors. His mother had seen to the inclusion of two suits of white drill, a pigskin belt, and a sheath knife in its case. Hepsy had furnished the knitted hose and guernsey frock. Besides all these there were lighter underwear from his dresser, and a plate, cup, knife, fork, and spoon for the mess; a palm and sail-hook, for sailmaking even. The carpenter and bosun pawed over the contents, eyes popping and bottle-green with envy.

'Finest lot of slops I ever see,' announced Chips finally.

'Easy to tell you've never run afoul o' crimps. Change of everything, too,' he observed, almost in awe. 'Well, matey, 'tis all shipshape. Let's lash and cleat it to prevent it fetching away. 'Twill be safe enough here, but we'd best keep our weather eye on it until we stow it away. No, *no*, NO!' as Calvin offered to make a present of some of the clothing to himself and the bosun. 'Thank ye kindly, me lad; we're that much bigger, we'd have to caulk the seams!'

'We're well fixed, thankee, boy!' agreed the bosun. 'We've just left off one cruise to begin another. Now, if ye like, we'll take ye under convoy. You're no much bigger nor a marlinspike, to be sure; but the best tars begin when they're boys. I've got to go now and see to me men; what say ye, lad — yes or no?'

Calvin accepted the implied offer to take him under his wing, and they went out on the deck together. The crew was setting up the rigging, stretching it for the last pull before the Lenore would go out into the harbor. Deadeyes and ratlines were being squared and shroud and backstay mats put on the masts; the studdingsail booms, lower masts, and ends of the top and topgallant masts were being washed clean to show their white painting. Yards were being blacked and the rigging and backstays fore and aft tarred down. Sailors were retouching the bends with blacking brushes, and seeing to it that the ropes forming the running gear were rove and cut. For the Lenore was being put into the shape she would ordinarily only be in at the end of a homebound voyage. Her sailing with her sister clippers on the morrow was a state occasion that was keeping the crews of all three vessels as busy as bees in a hive; a hive odorous with the perfumes of varnish and cotton and tars.

But some sailors stood idly by the gangplank, and toward these Calvin walked with the bosun. They had not yet signed on for the voyage. Under the leadership of the bosun they were all marched to the shipping office, where Calvin affixed his signature with the others to the document which shipped him as ordinary seaman 'for the good of the voyage, master's interest, boat or shore, night or day, for Canton, Asia, and the East Indies, at the discretion of the captain, for a period of one year from date October 19th, 1858.' The newly signed-on members of the crew, getting their 'protection' from the Custom-House, and their money advance on wages in the shape of a paper slip, hurried away to Simon Spickett's to have it cashed and wetted. But such was the reputation of 'Old Stormy' Parker as a disciplinarian that all were back on board, drunk but making a feint at working, before Calvin and the bosun had gone their own way back to the Lenore.

The Lenore began feeding that evening, but Calvin had no appetite for supper. If he had regretted his unlucky deficiency of whiskers upon the occasion of his state visit to the shipyard that year before, he regretted it more now as the fo'c'sle filled with the sweaty forms of bearded men. All were old crew, it seemed, except the four with whom he had signed on that afternoon, and their hands, as they reached roughly for the savory lobscouse in the messkid he had brought from the galley, showed cut across and horny with the many ropes they had pulled.

All the clipped-off conversation and under-breath whispering of the day about deck grew now in profane and obscene and understandable expression as the men crowled and wambled and eructated from the heartiness of their repast. Calvin had been invited to join with

Chips and the bosun, who ate away from their mates in one corner, as befitted their higher station. But not being hungry, he forbore; he contented himself with waiting until it was time to take the messkids back to the cook, wondering if there might be a chance of seeing Old Murphy; heart-hungry because there was not a sign of any one of even near his own age.

Directly opposite him as he waited wolfed a tall, dark individual, addressed by his mates as 'The Albatross.' Calvin had watched him that day about the deck, fascinated by the great bare horny feet that spread under their owner's weight like the pedals of an ostrich. A greasy black scalplock swept backward over one ear; his bill was as long as a Boston innkeeper's, and in his ears gleamed silver earrings. This, Calvin learned, was old Manuel the Portuguese, who had sailed with Captain Peleg Parker fifteen years, and seemed good for thirty more.

Facing him was the one called the 'Jersey Man' by the crew and thought by them a fair specimen of the wild Indians to be found a short distance to westward. His great hairy body swelled through the shirt opening, giving a view of tattooed images that fascinated Calvin and drew his eyes and blushes.

Feeding a pet porcupine hitherto kept under cover in its cage was another character, with a face which sun and sea had cured to a red tone guaranteed to keep in any climate. A curiously white and puckered eyelid drooped over one eye; the other was blank. He crooned soft nothings to the animal in an odd accent; already he was being addressed as 'Blue Nose,' and did not resent it, although he needed but rum and tobacco to set his resentment afire at another time. He was a Nova Scotian; Calvin's inspection of him left no verdict.

Two of the sailors he imagined were Yankees; one, by his own representation, as bold a tar as ever knocked a cock-maggot out of a ship's biscuit. This was a tall native from Milford, with a brick-red face, reddish, sunburnt hair, and neat features which seemed too symmetrical for the very heavy-jowled jaw. His fellow Yankee was a bedraggled sort of individual who did not lift his eyes once, so woe-begone seemed his entire attitude. He looked to Calvin like a rooster whose peck-feathers had become drenched and refused to dry. It was to him only he felt his heart go out in some sort of feeling of pity.

There was a darkish individual, short and stout, with a faint trace of Tartar in the wide, sallow, bearded face and high cheek-bones; a Finn, already fought shy of as one in league with the powers of the winds. He was not talkative, and did not eat much. Calvin could see the men were relieved when he walked away and stood with his arms hanging on the rail, gazing long to leeward.

His next inspection confined itself to a Swedish sailor talking in the broad hammock-like accent of the northern country; so curiously like the accenting of the Blue-Noser. Fresh from the pump and in his oilskins, which were tucked in his rubber breeches like a peg top, he seemed as first-class a marlinspike seaman as one could find anywhere.

There were others; but the rest of the seventeen that filled the fo'c'sle were without decision of personality; they refused to classify, or fill as portraits the frame of his eyes. They were all citizens of the world, of all ages over twenty-five, and from varied stations of life and many nations. They were men whose day's work knew only the cutting out of sails and the rigging of masts and yards; their dreams visioned only of cringles and reef-tackles and

knots and deadeyes and grommets and splices. Their talk was of Ann Street whores and the blackguarding of the Purchase Street crimps and evangelists, and of the great triple sailing of the Lenore, the Sea Empress, and the White Lightning on the morrow's tide. They knew the length, to a hand's breadth, of every line from the flying jib downhaul to the spanker sheet of each vessel; the height of their every spar from the maintopgallant truck to the heel of the lower mast. They were all surfeited with food and drink, and veered in their talk from the present to the distant: to debaucheries and debasements of Chinese ports and the queer things men juggled against that far backdrop of the world.

It was the prelude to tales and sights that were to fill his ears and eyes during many of the still evening dog watch gatherings at sea. How strong seemed the contrast now of his chamber at home, — its cool whiteness of snowy bed exhaling the perfume of lavender; the library with his favorite books; the dining-room with Hepsy's perfect dishes and the table with the Parkers' well-nigh perfect table manners. He turned with nausea, looking out upon the deck, where the great oil flares lit up the hatches for the hustling stevedores, and became unbelievably homesick for all that life on shore; the prison-like Latin School and the seared College Yard; the trumpet vine that crept to his bedroom window-sill, and the one late hollyhock still abloom in the tangled garden.

'Have a drink, lad!' sang out the Jersey Man. 'First thing ord'nary seaman learns is how to splice the main brace. Lookee, lad!' — and he drained the contents of his cup with a gulp.

Chips was atop Calvin's bunk, waving his bottle and singing a dismal going-away sailor song:

Black was the morn when William left his Nancy —
The fleecy snow frowned on the whitened shore;
Co-o-old as the fears that chilled his dreary fancy
When she her sailor from her bosom to-o-re!

He paused, overcome with the sadness of it all, and took another drink from the bottle reached up from the bench below. Talk buzzed:

'"... An' he says to me," says Spickett's jackal, "you're leaving too, an' ye get twenty-five dollars advance. Ye been a week in house, five dollars ye had, five dollars ye had to have, five dollars for shipping, an' five dollars for tobacco an' matches in your bag. Oilskins ye won't want, white slippers ye must have; Jim's got a suit — the mate won't want two good men on one watch. That makes twenty-five dollars; right? Put your dhoby mark there, an' I'll give ye a bottle along." An' here I am in winter with a Ned Waters bag, an' God damn all crimps an' their salivatin' sluts . . .'

'Avast, ye lubber!' jeered an unfeeling listener, 'an' do ye mean ye weren't groggy when ye gave him cause? Ye never touched port yet ye didn't capsize down Spickett's hatchway with your first foot ashore.'

'. . . An' I said if I'd give ye the same fist two year ago, ye filthy slut, ye'd have a bowsprit more of a common size.'

The optimistic Chips again broke into song:

Oh, if ye go to Boston town, inquire for Simon Spickett;
He'll give ye plenty whiskey, and his boot to lick it . . .

'Sure they're rough, but solid gold,' said a voice behind Calvin. 'Don't mind them.'

'I don't mind,' said Calvin, turning. 'I just felt a little —'

'Homesick, surely,' ventured the kindly old sailmaker. 'So ye have come, after all?'

Calvin was overjoyed. 'I came down that day I promised, Mr. Murphy, but they said you were gone.'

'And far gone I was, too,' asseverated the sailmaker. 'I was drunk, God have mercy on me sowl. And I don't know why I'm sober now. 'Tis a miracle, I guess. I've been that busy getting the sail redded up for the Sea Empress, I'd swig Spickett's pizen by the bar'l.'

'Don't, Mr. Murphy; please don't. They are all drunk and talking . . . awful. Are you going to sail with us on the Lenore?'

'Why not, and 'tis I haven't missed a voyage on her since the day she was launched. And yersilf? Ye've gone and done it, and 'tis a fine start ye've made, flunkeying the messkid back and forth for a lot of wrecks. But there's no telling a youngster anything, when he's bent on following the sea. The sea . . . It'll throw ye high and dry with yer cracked sides pickled in the sun, or suck ye down until it flattens ye like a wet pancake at the bottom. But 'tis the young sees in it the high things and the fine things of young loving. Well, so be . . . Now let ye turn in, for I'm after having to go below to take a stitch in the odd spanker. Let ye mark this: ye'll always have a place and welcome in Ould Murphy's sail locker. Good luck, boy, and God and His Queen o' the Sea keep an eye on ye!'

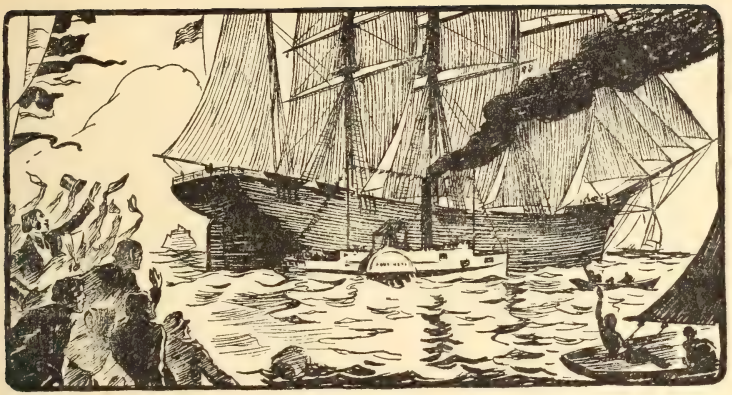
He was gone, and Calvin carried the cleaned-out messkids back to the galley. So far he had made himself three good friends aboard the Lenore, and to these now was added another — the cook. This worthy was a well-oiled-looking Pennsylvanian of about thirty, named Harder, whose face rested in a sort of irregular flat relief behind a luxuriant mustache, and whose immense frame and fierce look hid a nature as tender as a woman's. He eyed Calvin's clean way of returning the messkids, and

the manner in which his employer's son swallowed his natural pride of youth and position. And when Calvin had come back to him he had hot leg of fried chicken and brown potato waiting to tempt the boy's appetite, and told him there would always be a snack of cabin fare awaiting him in the galley.

The loading of the cotton cargo 'tween-decks still continued under the light of the oil-flares; ebbed, and ceased. Bellowing commands echoed over the ship. The mate had ordered to cast off, and the bosun hurried into the mounting orgy of the deckhouse. Figures came booting out onto the deck, lifted themselves up, and hurried gropingly to stations. Calvin followed Old Murphy aft, fumbling with the other sailors battening down the hatch. Four of the men cast off the lines while others sheeted home the foretopsail. It bellied like a boy's roundabout in the light night breeze, and yielding to the pressure the Lenore glided noiselessly away from the wharf, dropping anchor a few fathoms away.

A few of the tired sailors goaded their bodies to further stimulation with smuggled drafts of Spickett's gin, then flopped helplessly into their bunks. The fumes filled the fo'c'sle, and Calvin went out on the deck, looking landward.

The bosun came up to him from his last turn about ship. 'Ye won't be bothered with the smell o' Spickett's bilgewater after to-morrow,' he remarked kindly. 'Leave your porthole open. Ye'd best turn in, for I'll break all hands out early. Good-night, and good luck!'



CHAPTER VIII

THE DEPARTURE FOR CHINA

'TURN out, all hands!' bellowed through deckhouse, through slumber.

Calvin sat up. It was about dawn; a pink streak of sky showed through the porthole. Below him the men swarmed to their feet, still staggering with the hangover of the night's rumpusy. In the doorway stood the cook, ladling out hot coffee.

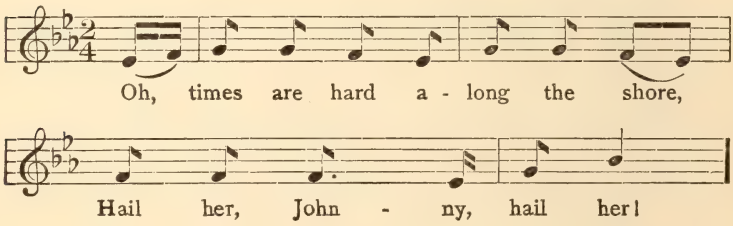
'My shirt for a thimbleful of grog!' exclaimed one.

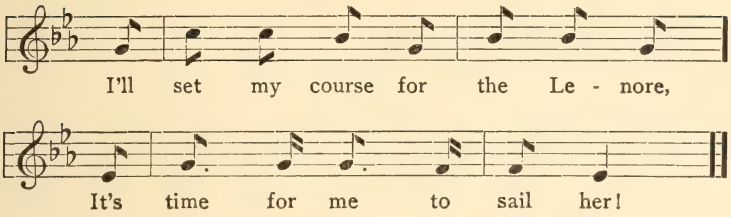
'May as well ask a knee-buckle from a Highlander,' came the cheering reply.

One of the rusty-eyed had salvaged an unemptied gin bottle. It swayed in the air, a throat guzzled, hands battled — and the bottle catapulted crashing against the bulkhead. The bosun forced his way in, booting the stragglers, and the men mustered outside. Above their red, blue, and green array of woolen shirts; the drabs, blues, grays, browns of trousers; the blue of pea jackets — the bronze, climate-struck faces showed drawn and bleary

in the strengthening light. The bosun, every sense alert, sized up the new men, eyed the old-timers, holding all well in hand lest he lose a moral victory ere the vessel weighed her anchor.

It lacked an hour of high water. Shoreward was a sight worth seeing; it seemed as though a quarter of the Boston population had gathered along the wharves, afoot and on horseback, in chaises and wagons — even in farmers' wains. It was a day which would go down in maritime history, this triple sailing of the three most superb clippers of their time. The Parker house-flag fluttered from the main truck of the Lenore; the White Lightning and the Sea Empress had brought up under her lee; and far over, on the Exchange mast, the red, white, and blue of the Parker colors weaved idly envious in the October sun. All over the harbor the crews of other vessels were astir; flags were being broke out to dress ship. Even the sculpins in the water came to the surface to listen, and off Apple Island the horse-headed sea serpent raised his head, as the bells of North Church came chiming the accompaniment to the sailors' singing of the Lenore's own chantey, the only song ever composed in honor of a clipper ship:





I think I hear Old Stormy roar:
Sail her, Johnny, sail her!
I'll pack my bag on the Lenore,
Sail her, Johnny, sail her!

To Canton town she's bound, Lenore,
Crack her, Johnny, crack her!
Her heels to all she'll show once more,
Whack her, Johnny, whack her!

Of vittles she's a goodly store,
Stow her, Johnny, stow her!
A sailor's home is the Lenore,
Blow her, Johnny, blow her!

Oh, soon my feet will tramp the shore,
Leave her, Johnny, leave her!
But back I'll tack to my Lenore,
I never want to leave her!

The sun rose higher over Boston, gilding its summits and its lofty spires. The members of the Exchange and the East Boston Company had chartered the Nahant steamboat for the occasion and the Nancy Baker sputtered away from India Wharf in an agony of self-importance, Captain Peleg Parker and the pilot, Mr. Wilson, quite the most self-contained persons aboard. Meanwhile, Mr. Simon Spickett, eminent distributor of death and destruction by the gill, withdrew with his bumboats from the clippers' sides, having parted usuriously with butts of grossly adulterated liquor from the stills of Tinker's Alley, compared to which tobacco-steeped

'Jersey Lightning' offered the chaste superiority of champagne.

The Nancy Baker fumed and fretted alongside the accommodation ladder. The captain and the pilot mounted on board the Lenore, and, saluting the first and second officer, the pilot took his station behind the wheel and the master advanced to the quarterdeck, which he began to pace in all the dignity of his profession. The notables alongside made their devoirs.

'Tide slackens in ten minutes, sir,' announced the mate.

'Quite so, Mr. Gates. Heave short!' bellowed the pilot.

'Heave short!' repeated the energetic Mr. Gates. The command was caught up by the Sea Empress and the White Lightning.

'Heave round merrily!' echoed the bosun.

The men sprang forward; the capstan was manned. 'A song, Chips; let's drown those lily-livered singers over there!'

Still heady, but lively and gay, Chips mounted the capstan, the crew manned the windlass, and there came the wild, inspiring ring of the capstan chantey:

We're going away from Boston town,
Chorus: Oh, sailor, whar you gwiney?
We're going to sail the old world round,
Chorus: To build ships for the Chinee,
To larn the heathen Chinee —

Even the gypsy winch, easing their labor at the capstan, creaked the tune, aided and abetted by the sheep and pigs hoisted aboard in crates to await the certain pleasure of the cook.

The pilot cracked his pipes in commands to the mate along the fo'c'sle head; the second mate had charge of the main deck, assisted by the bosun. Like the captain, they

had turned out as sleek as from a bandbox; not a bit of lint on cap or coat or pantaloons, nor speck upon shirt collar points peering above the carefully adjusted stocks.

The Lenore's anchor cables were hove short, and so reported to the pilot, by the mate. Pilot Wilson ordered sails loosed fore and aft.

'Aye, aye, sir!' bellowed Mr. Gates, conveying the order to the bosun. The men sprang upward as though from springs, some stopping in the tops and cross trees to overhaul the gear.

'All, sir!' supplemented Captain Peleg to the mate. 'Royals and skysails; leave staysails fast.'

Four of the men lay out, loosing head sails, and others on the main and mizzen. Calvin was aloft, grasping every rope and spar with frantic fear. The other sailors were working busily, unaware of his existence; knives were flashing, gaskets were cut or shot along to the tyes; one after another the sails let fall. He braced himself helplessly in the rigging as from below came the bellowing of unintelligible orders and the men filled away the foreyards, drew away the head sheets, and slacked, then belayed, the after yards. The watch tackle was being laid along the topsail sheets; a sailor ran up to the flyblock on the halyards, and came down recklessly, riding singing on the fall. The drunken stupor had gone from the men, as though by magic; they were working and singing lustily.

Now the Lenore's courses, topsails, topgallants, royals, and skysails were aflutter. The wind was freshening every moment; the vessel began swinging, and her measured motion communicated itself to the other two vessels. They were drawing off. With a mighty 'Yo-heave-oh!' the topsails were sheeted home; the buntlines overhauled in the foretop, the maintopsail sheet belayed and tackled

and roused home. Up on the maintopsail yard men lighted the sail over the stay; the mizzentop sheets were welled and belayed; the topsail halyards led out fore and aft to masthead her.

'Blest if I don't keel-haul you for a lubber!' the second mate bellowed up at Calvin. 'Come down out o' that and turn to!'

Calvin almost fell his way below. His view of the receding city became a kaleidoscope.

'Now, then, my lad, show some ginger. Hands on those halyards!'

He helped the sailors walk away with the topsail halyards. Murphy was among them, singing in his cracked voice:

Away, way, way, yar!
An' step on the tail o' me coat!

More long pulls, a tug, and the topsails went aloft with a varying of the chantey, to suit the faster time:

Then up aloft the yard must go,
The yard must go,
The yard must go —
Now step on the tail o' me coat!

Her maintopsail halyards were belayed, and all her canvas was set. Far up above the topsails, topgallant sails, royals, and skysails her small moonrakers showed flat as boards, pink in the morning light. The inner and outer jibs were run up and the sheets were braced sharp to the wind. Almost simultaneously upon the three vessels the foretopsail lay to the mast, and the three famed clippers looked like great white albatrosses poised in flight. A great hail of admiration wafted from the shore; from far over near the Navy Yard came the strains of martial music.

Chips sprang again to the capstan. Tramp, tramp, went the feet around the windlass, again swept the wild chantey across the water: 'Anchor's aweigh, sir!' sang the bosun to the mate, and the mate to the pilot. 'Anchors aweigh!' echoed from the White Lightning and the Sea Empress. Back at the Navy Yard guns fired a salute, as the gunboats' crews stood manning the yards; and royals and staysails fast, bows into the morning mist, the clipper ensigns dipped for hail and for farewell.

The Lenore was headmost and in stays as they passed Governor's Island, the channel still narrow. Now, with Castle Island abeam to starboard, she tacked; the White Lightning and the Sea Empress followed likewise, as the Stars and Stripes rose proudly to the dawn gun at Fort Independence and a sweet bugle strain fell low upon the channel water. Off the starboard bow showed low in mist Spectacle Island, sacred to many of Calvin's boyish fishing and chowder pilgrimages; and now came Deer Island and the light on Long Island head. Beyond the monument and the rock of Nick's Mate the ships which had made their landfall the night before rode to anchor at the Quarantine Grounds, like gray gulls at rest on the jade and beryl water, and their cheering crews sang out in admiration as the thoroughbreds passed. Stately, by Gallup's, by Lovell's, by George's Island; within two cables' length of Little Brewster, with the eye of Boston Lighthouse still revolving slumberously to the sun, and then the pilot disembarked. As they squared away and crowded all sail, many a lingering look went toward the shore. Then the captain and the mate regulated the ship's chronometer and took the bearings for departure; the lee main braces were manned, and the Lenore lay over under her canvas. Before a light but fair breeze they stood out

past the Lighthouse to the open Bay with the highland of Cape Cod ahead, and, as the Lenore lifted her forefoot to the gathering offshore swell, Calvin felt upon his cheeks the great, baptismal, salt breath of the open sea.

Making sail had driven the rum befuddlement from the heads of the sailors; the excitement of the race was on them — this sweepstakes that would take them around the Cape of Good Hope and through both hemispheres.

It was the season, too, for the best passages. Fresh and fair, over the fifteen-thousand-mile race-course of the three oceans, the Trades were blowing; those mighty winds that in the northern hemisphere came out of the northeast [1] and in the southern hemisphere out of the southeast, to carry along vessels before their steady and constant force. Ably manned and commanded, like steeds that knew their riders, the triumvirate bounded gracefully out upon the broad Atlantic water, each vessel on her mettle from the start to be driven full speed over a course which would take the better of three months to run.

And all realized that a first arrival at Canton would be due to seamanship alone; for as in wind and circumstance the ships were equal, in sailing rig all were equal, too. It had been understood that the White Lightning and the Sea Empress were to use their auxiliary engine power only in emergency, such as might be encountered in running from a storm or driving through a calm. Nor did Forbes, master of the White Lightning, or Clark, master of the Sea Empress, underestimate the caliber of their rival. They knew 'What she can't carry, let her drag!' was

[1] The Lenore's logbook shows she entered the Northeast Trades in Lat. 28° 14′ N. and Long. 44° 50′ W.

Captain Peleg's motto; and though they were not yet out of soundings, their own canvas short and topgallantsails still unfurled, they looked on with misgiving as the Lenore ploughed by under a perfect cloud of canvas, topgallant studdingsails already set, her every sail from luff to leach straining before the cracking breeze from north-northwest as though each one would burst. Aye, all sail once spread, Captain Peleg would have liked to padlock the Lenore's gear to keep his mates from shortening sail when he might be below. The doughty mariner would rather the Lenore's canvas and rigging and topmasts be carried away by a sudden gale than forgo his stubborn habit of forever *cracking on.*

The anchors were being catted on the bows and the waves were tossing spray. Calvin wiped its greasy course from his cheeks and turned to with the men to the clearing of the Lenore's land hamper and reducing her snugly to her sea dress. The slings and heaps of lines were gathered into the lockers; the chafing gear was put on; spars, boats, and water casks well lashed; and the well-found stores of barreled beef and pork and lard made fast abaft the mainmast.

Now some manned the head pump, and others rousted out buckets and sand and fiber brooms. Calvin was set to scrubbing out the deck soiled spots, and he bent to his work as the freshet of water swirled about him, not daring to look sidewise or upward lest he meet the critical eye of his father. Back on the starboard side of the quarterdeck stood the latter, getting his morning sights; watching the men clap the watch tackle on the mainsheets and lee fore brace with hearty 'Haul aways!'; the holystoning and flushing; the halyards led along the deck to the rousing chant of 'Poor Reuben Ranzo':

Pity Reuben Ranzo,
Chorus: Ranzo, boys, a Ranzo,
Oh, pity Reuben Ranzo,
Chorus: Ranzo, boys, a Ranzo.

Reuben was no sailor,
Chorus: Ranzo, boys, a Ranzo,
By trade he was a tailor,
Chorus: Ranzo, boys, a Ranzo —

Every sheet and halyard brace tautened to the freshening breeze like a living thing. From the seesawing gang at the pump floated:

So get you up, Jack, let John sit down,
For you know you're outward bound —
You know you're outward bound . . .

The white paintwork and gratings were wiped; the deck cotton-swabbed; the bright-work of rail and binnacle gleamed in the morning sun, and the log was set astern; and the dapper mates, not wishing to waste their fine feathers on the unobservant sea, took turns in going below and reappearing dressed in workaday clothes more suitable to the business of sailing.

All about Calvin had eddied a medley of strange new song, and sailor jargon to which he listened anxiously to get the form of words he himself would speak. His hands wore great blisters which, bursting, smarted with the brine; but the cook gave him some tallow for his palms, and it was a new Calvin Parker who entered the galley before the eight bells of the noon hour to help carry the messkids of spuds, redhorse, and lobscouse to the fo'c'sle. Ravenously hungry, he did not stand on ceremony, diving into the savory mass with knife and spoon, listening to the men's wise chaff, and feeling how wonderful it was to have both rest and hunger. Old Murphy, who had been down in his sail locker all the morning, overhauling tarpaulins,

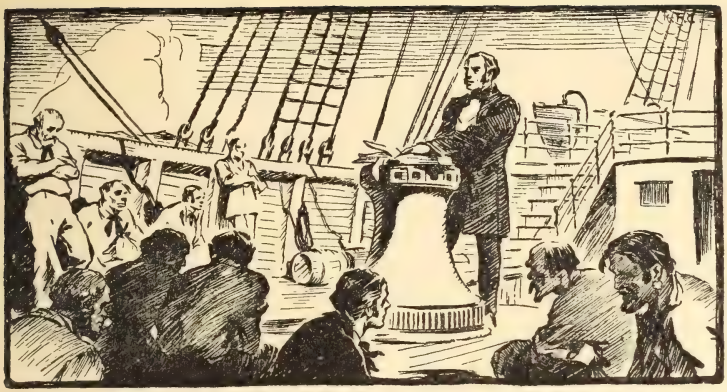
watched Calvin's tussle with the corned-beef gristle, and asked him dryly: 'And how does it feel to be down on the marrowbones, swinging sand and holystones?'

Calvin had no time for answer, for the bosun was calling out all hands to swig home a couple of fathoms on the fore and main sheets, and tighten up a bit on the weather topsail and topgallant braces, as the Lenore seemed to be losing to leeward.

A check on the bowlines, and the swift-footed vessel sprang forward like a greyhound. The bosun came alongside Calvin, and told him to turn in and gain what rest he might, and he lay in his berth, propped on his elbow, looking with the eyes of youth over the widening horizon of the sea. He saw how the Sea Empress and the White Lightning were standing by on the same course; but the Lenore was gradually worsting them in sailing, and finally they fell out of his range of vision. The Nova Scotian invited his attention to the fretful porcupine, already boring destructively at the corner of his bunk; and then he sank to slumber. He was awakened when the order came for all hands to lay aft for muster after supper, and the mates, having had a day's chance to make up their minds about it, began to choose their men alternately. Cape Cod was well astern when, with three other ordinary seamen, and four able-bodied seamen, he was picked to be on the mate's watch — the better of the two watches aboard ship. And his first seaman's day was over.

He stood at the starboard rail. A few wisps of feathery cloud — 'mares' tails' Old Murphy called them — floated in a chrysolite sky that toned down to burning orange toward the westward — westward and home. Not far off on their larboard quarter loomed the great hull of a Cunarder cleaving the water, Boston-bound, at

twenty knots; one of the vanguard which was soon to crowd the like of the Lenore from the windswept seas. The liner came nearer; the tense cordage of her rigging and the mechanical squareness of her tapering yards scaffolded themselves above the spewing smoke of her raked funnels which lost itself low upon the darkling sea, and the men sent faint hails to her, across the water. Two schooners trailed in her wake, laden to the scuppers, on the last leg of a coastwise journey from the southward, close-hauled on the starboard tack. The sea skiffs of fishermen scudded inward toward the shore, the low sun gilding their finny cargoes into gold; and then there was only the far shore line of shadow, against which moved the occasional lights of ships, and slumber came to Calvin, cradled for the first night of his eighteen years upon the abundant bosom of the sea.



CHAPTER IX

THE BROAD ATLANTIC

O pride of clipper days — O Lenore!

Is there no frame wherein may be placed your undying picture? Is there no magic casement whence men may view you, in those days when you shall be no more?

Many ships shall sail over these waters that now bear you; aye, even in the sky above the sea. But no ship shall equal you, Lenore. You are the serene flashing of an angel's wing. You are the glint of the unseen. You are the white glimpse of a beauty that swiftly passes, and leaves the heart troubled because it is no more.

Thus was the song forming in Calvin's heart.

The first stages of seasickness had passed him by; terrible it was, but he lay in no watches. At the second dog watch, to his quivering, intense delight, he was ordered to take a trick at the wheel, the breeze being light and steady, making the Lenore steer well. Mr. Gates, the mate, showed him how he could hold a steady course at the wheel by keeping a weather leech on a line with a star. But the sporting of the rest of the crew at their game of 'Priest of the Parish' and the monotonous soporific yarning of the Jersey Man made Calvin lose his bearing and yaw the vessel short; and in a moment the

mate had taken the wheel from Calvin's grasp with a sarcastic 'Evidently our stem has got into our stern and we're going back to Boston!' He heard the good-natured chaffing of the men, and the opinion their rivals would have of the smart Lenore writing her name wastefully upon the Atlantic water, and again took the course and helm from the mate. And in spite of his lubberly steering he gained in importance with the other sailors of his watch, for his taking the wheel for his regular trick eased the work of his shipmates. They in turn undertook to take this shy and rather diffident lad in hand, to see that he turned out a handy and agreeable 'Tom Pepper,' able to splice a rope, tie a knot, and yarn as well as go an errand.

He saw little of his father. The captain would come on deck with his quadrant just before noon 'to get the sun'; and that deed done, would cast a martinet glance to more immediate concerns. On the second day out, when the Lenore was on the wind, her royals lifted a bit, and he had stormed 'midships and at the second officer as though she had yawed a whole point each way. Let his noon-devil eye see the mainyard not braced up enough or the lee topgallant sheet not home, or the jib slack; in forceful language the crestfallen Mr. Gates was adjured to look lively and bear in mind he was aboard a *Parker* ship, sir!

They were now in the Gulf Stream, the great weather breeder of the North Atlantic, and its weed lay on their track like the patteran of gypsy phantoms of the sea. Her canvas was crowded to the utmost stretch, the while she and her sister ships went blazing their way down the Northeast Trades; the Lenore edging off to westward, while the Sea Empress and the White Lightning were let

range ahead until they disappeared in the clouds that lowered on the eastern horizon. Yet they knew the parting was not final, and that they would pass again, and repass; and on Captain Peleg's vessel, at least, there was no sail snuggled down at nightfall. Alow and aloft, the heaps of canvas spread on her; the sailors having scarcely to trim, much less touch it, the Lenore racked on for the smartest passage, defying the risks of wind which would have deterred her two younger and less reckless rivals.

It was all her dress of sail upon her even after nightfall which made her seem to Calvin another and more beautiful Lenore. He often walked forward to the bowsprit to look back at her. The moon's arc was not yet below the horizon, nor was the sky much overcast, and in the moonlight her yards were trimmed more sharp and even, and her bowlines better hauled. Every rope drawn to its proper tightness gleamed like corded silver, and the night dew upon her sails gave a still white brilliance as though of mighty glass. Gathered in the middle of the deck, where the moon's light shone freest, the men off watch would stretch and puff their pipes of ratline-flavored twist. The sound of their yarns would come forward to Calvin in a low murmur, and the Lenore, too, would whisper as though she heard, as one alive; and her laugh would float, more silvery than theirs, across the lippering water, or her voice lose itself up the rigging with a sigh.

And then there was the dawn watch, when the dark sea would open up to Calvin again in all its blue and white immensity, leaving no room within his heart for even one homesick pang. There was the glory to be seen just after dawn of these autumn mornings, when the sun reached from far horizons and gilded the little trade-clouds overhead, the stray of 'post-boys,' that seemed like great rose

petals tossed athwart the sky; and then day would come in a power of empyrean blue shot with flying iridescences, driving the wind downward upon the waves and weathering them into spindrifts of foam.

And as the wind briskened and the sharp order of the mate would send the men tailing on to mainsheet or topsail halyard, Calvin would speed to the task with a will; for it meant but another chance to learn another chantey such as these lusty-lunged sailors loved, a song that seemed one with the ceaseless rolling of the sea. They were on the deck now, the whole watch, trimming the rigging to gain the full power of a change of breeze, and his boyish treble changed to odd, bass discordants as he joined in:

Haul, haul the bowline, the Lenore is a-rollin' —
Haul the bowline, the bowline haul.

Out with expulsions of breath surged the notes, echoing over the ship in the back draft of the sails, and as they jerked and shouted anew, Mr. Gates would coax: 'Fine, my lads — now, just another bit of one!' and as the tugging came shorter and shorter, the men would shift into the rousing time of another chantey:

Oh, whiskey killed my sister Fan,
Oh, whiskey, O Johnny!
But whiskey is the life of man —
Then whiskey for my Johnny . . . !

'That'll do; keep it — belay there, altogether; smart now!' And their chests heaving and the blood tingling in their veins, they would stray off to the balance of the watch below or to lighter tasks; but never a task was ended but these rough men went out of their way to praise and encourage Calvin.

What a joy it was, and what a pain, this thing which

went through him, singing! He was too immature to give it speech; what nonsense it must have seemed, had he even mentioned it to any of these rough-and-ready men! He had not even one boyish friend to whom he could unburden himself; not one of all those classmates back there at the Latin School or Harvard College, to whom he could write of the lofty sentiments and the glorious new adventure which engaged his soul. There would be only a dutiful letter to his mother and to his sister. He sat down and wrote his fine hand into the missive:

DEAREST MOTHER:

We have the noblest ship asail, admirable officers, and as fine a crew as one could wish. We are at sea now almost four days, and I have not seen one sailor intoxicated, or punished for any offense, and have heard no profaneness, either among the crew or officers. I intend to keep a log or journal, which I shall show you on my return.

We have just made out the White Lightning far off on the larboard beam and are going to tack ship and run down to her. How glad I shall be if it is another ship instead, and going the other way, so I may get this letter the sooner to you! My spirits sink when I think of you and dearest Sara, and how long I shall be before I see you again. We are in the trade winds and going very fast. I have suffered but very little from seasickness; I bathe morning and night in salt water, and sometimes rise at ten o'clock and sometimes before the sun.

I am on Mr. Gates's watch. He is from Philadelphia and is very forbearing. My hours are different from my father's, and I have not seen him, but am comporting myself as I feel that he would wish, hoping to become a worthy sailor under the countenance of his example.

I send my best love to you, dear mother, and to Sara.

Your dutiful son

CALVIN PARKER

P.S. My respects to Hepsy Hawk.

He folded the naïve missive and sealed it. He dared not tell her that the tartar emetic he had taken at the bosun's hands for his seasickness had nearly killed him.

The next day was Saturday, and the shiny decks were holystoned again. The sky became overcast by mid-afternoon and let down a drizzle; the sails, with the slackening of the weather braces, lost their proper trim and the ship lost to leeward, adding to the extra work of the afternoon. A sail split and he went aloft to help loose it while the men hauled below. He slid down the slippery masthead and almost came a cropper on the deck. His hands were raw, and the accident brought back to him the injunction of old Father Taylor: 'Think of the rigors of your calling, my son; how death may take you unawares.' He really had been very close to death at that moment; the terror of it remained with him the succeeding hours, and it brought the heart into his father's mouth when Captain Peleg had seen the fall from his starboard beat. It was a great relief to Calvin to learn that there would be religious service the next morning, for which, indeed, the extra Saturday cleaning was a preparation. He felt the need of praying in thanksgiving to the Almighty God Who held the lives of sailors and sparrows in His hand.

Next morning the church pennant flew at the truck, and the bosun conveyed the order for all men off watch to muster at the captain's quarters. The decks shone white under the morning sun; Captain Peleg had made a tour of inspection which covered all parts of the vessel, below and on deck, fore and aft, and aloft. The wind was light as they mustered at the poop, abaft the 'midship capstan. Calvin stood alongside Old Murphy the sailmaker in his Sunday pea jacket with its fancy hanging port over each pocket, and the white silk kerchief at the neck which was duplicated by the others; the concession to the occasion and the day.

Captain Peleg appeared in his best pilot-cloth suit and

white stock; very clerical he looked, with a Bible in his hand, as he walked to the capstan lectern without a nod of recognition to the crew; one felt that he was a man who had a duty to perform, and was resolved to do it faithfully.

He spoke a few words which recited briefly the superior reputation of the Parker ships, and how this had come in the minds of men through the fair and square dealing he had always exerted toward his officers and crew. He pointed out that the cheerful ship was the moral ship, and how the course of righteousness was to be preferred to the way of the ungodly. He reminded them that they were upon a voyage which would set its mark upon their time and people, as being the beginning of a new epoch for the Chinese nation, and adjured them as they were the best of marlinspike seamen and the pick of any port to see to it that he had their backing in bringing the Lenore into Canton before either of her rivals. And then he opened the Book and read from the One Hundred and Seventh Psalm:

> They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven . . .

He stopped short in the Bible reading, for the wind freshened; his order came sharp from above the Book to trim the yards smartly.

The men hurried to their stations.

'Isn't it wonderful to hear a smart man like your father, that can read the Hebrew by the hour together!' said Murphy to Calvin as they came back toward the waiting master.

'Why, it's English, Mr. Murphy; good King James's English,' explained the dumbfounded Calvin.

'Is it so?' asked the old sailmaker. 'Now I pride myself on book-larnin', but 'twas the most like Hebrew I ever heared in my life.'

The interrupted service concluded with a hymn, led by Captain Peleg. It was familiar to the old members of the crew who had shipped on the Lenore theretofore; they joined in with gusto:

> Now I have found the blessed ground
> Where my soul's anchor may remain;
> The Lamb of God, who for my sin
> Was from the world's foundation slain;
> Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
> When heaven and earth are fled away.

Then followed the Lord's Prayer, and the men were dismissed; but Calvin found himself invited into the cuddy by his father.

'Now, sir, box the compass!' ordered Captain Peleg. Calvin did so, without error.

'Suppose a storm had split our maintopsail, and we had unbent what was not blown away of the old one, and succeeded with some little trouble in getting the new sail nearly to the top; suppose a sailor had done all this, but for the life of him could not get it over the toprail. Where would be the trouble?' inquired his father, further.

'It is likely,' answered the bosun-coached Calvin, 'that if he had made use of the topsail halyards he had neglected to take up the tie.'

'You are doing medium well,' complimented Captain Peleg. 'Mr. Gates has a spare quadrant. Hereafter you will take the daily observation with him, and be taught how to work the reckoning. You will dine with me to-day, sir,' he finished.

'I would prefer not to, sir,' objected Calvin politely. He foresaw the delicate situation this might otherwise bring about in the fo'c'sle.

'Very well, sir. Leave word with Mr. Gates that I wish to speak with him,' his father said, his gaze turning toward his quadrant.

'Aye, aye, sir,' answered Calvin, touching his cap, and went out. He was relieved the quiz was over; even the best-intentioned son would hardly term it a visit.

The cook gave him a hail at the galley, and he went in for the dinner messkids. Plum duff with white sauce supplemented the regular salt horse, spuds, and sea biscuit, and there was an extra tin of molasses with the coffee.

'You'll do, lad,' said the cook, when he had picked the news of the dinner invitation out of Calvin. 'Finish this steak and tart; it's what you'd got anyway. Know your place and keep it, says Doc, and you'll be a mate yet, stew my blinkers!'

It was a day of rest. The men off watch were taking 'sailors' pleasure' and overhauling their chests: ramshackle affairs, or weather-beaten bags; very few well stocked with 'round-the-Cape slops. Most had shabby, buffed oilskins, leaky seaboots, patched pea coats, and threadbare shirts. Murphy showed Calvin his chest's treasures: neatly stitched woolen and drill clothes, a stuffed flying fish and young dolphin, and a giant West Indian cockroach which he kept in a small cage — 'for

fear,' as he put it, 'that if it cross-bred with the ones on the boat, we'd be eat out of house and home entirely!'

'And did he ask the question?' asked the bosun after dinner of Calvin. A happy smile was his answer.

'Old Stormy may be a good skipper on earth, but he's a damned poor pilot to heaven,' interjected the Jersey Man.

'Aye,' said the man from Medford, 'he'd as lief box heads as a compass. We'll have the cat for a truce, now he's done sky-piloting.'

'Will ye dry up?' thundered the bosun. 'I've known a whole crew go to the bottom with less noise than comes out your jawports.'

''Tis aisy for ye all to talk,' offered the imperturbable Murphy, from the depths of his chest, 'when the topmast might go over the side before one of ye psalm chantey-men would clap on a clewline. 'Tis aisy to know the Parker vittles be crowding speech from your ribs. Let ye clap a stopper on your tongues!'

'Hymns!' jeered Chips, 'may as well whistle jigs to a mermaid!'

Chips sat in the center of the shoes and clothes and other gear which had been taken out to get the sunlight on the hatch, and his dare-devil tenor was rising in a chantey, the begging crew engaging to rouse in strong at the chorus:

Chips: The first voyage I made to sea —
One day as I hove the lead
The main topgallant went by the lee
For it blew off the Devil's head!

Sailors: Tumble up there!
Bear a hand!
Turn to!

Chips: While I, the foremost of the crew,
Soon could pull away;
Cast off, belay;
Aloft, alow;
Avast, yo ho!
And hand, reef and steer —
Know each halyard and jeer
And of duty every rig!

Sailors: But his joy and delight
Is on Saturday night
A drop of the creature to swig!

The delighted Calvin listened, joining mumbling in the chorus, which ended in a crashing round of applause as the agile Chips finished his musical effort with the swift gyrations of the sailor's hornpipe. To the boy all this fitted into the poetry of sailing; the watching, pleased faces of his shipmates, the officer at his station, the low murmur of the foam at the bow audible below the muffled stepping on the tarpaulin. There was no swell, and the Lenore glided over the gently rippling water without seeming motion under the serene blue arch of the sky. A vessel rose white in the horizon off the bow, crept along the quarter, and sunk gradually astern into distance, and the equable temperature of the Gulf Stream air, agreeably warm and invigorating, gave mind and body supreme enjoyment. The cook had given him more tallow for his cracked and blistered hands when he returned the mess-kids to the galley, and their pain was forgotten as he listened to the sailors' yarning. Some of it came low and muttered, as though the tales of licentious gambols were yet to be spared his young ears; and some came loud and braggart, telling of the speed with which sail had been taken in on the vessels they had known, or the skill with which they had shifted broken spars after heavy weather, broken in on by Chips's dismal carols of lost loves and

myriad-angled murders. Word came forward that the captain would issue out slops, and the men went aft for tobacco and dungarees to eke out their supply for the week ahead. The remainder of the afternoon was spent in washing in Chips's rigidly allotted gallons of fresh water from the scuttlebutt, broken in on by an order for the setting up of backstays; and then at evening came the routine orders: 'Call the watch!' and Sunday rest was ended.

Old Murphy passed for his round of the ship. Not even the captain kept a sharper lookout to see that all was secure aloft. 'Never see such a ship for fair winds,' he had confided to Calvin, as they looked with pride at the long tapering spars and immense spread of her topsails, mountaining symmetrically with every studdingsail set on every boom. 'But ye'll not find the yard always laid pointing to the wind and the clewlines close up, and me sails soft as a lady's handkerchief. There'll be pouring rain squalls, lad, when ye'll have your trick aloft, and the sail'll be aback and wet and stiff as a boord; and the clews foul and maybe a lift carried away. But sail must be furled, and furled it will be, though the wind lift the horseshoe off the mainmast, and every divil in it whip a man off for shark's meat and his immortal sowl.'

And it was from the bosun he learned the crude but right nautical knowledge of old seafaring couplets, so easy to remember in their simple verse, and which he conned over and over during his two-hour tricks at the wheel:

If the rain's before the wind,
'Tis time to take the topsails in.

If the wind's before the rain,
Hoist your topsails up again.

Mares' tails and fish scales
Make lofty ships lower sails.

When the glass falls low, prepare for a blow;
When it rises high, let all your kites fly.

Evening gray and morning red
Keeps the sailor in his bed;

Evening red and morning gray
Speeds the sailor on his way.

He thought of these now, with the advent of sunset. Night had not come quickly with a quick shifting of her sable cloak, as she had on the days before, lit with the advance glimmer of the moon. 'Fish scales' lay high in the heavens, flame-lit: those small fleecy clouds that herald high winds and storms. Far to the westward, behind the purple wool-pack cumuli, yet another universe of cloud gleamed darkly lurid, spilling blood upon the Lenore's sails and tipping her spars with fire.

'Pretty, is it?' answered Murphy to Calvin's admiring remark. 'Illest sight I ever see. Look hard; you may never see another, for there's a blow brewing, or I'm a lubber.' And he was gone, muttering, as he made his volunteer round again, touching with tried and knowledgeful hand each backstay and weather brace, and giving a reassuring pat to the oddly quiet pigs and sheep.

'Sailmaker old fool!' sounded at Calvin's side. He turned. The Finn was standing near him, a strange smile on his face.

'Finn sailor know 'bout wind; ess, only Finn. Finn's streeng coax wind aboord — see!' And he showed Calvin the cord he held in his hands, teething loose one of its three curiously woven knots. 'Ay tink my streeng give

sailmaker plenty yob; give sailors plenty yob. Ess, Finn skal make sailor of you, my friend, to-morrow!'

And he was gone to take his trick at the wheel. An odd one, surely, thought Calvin, as he turned in.



CHAPTER X

THE GREAT HURRICANE

DEPENDING altogether on whether a vessel's course was such as gave her greater westing, the men told Calvin the autumn was sure to place her upon the track of gales. The Gulf Stream would have brought the heat of summer, and, placing it in close proximity to the extreme cold of the north, would cause a conflict by reason of these two extremes; there were great disturbances in the air, and violent rushings of heat and cold. Again, far to the southward, the heated shores of South America brought in upon them the rushings of the cold and denser airs of North America, bringing about that crisis in the change of seasons when the friction of the cold currents upon the warm offered only to one promise of mastery; and the powerful masses of the air, accumulating their immense charges of electricity, surged back and forth against themselves until their forces, being concentrated, would be spawned in fury upon the sky and land and sea.

The morning after the odd meeting with the Finn, Calvin came upon deck to find the small clouds, so

familiar heretofore, hidden behind a yellowish vapor. To the south and west greater clouds piled high against the sky, giving visible warning of the combat in the upper air. Nor were they the blue and mauve-foundationed clouds of sunlit day; they gleamed with deeper rose and violet tints that reflected warm tones upon the water and sent the barometer ebbing.

Long foretold, long last;
Short notice, soon past.

Murphy told him about the infallible prescience of the barometer. Likewise,

First rise after low
Indicates a stronger blow.

As he repeated them to himself, his eyes upon the sky, he speculated upon the imminent danger the telling of these lines and the warning of the skies portended. That day went by, and another; and as it came to a close there was an unwonted silence at the usual garrulous dog watch, and, surprised by the changed, almost surly, manner of the men, Calvin stood alone watching with wonder the strange sunset which now spread itself across the sea.

And as he looked he had an odd sensation of looking out upon another world. It was the legend world of his younger imaginings, where the substances of time and place were blended; and in which, as in a magic alembic, he discerned majestic vistas: of cloud precipices that rose towering to orange heights and then avalanched down the sides of steep empurpled abysses, out of which rose grotesque scarlet shapes of fabled monsters against crimson contours that lost themselves in shadow, only to emerge more deformed and awful than before. Or anon, the high *cirro cumuli* seemed set as blocks of precious

garnet and jade and amethyst and sardonyx and jasper foundationing embattlemented spinel and chrysoprase cities, around whose shores foamed beryl seas dotted with the red gold sails of careening caravels; and then, as with the touch of a destroyer's wand or as under the devastation of Apocalyptic vial, the cities crumbled and their caravels were scattered, and only scarlet and desolate necropoli stretched away on red-hot desert plains.

Then Calvin heard the distant rumble of thunder, as of the Archangel's trumpet; and the necropoli vomited forth their dead; the blocks that had been scattered gathered anew into life to house the myrmidons that trooped across the astral wastes. The glories of men and gods were come again; by that high mass of gold-tipped crimson spires which outshone a remembered picture of Notre Dame de Chartres, he saw again Fulbert and Henry IV march with their clergy and cohorts in baldachined processional; and then they entered the portals and the fane resolved itself into high gods seated upon Indian mountains, throbbing with thunderous mantras; Jove, and terrible Siva, whom none might approach save under cover of nightfall.

By that high pagoda of turquoise and saffron passed Genghis Khan, his step sounding through the Celestial Kingdom like the long roll of thunder; and his cohorts were lost in a wisp of Oriental motley as the light shifted, and the great oxen wains of pioneers stretched before Calvin's eyes as they had once before the Dakota spies, peering from ambushes over the Western Plains. There came a terracing as of Babylon's gardens and Himalaya's hills, piling upward until, majestic and somber, Prince of Darkness, the red silhouette of Lucifer towered above the scene. Higher and yet higher he mounted into the zenith as though again to assail the very Throne of Heaven; and

then, toppling, he fell, and the low bank of clouds flamed for a moment in a wind streak that gleamed like the very mouth of hell.

The cloud land departed, and Calvin gazed anew upon the celestial sea. Forth from the red turrets of Tyre rounded the Phœnician galleys, their lateened sails bellied to the setting sun; their oars dressed with the gold of Ophir; their lanterns gleaming red as the rubies of Tarshish; Genoese carracks battling Venetian galleons· Argonauts and argosies of all the looms and harvests of the world speeding by islands like Golden Fleeces where loomed trees mightier than Yggdrasil, and where long manes of clouds rode against the background of flame like Valkyries to magnificent Valhallas.

And now, with the disappearing of the sun, there started a series of rays, diverging glories, extending and prolonging far into the zenith from the sun; diverging rays mingling with the advancing crepuscular rays, that tossed athwart the heavens a pattern of light and glory baffling description. Here before Calvin lay the fabled warp and woof of the tapestries of Minerva and Arachne, more royal than Tyrian purple, gorgeously fluttering like some world-wide butterfly. Then the pageantry of sun and sky surged into a battle of scarlet glory that glittered upon the farthest reaches of the sea, and darkness spread over the face of the deep; the distant lightnings silhouetted the cloud monsters of the sky, and the wind fell low and ceased its fretting of the brooding waters.

The masses of clouds reached barely to the zenith where they were met by a sky black and shapeless, in which the stars hung without scintillation, haloed with vague iris, dominated by Venus and Scorpio; broken in on only by the dull tracks of shooting stars falling to unknown dooms

and disputed by fireballs, no larger than fists, that rose red and illumining on the horizon and died away in nodules of yellow flame. As the night advanced, Venus hung poised, rather as a comet in the throes of birth than as a sister world; then the mist from the westward spread upon the whole horizon; the stars were blotted out, and the sea, turned to phosphorus, glittered in a molten sheet of hammered silver. A great stillness seemed to have come upon the universe; it was as though Nature were preparing for the fiery annihilation of the world.

Within these phenomena of the sky and sea the Lenore, her masts and spars and sails unhindered from above with sun or moon or star shadow, towered in inspiring silver majesty, her sails lit from underside by the sea, her every aspect ghost-like. A world of strange forms seemed to dance upward from the deck into the rigging and the top-most sails, where in shifting, leaping steps, they peopled her space aloft with sea sprites, with disembodied crews. Now dark and foreboding, now bright and mischievous, they darted down upon the vessel from their lofty perches, filling the imaginative mind of the pondering boy with panic and unreasoning fear. He sought companionship; for some one to speak to; but there only stumbled back from lookout the lumbering figure of the Finn, and in some odd way Calvin cringed from the man; his body trembled in terror.

'Ay tal you, boy, Ay have storm brewing; — aye! See!' And the Finn pointed aloft.

Flaring above the conductors atop each mast down as far as the topsail yards, were tufts of blue flame, making masts and rigging as phosphorescent as the sea. And as Calvin's eyes fell from the fearful spectacle to the face of the Finn, he saw beyond how the tips of the waves were

also decked with tufts of flame, and he wished to cry out and run. But the Finn held him, like a lark mesmerized by a hawk; and the strange man teethed loose another knot in his magic cord, his face grinning and fearful in the soft glow of the shining sea and the Saint Elmo's fire.

Far up in the miles on miles above the surface of the world the giant power of electricity, forced out of its natural channels by the untoward activity of the opposing elements, was functioning silently, in full consciousness of its strength. The forces arrayed against it had attained their greatest magnitude; Nature no longer held the channels whereby they might remain retained within the utmost limits of her expansive bosom. The hurricane was hovering overhead in its first movements of birth, daughter of air and water, veiled in the moment of her deliverance by the night and forced upon the earth over the bridge of the lightning. The watching boy had always sought Beauty; here now, upon her ebon throne of terror, she was at last to appear before him in her grandest and most awful manifestation, her voice a snarl and sob torn from the drumming of the wind in the sails and the great slow rhythm of the sea.

Suddenly, from all quarters at once, the entire sky was lit with a great violet blaze of lightning. There came a deafening explosion of thunder. The first bond of the air and water was broken.

'You see, boy?' queried the Finn; ''s time to call the mate. Ess, the wind's up!' — and the strange sailor went muttering toward the fo'c'sle.

Calvin hurried toward the mate's quarters aft. It lacked a quarter of an hour of midnight; the second officer had stood the eight to twelve watch, for the captain had turned in. 'Mr. Gates!' he called.

There was no answer. He called again.

'A quarter of twelve, sir!' he said, hammering on the door.

'Very well — oh, very *well!*' came Mr. Gates's sleepy voice. 'Don't break down the door. What sort of night is it?'

'It looks terrible, sir!' announced Calvin through the bulkhead. 'Like a . . . like a blow, sir,' he finished, uncertain of the authenticity of the nautical phrasing.

'Hell!' ejaculated the sleepily active mate. 'Have to take in a reef, I suppose, and be plagued for it in the morning. A blow, eh?' — and after a pause: 'Seem's as though she *were* beginning to snuffle. Well, get back to your station — I'm up. I don't expect to take away the second's reputation as the worst relief aboard ship.'

The Portuguese left the wheel and advanced with Calvin toward the fo'c'sle as the sleepy Jersey Man took the course and cast a silent look toward the thunderous west. No one said a word; there was fear upon them. In the fo'c'sle Calvin saw the form of the Finn stretched naked on the bunk, for the night air had grown stuffy and warm, and before he himself turned in, the Albatross fumbled in his chest and drew out a small picture of the Madonna, which he placed above his bunk. Then there was only the low sough of the Lenore, kissing the water; the snores of sleeping men, and the New England lad fell into troubled slumber.

It was not watch-and-watch, as Murphy had warned, and as Calvin had half expected; he was not turned out until seven. The barometer, the Blue-Noser informed the fo'c'sle, had fallen to 30.05. The sun had risen long before, but retained its pristine crimson as it mounted toward the arc of the sky — a sky like a dome of burnished copper,

and threatened from the west by those same clouds which Calvin had allowed his fancy to dwell upon the evening before.

As the day advanced and the sun ascended toward the zenith, the coppery color of the sky deepened; within the great concavity of the firmament the atmosphere sparkled and glittered as though crucibled. The planks burned under the men's feet; in vain were the awnings spread, and even the gentle swelling of the burnished waves tossed javelins of wavering heat as though they were the burning jets of a million torches, dancing and leaping in tremulous vertical movements which stung the eyes of the watchers.

As the captain came on deck to take the noon sight, the stern eye of the scarlet sun was already close to the edge of the ever-mounting cumuli. Now even the myriad facetings of the water died; the air seemed falling into sleep; the sails of the Lenore flapped against the masts, aided by the eased rigging slackened by the mate's orders on the watch before. As the minutes passed, the air became suffocating, as though issuing from the mouth of a furnace. All life had disappeared from the waves; the fleets of nautili which had spread their opal sails in glowing ribbons of color upon the water were no more; the flying fishes no longer fluttered from the rolling wave, pursued by the tigerish bonitas. The beautifully colored dolphins no longer sported before the vessel's prow, disputing the way with the diving schools of tunnies; even the seabirds no longer claimed their mastery of the air, flying inland or seeking refuge upon the vessel's deck; hoping in their mute way to escape the tortureful death that awaited them on wing were they to trust their slight bodies to the wild air or the hungry sea.

And the waters that stretched about, endlessly; the waters that knew no law of their Creator except the ceaseless order of flowing without ceasing — these lay, olive green and curiously modulated, as though held inactive by the downward pressure of giant hands. And, vexed by the restraint, the sea began to rise in curious little pellets of foam as though mermaids were tossing aloft spume from phantom dippers.

The mate had not turned in. The men were all on deck, speculating about the imminence of their danger; wondering why, after all gear was made fast about the toasting decks, the mate had, contrary to his wont, not found additional work for idle hands to do. But 'horsing' the men seemed farthest from his thoughts; he had gone aft to compute the noon reckoning with Captain Peleg.

'A stiff blow coming, sir!' he ventured.

'Naught to't but rain, Mr. Gates,' answered the master evenly. 'Keep the sails on her.'

'She's kicking as hard as two men can hold at the helm, sir. We'd best shorten sail.'

'Very well; put four men at the wheel, sir!' suggested the captain.

'But, sir . . . this is dangerous. The barometer is falling at a fearful rate . . .'

'Mr. Gates — you will oblige me, sir, by proving yourself as good a mate as you shipped for. We can expect a trifle of weather like this around here. Why, sir, top gallants and all, I could steer her with my little finger!'

The nonplussed mate returned to his station. No harder than the captain did he hate to take in sail. He watched Chips battening down the hatchways with sail sections and tarpaulins, tossing veiled glances aloft; the carpen-

ter's wonted cheerfulness gone and in its place a worried and extreme seriousness.

Calvin had been ordered to give up his trick at the wheel. The Blue-Noser and the Albatross now stood by it, and he joined the men gathered outside the fo'c'sle who had expected the order to reef down ere this.

The cyclonic fury of the air which had long been revolving in the upper region was gradually descending. Its imminence was foretold by the jagged reddish and black clouds which passed furiously along on lower strata of the lowering tempest, flying in all directions. The reddish tints in the veil of the sky deepened; more and more the tormented clouds resorted to extraordinary efforts to refresh themselves. Like writhing dragons they reached with fanging forms downward to the sea, gyrating in the tortuousness of their labors, lapping up the waters with their thirsty mouths. And meeting them, there rose from the sea, like transparent monstrous serpents, yet other fantastic shapes, until the lurid sky seemed pillared upon the heaving and bending of countless convulsive monsters, now rising, now falling, fusing from the astounded waves an artillery of remonstrances that rattled like wains along stony New England roads.

Two hundred yards away and less reared the waterspouts; their diameters more than twenty feet. As they sped upon their eerie way their bulbous bodies broadened into great suckers at the bases, which coaxed upward the resisting water and tossed it into the thirsting upper air in tiny cloudlets like spurtings from locomotives. Satiated, the cloud thirsters closed their yawning mouths, and withdrew, scurrying hither and yon, holding up by their strength the mighty powers of the winds.

But the winds, in turn, gained their revenge. Now,

descending through the tremendous sieve of the atmosphere, a dull sound was heard which rose in an instant to a tumult of countless voices, wherein were the roars of the frightened beasts and the Lenore's screechings of terror. There came above it all another sound, like the roar of far carronades, and lightning in sheets of shining whites and reds, of yellows and purples, of blues and violets, fell in awesome flashings from tremendous heights. An obscure mass became visible in the red anguish of the firmament; darker and darker it grew, until below all grew shadowy and ominous — a mighty darkling eye around whose far circumference glowed a blood-red glitter. This was the cyclone, swooping down upon the waters, and a terrible anticipatory silence stilled the moaning of sky and sea.

Calvin, watching his father, saw the weather lifeboat suddenly buckle like an egg-crate. A whirling, suffocating blast struck the Lenore, drowning the captain's too-late commands to shorten sail. Above in the air came the sound of whip-crackings and crunchings; and the tormented vessel suddenly keeled far over with the blast, on her beam ends, her lee rail swamping water. He saw some of the coops of chickens and the livestock pens tear loose from their lashings, swiftly catapulting the squealing, frightened pigs and sheep to their wet death overboard; saw the men springing to the rigging, or crouched on all fours, grasping the security of belaying pins, fife-rail, ringbolts, and racks. Through the eddying blast which clawed and buffeted him as though with many hands he saw Old Murphy approaching: worked his way with him toward the forward bulkhead of the fo'c'sle, and braced himself with the old sailmaker against the wild assault of the storm and the sharp listing movement of the vessel.

The hand of the sailmaker directed Calvin's gaze aloft; and he saw that the wild noise overhead had been the studdingsails whipping from the booms. And as he watched, the topgallant masthead snapped and the royal and topgallant yards and sails came down, and the loosened rigging and slackened canvas flapped like banners and streamers in the air.

The Lenore rose high in the water; her fore, mizzen, and maintops went by the board. Thrown far over, troughing in the sea, the wind carried her wrecked tophamper down, and it lay dangling on the bows. The wrecked foretopsail wrapped against the lee cathead; the rest hung in crazy festoons from the collar of the forestay to the spritsail yardarm on the bowsprit. A vicious wrenching bade fair to buckle the buffeted vessel in two as the wreck of sail and rigging, sagging down and catching her on each upward rise, kept forcing her head perilously into the sea. She spun dizzily; more and more the waves worked their way against her with the blast; more and more weakly she returned their cruel buffetings, until it seemed that she would founder and perish in the extremity of her exhaustion. Her despair communicated itself to the crew; the bosun's cries and those of the officers went unregarded. The men had reached that stupefaction of spirit where resistance seemed futile, and it seemed reasonable to enter, with the Lenore, the lethal embrace of the sea.

And what a transformation had come upon the beloved vessel! Her great lower sails whipped and crackled in thunderous flappings which, mighty as they were, echoed but punily the thunder of the elemental war about and overhead. The pride of the Lenore's white wings was gone; the spidery lines of her rigging threshed and hummed in the stinging wind, rattling against the gleam-

ing blackness of the spars, madly motivated until their strength should be spent in tearing bursts. Calvin saw his father at the fore rail of the poop, holding on grimly, isolated by the flashing floods which crashed and coursed from the great weather rolls of mountainous water that fell upon the deck. The mate and the second mate lent their assistance at the wheel. The captain's gestures, motioning aloft, would have been comic, were not the emergency tragic, for he seemed but a frantic, wound-up automaton; his bellowing commands clipped off with the wind as by a knife just as were the frothing mouths of the cresting waves to windward. In some way Calvin divined that the crisis in which the Lenore toiled called for the personal labor of his father and the officers, in default of the dumb dereliction of the crew; and it came to him, also, that the captain would rather see his vessel sink to destruction than countenance such a cowardly subversion of discipline. But what could he — what could any one do? He looked at her now, this stricken vessel, as she floundered in the water; momentarily relieved by her vomit of strength, and yet in situation perilous. Above him dangled dizzily work which called for the minds and hands of knowing and agile men; but he speculated upon it all, this product of a Latin School, with the same reasoning with which he approached a problem in Euclid. What he saw sent a strange new thought singing through his being; what he puzzled out in a few quick moments of analysis and observation decided him. He was now to show a son's mettle to a captain father.

The ship axe rested snug in its socket against the bulkhead. He steadied himself toward it, possessed it. The vessel rolled far over in resistance to a mighty wave; the deck sank beneath him with swinging, sickening motion,

and a huge mountain of ocean, veined as with snowdrift, buffeted him under myriad blanketings of breath-taking water; spread-eagling him against the bulkhead, throwing him down, and then skidding him toward the lee shrouds of the foremast. He had taken the precaution to stow the axe inside his belt; as he hit the lee bulkhead it gouged him cruelly. But he grasped the shrouds and slowly lifted his way aloft.

Thrown far over as the Lenore was, the lee shrouds had slackened, and as the weather shrouds grew quiveringly taut and dangerously awrench, their opposites drove back against the masts in whackings like the filliping of giant whips. One evil jerk, more treacherous than the others, and he was all but flicked off into the churning flood; but, arms and legs clenching, he resolutely made his slow way aloft.

It came to him that Death was perilously nigh, and closing his eyes he prayed: 'Dear God, Lord of the Wind and Sea; Thou, Almighty God, Whose Son didst once walk upon maddened waters, watch over and help me, a weakling lad!'

On the level of the catharpin, the cramp that braced the weather shroud toward the foremast, he at last found underfoot security. Holding on tightly with his left arm he began to chop. *Clip*, *clip*, *clip*, on the lanyards of the topmast rigging; *clip*, *clip*, *clip*, on the fore mainyard slings.

He did not look below; dared not, else he would have seen his shame-faced shipmates swarming up the rigging. Soon alongside him he felt the warm wet pressure of bodies; the soothing of the Finn's strong arm against his back. Other axes and many knives flashed and hacked, and bit by bit the clogging wreckage eased down upon the deck followed by the steaming, heaving men.

The relieved Lenore righted. Her foresail no longer bore her head downward, and, with her foresail, main-staysail, and spanker paying her off from the wind, she slowly gathered steerageway.

Braced abaft the wheel and barking orders, Captain Peleg's great object was the avoidance of the hurricane's vortex. Now in position to heave-to, even though it might be lamely, he selected the tack upon which the wind drew aft, determined to run the Lenore for the nearest edge or limit of the storm. In such a one as this, whose rotating speed could be no less than sixty miles, and whose progress could be no less than ninety miles, an hour, he knew that running would be attended by the gravest risks; for the path of the hurricane was variable, and he stood the chance of having the Lenore dismasted entirely, upset, or smashing up broached-to. Now he anxiously looked to the wind's eye, to determine the bearing of the storm's center; with his palmed hand he set its bearing by the compass, and took the eighth point to starboard. The mate had gone below to take the barometer reading, and struggled back along the deck. The barometer stood at 29.646. It had for the space of four hours made no downward movement. With his wind-bearing, Captain Peleg felt this a sure indication of his proximity to the storm's center. It seemed that the heaviest blasts had exhausted themselves, and the hurricane would abate.

The order was given to stow the foresail; the mainsail was clewed up to half its capacity. The Lenore was now under control of the four sweating men at the helm — the Swede, the Blue-Noser, the Yankee, and the Albatross. The flashings of lightning still descended from the skies, and the rains, having begun with violence, seemed to come downward on sheets of flame. And when they were

down the great raindrops still emitted light, like amber; the electric tension of the atmosphere was so great that sparks flew from the naked uppers of the helmsmen's bodies. The wind drew aft, requiring extraordinary helmsmanship, since it veered now and again to all points of the compass; but running her, and avoiding the danger of sternway, Captain Peleg gradually drove the Lenore more and more toward the nearest limit of the storm. At intervals she lay-to in the heavy puffs of the gale, now farther and farther apart. But a heavy, evil swell extended itself on both sides of the hurricane's track; long white rollers rose and moved in serried ranks across the sea, beating billow on billow upon the Lenore; dashing their white heads to heaven as they passed or withdrew in fury for the next attack. It was a splendid desolation, this of the ocean waste; desolation such as the New England lad had never seen. All beauty seemed to have gone from the world; and the sea, raped of the monster of her deliverance, moaned and tossed and fought and subsided again below the cruel thrusts of the enemy in the air.

The sailors turned-to, clearing the wreckage off the deck, stowing the fallen yards, and bowsing everything tight as was possible, began the making of a jury jib and topmast rig to keep the Lenore driving ahead at her best, in shape for the unknown eventualities of approaching nightfall.

The captain called Calvin aft to the quarterdeck as the lad went for the supper kids in the galley.

'You've done middling well . . . for an ordinary seaman, sir,' complimented his father, 'but I don't know how many yards of prime Belgian canvas and sheets you've chopped overboard.'

He said no more, and the pleased and flushing boy made his way to the galley. It was awash; the cook was cursing his way through a riot of crockery and copper ware. But the stew of mutton and the potatoes steamed as savory as in pleasant weather, and, leaving the aggrieved cook to his débris, Calvin hurried along the wind-line toward the fo'c'sle.

'You did well, my boy,' likewise complimented the crestfallen bosun as he met Calvin outside the fo'c'sle. 'You braced yourself like a sailor. Dammit, you must 'a' been born with a caul!'

And Old Murphy, as he fished forth palm and needle, said: 'You've shown yourself the spit of your father, and I'll tell ye you have reason to have him proud of ye. Why, it was a full-sized crew's job, what ye did. Ye saved the ship — and us, thanks be to God! — though, to be sure, there's no much thanks for a raw hand to be sending me best suit of sail to Davy Jones's locker,' he ended with a quizzical smile.

'I hope my father will feel pleased,' ventured Calvin modestly.

'Pleased!' ejaculated the exuberant Chips. 'I'll wager his heart is carrying royals and skyscrapers and his pulse beating twenty knots with pride of ye, son!'

'True enough,' interjected the Jersey Man. 'If she weren't a stiff ship we'd 'a' been upset. If *I* captained this ship she'd 'a' shortened sail, and close-reefed her topsails and furled her courses long before the wind's hand stripped her spars.'

'Yes, and instead of a foot of water in the fo'c'sle you'd have a gallon in your belly — down below,' taunted the Yankee. 'If I were a skipper of a ship in a cycloon I'd keep a good stout maintops'l on her, in sea-room. Any

ship of mine wouldn't go to hell with all her clothes on!'

'Any ship o' yours would make hell in fair weather,' jeered the man from Medford. 'I wonder how the Sea Empress and the White Lightning made out? If they were in this they've ended, I fear.'

'Catch any one making this westing. We've a cargo of jools for the island queens of the Caribbean instead o' cotton for the Chinks, I'm thinking,' mumbled the Blue-Noser. 'South-southwest it's been ever since we caught the Trade.'

The bell struck for the changing of the watch, and Calvin went out. Night had fallen quickly; the black blanket of the sky seemed low, and peopled with demons who leapt through the rigging with a snarl. There was no moon or star visible; a haze gathered around the Lenore's lights; her wake made no discernible cleaving in the phosphorescent, mountainous sea.

But he was not allowed to take his trick at the wheel. The mate decided it was as yet a task for more skilled hands than Calvin's, in view of the trying storm, and he was let go back to the fo'c'sle.

'You might tell them it's Barbadoes,' announced Mr. Gates laconically to Calvin as he turned to leave.

'You mean . . . a *port*, sir?' questioned Calvin doubtfully.

'What else?' bantered the mate.

He told the news in the fo'c'sle. The men roused their sleeping mates of the other watch. They forgot their drenched gear, and the hard day; Chips's mellow tenor poured forth in song:

For the port of Barbadoes, Boys!
Cheerily!
The briney left behind, Boys!
Cheerily!

And the men's voices came roaring:

Oh, cheerily, cheerily!
Oh, cheer-i-i-ly!

They decided that Captain Peleg made his decision because the storm might have carried them close by. But their talk soon shifted from fresh spars and repairs to dizzy yarns of Bay Street bawd-houses and wheedling advances for prime Barbadoes rum; of experiences that set Calvin's ears atingle and sent him miserably out to the wet drenchings of the deck.

A weather-streak showed low and faint in the west. The cyclone had departed; the hurricane was dying of the germ it bore within itself for its own destruction. As its point had advanced into the colder regions of the north, its starved vapors thirsted no longer, but condensed into torrential rain. Its powers of electricity departed from it, and the strength of its thunderbolts. Its majestic equilibrium had been demolished; its centrifugal force, no longer counterbalanced, ebbed out into immense extensions, until it collapsed in the northeast fastness of the polar sea.

It was gone, this manifestation of the terrible powers of an Almighty Hand; of the God of the World, Who crushed that He might raise again, and Who gave in order that there might be wherewithal to take away. For certain it was, decided Calvin, that in the economy of the universe the hurricane held its appointed place, its mighty errancies restoring the disturbed equilibriums of Nature; its track marked by wreckings and dead bodies of a few, that the winds might blow and weep strength into the world's earth and infuse stamina into the ocean's breath.

A dark form came to Calvin as he hung over the rail, lost in contemplation of the night.

'Ay have one knot left, boy; Ay save it for Cape below. Finn help make sailor for you — ess?' and again he was gone, this strange mariner of the Northland.

Chips came by, taking belated soundings of the bilges, and motioned with his head toward the receding figure of the Finn. 'Have nowt to do with that feller, my boy; he's as nigh being a witch as you'll find nowadays. If he were a Yankee I'd say he was first cousin to Salem Ann.'

Calvin listened wonderingly. 'Chips,' he ventured, 'is it true? Can a Finn really raise the wind?'

'May I be run down and sunk by a bar'l o' cookee's hot biscuit if the same aren't true!' swore Chips. 'Besides, warn't the cycloon here to tell ye about it? That's the most wonderful proof of all!'



CHAPTER XI

BRIDGETOWN, BARBADOES

THE Lenore made the south side of Barbadoes next morning, an island, appearing out of the mist of dawn, about eleven leagues away, even and declining on the side showing next them, and uneven and broken toward its northern points. 'Little Britain' it was called by the sailors, and the sailmaker told Calvin how much the fields, rising high and curved against the horizon, resembled England from the sea.

The sea water was still discolored and thick from the agitation of the storm. The Lenore ran along within three miles of shore, her leadsmen cautiously taking soundings along the reefy bottom, and, rounding Cobblers' Rocks, advanced toward Needham's Point — south of Carlisle Bay. The reef was breaking, and Captain Peleg hauled in to avoid it, bringing Charles Fort to bear S.E.; then the anchors were let go.

Evidences were discernible of the hurricane's wrath upon the island. At the Cobblers' the palms had been cracked and leveled; and the bearing steeple against

which ships had been wont to sight in bringing into the anchorage was no more. Of the ships which the hurricane had caught in the roadstead a barque and two schooners lay on their beam ends high and dry upon the northern beach; and at the quay lesser craft huddled with spars lost or awry, hulls lifted from the water.

The port doctor boarded, having arrived in a white gig manned by smart colored rowers dressed in white drill and glistening black tarpaulins. From him, as he handed Captain Peleg his paper of pratique, the master heard the full details of the storm. Two of the vessels which had run to sea to escape being bottled by the hurricane in the roadstead had not been heard from and it was supposed they had foundered. On the island the storm had shaved the bark off trees, devastated the cane and aloe plantations and leveled houses, and caused unreckoned loss of life; it had been a hurricane such as had never been experienced before, even in that region of hurricanes.

The Lenore's sails were unbent and the yards sent down in preparation for her repair stay in port. Already the crew had land fever, which had communicated itself to Calvin. His question as to possible shore leave was settled that evening, when word came to overhaul his chest, dress neatly in his best drill, and accompany his father. The ship chandler's boat lay alongside, the ladder was descended, and they stood in a few minutes upon the quay.

Calvin's first moments on foreign soil were filled with a kaleidoscope of negroes of all ages and raiments; low squat buildings of plaster in dingy grays and blues and pinks; sailors from many ships and countries; rows of great puncheons of molasses, and the viscous wreckage of others set adrift during the storm. His father was civil

enough, and, as they drove in the barouche up the winding streets, attempted to set his son at ease.

They alighted at the Icehouse Hotel and sat down on a shaded balcony which overhung the street. Captain Parker was evidently well known to the waiters and patrons in the place, and was invited by some other captains to their table. The talk began with the topic uppermost in the minds of all — the great storm — Calvin's father stating how, by remaining in the path of its minimum pressure and crowding his ship before the wind, he had been able to escape certain shipwreck. There was talk of repairs and insurance and delayed schedules and the fate of J. R. Gardner and the Kathleen which had run out the day before; and then the suave colored attendant was serving an iced liquor in glasses to the mariners. Calvin looked at the fluid before him, stirring it idly. About the table went fling and counterfling of a kind of repartee which mantled his cheeks with crimson; then the ribald words of a toast, to which his father bade him raise his glass and drain with the rest. And then the attentive servitor was at their hands once more with the glasses filled again with rum and a few drops of Angostura bitters whirling in their iced water solvent under the beating of a three-pronged stick and the swift moving of his palm. The frothing decoctions were set down; again the ribald toast; and another, to the Lenore's luck, and a first arrival in Canton despite the present setback.

The floor seemed gliding under Calvin's feet; he leaned dizzily against the rail. The table talk came to his ears in a sound of drumming; below him the passing and repassing of blacks and whites resolved itself into vague lines, blurring, clearing. The swizzle had been sweetened for his unaccustomed palate, and he was drunk.

The drumming rose to a roar, ending with great laughter. Then he was at the lower door, entering the barouche. A black woman helped him in and kissed him; kissed him again. The whip cracked on her face and the barouche, starting forward with a jerk, threw her to the ground, cursing and shrieking.

'Damn you, swanga buckra, I fix you yet!' came back at him as he leaned back sickly on the cushions. In the darkness he shivered. But his father was silent, and there was only the sound of the horse, evenly jogging along the hard white road. And in Calvin's being something was changing, surging in a great force which had driven his nausea away and left him trembling before — himself.

After half an hour's driving the barouche turned into a side road. Some distance at the left lights showed in the windows of a long, low piazza-hung dwelling with a man standing in the doorway holding a lamp, and another beside him.

'My son, Ballowclough,' introduced Captain Peleg. Calvin bowed and extended his hand wanly. 'Philip — ah — here's a new acquaintance for you,' he said, addressing a younger man about Calvin's age. 'Meet Mr. Calvin Parker, of Boston.'

Calvin found his hand pressed warmly in a firm clasp. Friendly brown eyes met his own. Again the same thrill he had felt when he had sensed the splendid power of the Lenore passed through him, and there came into him the knowledge that here was one whose face he had visioned in readings and dreams; there came a thought that here at last was the long-sought perfect comrade whom he would own as friend to his dying day.

They went in to dinner. He ate of broiled flying fish and turtle eggs and salve-like butter and guava jelly and

bread, and sipped his tea, without knowing that he ate. His father and the man addressed as Ballowclough were conversing in undertones. Calvin's new acquaintance attempted to make conversation, to which Calvin answered shyly. Philip mentioned the storm danger at sea; Calvin gloomed.

'You have never sailed with your father before?' asked Philip.

'No, sir,' answered Calvin. 'I've been at school.'

'Please don't "sir" me,' suggested the other. 'What school?'

'Latin School and Harvard College,' came the laconic answer. A pause. 'What is your school?' asked Calvin.

'Mine?' queried Philip. 'None; that is, just now. I went in England.'

'Ah!' murmured Calvin. This lad had been in England! To have gone to school there! To walk by the storied Avon, and view the Roman ruins at Bath, and Stonehenge and the White Horse on Salisbury Plain!

'I suppose you went to Rugby — or Harrow,' ventured Calvin.

'No day-boying or find-fagging school for me,' answered the other. 'Those Harrow and Rugby men carry a list like an Admiral. I had better home-tic than any of them; a shilling a week. My school was Neale's in Fetter Lane, London.'

'Neale's . . . ?' asked Calvin vaguely. He had never heard of it.

Philip informed him politely of the school; a place where navigation was taught to the sons of mariners and to lads intended to be indentured to masters for a sailing career. It was not the public or prep school Calvin imagined it to be; it did not board its students, all of whom

had been older than Philip by some years when he had attended. Its head master was a retired R.N. man, at whose house Philip had boarded, and who exercised no restraint over his headstrong protégé. But Philip, with the romantic exaggeration of youth, did not stop at mention of the study of seamanship and navigation. He outlined a curriculum which left Calvin astounded; it was superior to what was even required of a Harvard Fellow, and this new acquaintance of his could not be much more than his own age. Certainly he was not even twenty-one. The truth, Calvin found out later, was that, aside from his studies which occupied some hours of each week-day morning, Philip's expeditions were not exactly of a bookish nature. His spare hours were spent rambling around London, trailing the pearlies in the East End in their ceaseless practice of the manifold excitements of slum London police; or investing in a jampot or a jugged eel at the Billingsgate Fish Market on allowance day. There were the regattas held on the Thames the first week of each July, when any of the old boys in ships in port showed up, or game holidays of cricket or football when an Admiral did the school the honor of a visit. But these were milder episodes in a precocious education gained mostly on the outside of the school walls.

He left Calvin dumb. The Latin School lad, the first-year man from Harvard, wished to tell him of the Boston schools. How they had traditions, too, as much as any English school; of the Harvard rooms, heated by wood fires; the snowball fights on the Common; the rare fun of Mock Parts in the autumn; the great silver Mingo of Rabelaisian associations; the cannon ball his grandfather used to heat red hot and carry to the icy classroom on a skillet. But the suave Unitarian clergy who had formed

the educational mould into which he had been already cast had left him ill-prepared to cope with the unbridled imagination of a boyish braggart like his new acquaintance, so he remained silent.

He had another surprise. Whiskey-and-soda was brought, and Philip filled a strong noggin of it in a glass, raising to toast and draining at one gulp. He filled another, looking at Calvin quizzically. 'You had better have at least one,' he said. 'The climate demands it; you'll keel over if you don't.'

'You mean I'll keel over if I do,' corrected Calvin.

Laughter greeted this bit of repartee, from the two older men at the other side of the table. Between Captain Peleg and his host, one of the island planters, the conversation had gone on casually, evenly, as became men to whom time and trade were all that mattered, and the accidents of nationality and distance not at all. Now it seemed they had been listening to the conversation of the two boys; the precise Yankee nasalings of Calvin, the broad English inflections of Philip, watching the play of one unconscious feeling after another over the countenance of youth.

'Perhaps you'd like to show Calvin around a bit, Philip,' said Captain Peleg. 'We're turning in early. Mind you don't lead him into any mischief.'

'He'll be in good hands, sir,' answered Philip.

Outside and free of the restraint imposed by the presence of his two elders, Calvin drew a long breath of relief. He walked with Philip toward the cane sheds; the moon made their surroundings as palely bright as day; from near by came the roar of surf drumming in the night.

'Do you live in Barbadoes?' asked Calvin.

'Yes,' answered Philip briefly.

'It is odd; but you remind me very much of some one I seem to have known —' ventured Calvin.

'Yes?' agreed Philip politely. 'You look quite like your father, sir. Our plantation is over there,' he said, extending his arm. 'We often have the honor of entertaining your father between America and China, sir. A great deal of voyaging your father does, sir.'

'Please!' expostulated Calvin. 'Won't you call me Calvin, as I shall call you Philip? I feel — I feel we might become friends.'

'As you say — Calvin,' said Philip. They both laughed heartily.

'We'd best be getting in,' said Philip. 'This is the hour when the Moonack walks; if we meet It, we'd be driven mad.'

Back in the house again they found the older men busy over books and business papers.

'You'll excuse me — Calvin — sirs; I'm turning in. Good-night!' said Philip. 'I'm no end glad to have met you,' he finished, shaking hands with his new friend; 'perhaps to-morrow —'

'Quite so,' acknowledged Ballowclough for Calvin. 'Mr. Calvin Parker will be at your service to-morrow, Philip, and thank you so much. Would you like to be shown your room?' he asked, turning toward Calvin.

'It would be against —' ventured Calvin, looking questioningly toward his father.

'We are Mr. Ballowclough's guests,' answered the captain. 'He is my old and honored friend; you shall have quarters here while the ship's repairing.'

A servant answered the bell, with candles, and Calvin followed him after stammering his good-night greeting to his father and Ballowclough and Philip. 'Good-night!

Have a pleasant rest!' they bade him; and he was gone, following the maid slip-slapping down the corridor.

It was a fairish-sized room, paneled floor to ceiling in light wood like a ship's bulkhead. At its farther end two windows, swathed in mosquito netting, flanked a door with swinging jalousies and screens. A suit of pyjamas rested on the coverlet of the bed, and a cooling guglet of water on the tabouret at its side. The floor matting caressed his feet as he undressed and knelt to say his night prayers. And it was all so very still! There sounded no longer the ever-recurring creak of the Lenore's timbers or the wind's sough through her cordage, back-pattering down the sails. The chuckle of cleaving water had given away to the far, regular booming of the surf, through which sounded the pale minor of the thrumming mosquitoes outside.

He finished and went to the window. Outside the land lay silver in the moonlight, clear like day. From without welled in the scents of jasmine and stephanotis, ipomea and English roses. A feeling of exhilaration came as he gazed outward; of transfiguration, even. It was as though parts of him rested upon the stars and reached far out over the far and phosphor sea; as though the wall of his being had been removed and he poised, winged in power; mighty as were those who had once known the Earth and were called the Sons of God.

He looked toward the bed, eyeing its sweet comfortableness, dwelling upon the pleasure of sleeping the night through without any call for the mid-watch, or a swift turn-out to rouse the sleepy second mate or the cataleptic Mr. Gates. And as he pondered he heard a hearty laugh echoing down the veranda. Philip had not gone yet, then, he mused. He opened the door and went out; he wished to say good-night to his new friend alone.

He followed the light of a window that shone farther down toward the entrance steps. As he came to the angle of the light he saw into the room. Ballowclough was gone; there remained but Philip and his father.

They were facing each other, and the face of Philip was the one in view of the watcher outside. A dancing light flashed in the West Indian's eyes; then the captain advanced and, placing his hands on Philip's shoulders, drew him toward him in a long embrace. It ended abruptly; and bending his shoulders to the cape held for him by Philip, the captain and the youth turned their steps to the door.

The innocent eavesdropper stepped quickly into the shadow of a great vine, wondering, searching his mind for an explanation of such an inexplicable circumstance. He quivered with a rush of vague, strange, terrifying fears; the fear, too, of discovery, for it seemed to him his extreme perturbation must have become visible, must have projected itself everywhere. But Philip and his father, without so much as a precautionary look down the dark veranda, passed laughing and talking down the walk. Calvin waited until Philip's silvery laughter no longer sounded across the field, then went back to his bedroom. For a time, obeying his first impulse, he dressed hastily, to follow them, but many unexpected thoughts forced themselves upon his mind for consideration. Slowly he undressed again. Lonesomeness or what, he did not know, took possession of him; and, face buried in the pillows, he wept.

He wished to forget everything, but the face of Philip came before him: the well-rounded chin below the firm, finely chiseled lips; the dark eyes with their domineering, yet friendly glance and fire; the nut-brown hair that

tousled about his head in loose curls surface-bleached from the tropical sun; the whole air of mastery that radiated from him. Why should not his father love him, reveal himself to him, in a depth of affection Calvin had never seen evidenced in his cold, matter-of-fact father before?

It was all beyond him; and, as is the way with youth, he slept.



CHAPTER XII

WELSHMAN'S HALL

When he awoke it was difficult, as with a dream, to reconstruct the episodes of the night before. He did not have time, for the planter waited at breakfast, and, as Calvin negotiated a mango, told him that the ship's business had called his father to Bridgetown early. It was a relief not to have to face him, and his face lightened as he looked toward the door. Yes, thanks, he had slept well.

'Philip will be here any moment,' observed Ballowclough, fingering his watch. 'You will like a canter, I suppose, to get the morning look of the country. Philip will see that you are well suited.' He excused himself, and remarked that he had to see to the plantation hands.

The servant cleared away Calvin's place and brought him a frosty glass of liquid, with ice atinkle. He sniffed it cautiously, and drained the glass.

'How's the sailor this morning?' sounded from the doorway. Philip stood there, eyeing Calvin's 'morning's morning' with approval, and advanced to the table, clapping his hands. The servant reappeared. 'Bring me a

gin tonic,' he ordered; 'mind you mix it with Gordon's. You must insist on Gordon's,' he said to Calvin in an aside, 'else it isn't fit.'

'Would you mind a canter to the Garrison?' he continued. 'There's a filly in the "Red Legs" stable will win the next race, I'll wager. I've horses saddled,' he announced, after he drained to Calvin's health. 'We'll make the barracks for mess and have a plunge at Crane Beach after.'

Calvin mounted a low, gentle bay mare, and they singlefooted down the road. The fresh morning was unclouded and delightful; the sun gilded a landscape that, except for occasional windmills, was not much different from what one might see on the Massachusetts countryside. The road, dazzling white with coral dust, wound by fields of dry and near-dry cane; by odoriferous patches of aloe, cut, and with the juice dripping into great tubs flanked by giant gourds. The land lay gently sloping, with a row of flat-roofed tropical evergreens leaning against the skyline — a splotch of ultramarine above the mauve and beryl of the neat hedged fields. They passed groups of colored folk and teams of oxen dragging great puncheons of molasses on four-wheeled carts to the Bridgetown careenage. Now high, now low, the road led between walls of blue and pink imprisoning gardens, the sea showing turquoise at intervals below the framing of flame acacias and hibiscus, flowering vines and palm.

The Garrison lay beyond Bridgetown. The soldiers were returning from drill, picturesque in Zouave uniforms. Philip, introducing his friend, seemed on an equal and friendly footing with them all; and no wonder. He was one of the best and most reckless horsemen on the island, for all his eighteen years; a crack shot; a much-sought-

after guest when the Admiral of the North Atlantic and West Indian Fleet honored the Fort with his presence, and caused to start the endless procession of balls, dinners, picnics, gymkhanas, regattas, and sham fights, not to mention horse-racing, which formed the limited social round of these inhabitants of Little England.

'How do you like it — Barbadoes?' asked Philip. They had messed at the Garrison, discussed the wonderful filly's possibilities, and were now dismounting at Crane Beach. The wind-burned palms inclined landward from a beach like molten silver; the surf rolled in, green and glistening, tipped with creamy white. Calvin's brooding mood disappeared; his new friend seemed unaffectedly sincere and unworried.

'It is splendid,' answered the Boston lad. 'I envy you your life here, Philip; you seem to know every one and everything; to be able to do anything.' They were in the water, his new friend the master of every stroke Calvin had ever seen or heard of; his splendid body cleaving the waves, diving into and under the surf with the playful celerity of a porpoise.

'Perhaps I envy you,' rejoined Philip, as they dressed. 'This place is a dead one — after London. And your father . . . Why, you have a career to look forward to!'

'I don't believe I please my father,' answered Calvin. 'It isn't that I don't try. Perhaps I am unjust, but I feel at times as though my father dislikes me. This voyage I am making to China is his idea; he intends it to be the breaking of me. It isn't that I am to gain advancement in his employment.'

'Come, come, your father is a gentleman — any one can see that,' encouraged Philip; and he looked at Calvin a little strangely. 'Just keep a stiff upper lip and let him

see you do the right thing. If you imagine you've a hard driver, wait until you meet my tutor. I'll have to kill him some day,' he said savagely, with clenched teeth. 'He was drunk this morning, or I'd had him along. It's a good thing we didn't go out too far,' he observed, his eyes on the beach water; 'there are sharks there. Anyway, we'd best be going back. My mother expects you at dinner.'

For the first time since his friend's disarming welcome of the morning, Calvin bethought to use strategy. He nursed his hatred and hurt pride and esteem all the way to Welshman's Hall, a large square mansion of pretentious appearance, with corner turrets; and when they entered the house he was trembling.

Philip left him to seek his mother, and Calvin walked into a large room, fully candlelit, occupying what seemed half of the lower floor of the house. It reminded Calvin of the great room in their house in Boston, but with inexplicable differences. It was paneled at short intervals with fluted mahogany pillars framing rusty plate-glass mirrors, and between and above these the walls were hung with embroidered Oriental tapestries and brocades. The furniture, too, looked oddly familiar against its draped background; except that its arrangement seemed nondescript and aimless, with finely modeled chairs and cabinets in French design jostling the more gorgeously somber Chinese lacquered pieces and plain locust temple chairs. Half-hidden in the dusk at one end of the room hung, gently swinging, a miniature of the Lenore. To Calvin it seemed the only wholesome, uncontaminated thing within the room; and as he studied her white loveliness, and speculated upon the reasons for her presence, it came to him how impossible would be his intended de-

nunciation. That miniature of the beloved vessel was one of those adjustments presented by life; evading issues, carrying the will and judgment on strange journeys; offering the barter of a palpable reality for an impalpable dream. The first great betrayal of his experience entered his life with his first great friendship; and when he weighed them, one against the other, it was the claim of Philip's friendship that weighted down the balance and would not be denied.

Like an emanation of the room a woman was advancing. To the watching boy her gown, expressing the perfect lines of her tall body, glowed like dim flame; and from its billowing flounces seemed to waft the exhalation of an overpowering scent. The bodice was cut low, and showed a necklace of diamonds; and above it a regally poised head, exquisitely coifed in the Spanish fashion with flaring comb of garnets, gave character to a narrow, high-cheeked face of surpassing beauty.

As she came toward him, he noticed, above all, her inexpressible grace. She seemed of Italian or Spanish, or perhaps Creole ancestry; her whole aspect exotic and extravagant beyond the restraint of fitness — one with the *mélange* of bizarre decorations and furnishings that crowded the room.

'You resemble your father,' she said after a pause. 'The dead spit of him. And your name is — Kelvin?'

'Calvin, madam,' corrected Calvin smilingly. She had the broad English accent of the island.

'That is a harsh name. Come and sit with me on the divan. Dinner is a bit late. Philip,' she requested of the latter as he entered, 'I wish you would go to the cane shed and see what is to be done with McClure. He has made a disturbance there all day. Your father — We shall have

to do something about him, I'm certain; there is no existing under the same roof.' And Philip, flushing and embarrassed, was gone.

'Kelvin, tell me about your American home. Is it like our house? Is your mother beautiful?' she asked.

He had thought to hate her, and yet now, as she sat beside him and hung upon whatever words he might utter, he yearned to her.

So he told her about the mansion on Mount Vernon Street; how it might appear to one contemplating it from the street, and that now it would be clothed with the first light snow of winter that made a spread of tufted white satin on the prim hedges and the grass. He told how the glazed tissue of summer would have come off the chandelier and the great fireplace andirons, and how the glow of a log fire would light up the room and create reflections that would toss back gleams to the great portrait of his father above the mantel, erstwhile muffled to its throat with dust cloths from March until October. He told of his intellectual and capable mother, and of her social prominence in their community, and how she had made the Parker mansion a station of the Underground Railway that passed hundreds of slaves northward to friends and freedom. He told of the business left in her capable hands during the absence of her husband, and how the letters came, often as not, addressed to 'Hannah Parker, Esq.' He told of the Parker office and warehouse at India Wharf, and the shipyard at East Boston; and naïvely, because she encouraged him, of the social education of Sara, his only sister, and his own ambitions with respect to perfecting himself on the violin that veered now to the future charted for him by his matter-of-fact father.

And she, listening to this unconscious Puritan, draw-

ing the picture of and describing people and things she had never seen, and whose daily life and manner of comings and goings she could only surmise, studied her own toilet, limited by the commonplaceness of modistes whose ideas were cramped and insular; the great room, whose priceless draperies hid its peeling walls and disrepair; the ancient mirrors, whose dimmed surfaces yielded back only ghosts of what might have been. Then, 'You must consider my house ugly,' she said. 'And I, too — am I ugly?'

Chivalrously he met the challenge in her words. 'Madam, I consider you a very beautiful woman. And I like your son — Philip. I hope he — I hope you will like me.'

'Ah, they do make gentlemen of you up there!' she exclaimed. 'Let me look at you!' She stood him up, cupping his fresh young face in her hands. 'From the bottom of my heart I wish that you and Philip shall be friends!' She drew him close and kissed him quickly on his cheek. '*That* is for Philip — from Philip's mother,' she said in a whisper, and was gone.

'What a fool — but what an innocent he is!' she whispered to herself as she saw to affairs in the kitchen. 'He is not like my son; he can never equal my son. He is stupid — he looks like a doll. I have nothing to fear from *him!*'

The dinner gong sounded, and Philip entered, followed by a tall, silent, unlikable individual, whose appearance reminded Calvin of a weather-beaten hull. This was McClure the tutor. He acknowledged the introduction with a dourly curious look, and during the indifferently cooked and served dinner, in which stewed guinea hen, potatoes, jellies, and wines seemed hit-or-miss, with high seasoning

dominant, conversation remained the briefest. Philip's mother made it standable by her urging hospitality and forced vivaciousness; but Calvin felt relieved when the dinner was over, and he was walking with Philip across the west field to the Ballowclough plantation. In Philip's punctuations of bitter and rebellious talk Calvin grouped fact by fact concerning the tutor. McClure, it seemed, held the papers of a mate, but through some mischance approaching felony had been left high and dry — 'beached' as the sailor terms it — at Barbadoes. He had in early life been intended for the ministry; had studied at the High School of Edinburgh; received his master's degree from Edinburgh University; finally following the sea. But, with all the Scotchman's faults, Calvin could see that he was equipped to give Philip the educational and social equipment of a gentleman, besides the practical knowledge of the navigation of a ship.

There was a party at Ballowclough's two days later in Calvin's honor. One of Philip's dress suits fitted Calvin perfectly, albeit a trifle loosely. Allowing for the slighter form and fresh complexion of Calvin, more than one observed that evening that the two youths might have been twins. But there the uncomfortable resemblance ended.

Philip was the center of the bevy of island beauties, continually bestowing the prettiest upon Calvin as the guest of honor. The officers came over from the Garrison, and there was carousing which left Calvin diffident and shy. The dancing and drinking and gambling for high stakes did not appeal to him, and after a time, when he could make his adieux with due attention to the proprieties, he withdrew to his room and composed himself to a letter to his mother and sister:

Barbadoes, W.I.
Ballowclough Plantation
November 8, 1858

Dearest Mother and Sara:

It occurs to me that I should write you about the most extraordinary experience which has forced us to put into Barbadoes. We have encountered a hurricane! But we are safe, thank God, and as the Surprise, Captain Dumaresq, master, is in the Roads about to sail for Boston, I shall add this epistle to the one I wrote the second day out, and trust to him to deliver these to your hands. As Father esteemed it dangerous to proceed upon our voyage, we are here for some days until repairs are made. It is awkward to have to admit that the White Lightning and the Sea Empress may have worsted us in sailing. What news have you of them, pray? I am staying at a Mr. Ballowclough's plantation, who has expectations of taking a venture with father for the Canton voyage. I have met a young man of almost my own age, and his mother, whose plantation adjoins Mr. Ballowclough's; and who has attended the very best schools abroad and makes my one Harvard year seem most provincial. His home is a noble building, though in a taste I fear would never do in New England. My new friend and his mother — I know him as yet only as Philip — are, I think, Creoles. His mother is a queenly woman. I have not yet seen her husband. The natives here of the black race are obliging and intelligent, and talk English with a broad accent like the Irish settlers in Boston. It is very warm here. Our victuals are very good; we have guinea fowl and flying fish and a jelly, called guava, that is very much like Hepsy's quince. The butter is like grease and rancid and filled with small ants.

I have grown to like my adventure, for that is what it is. I shall endeavor to act in every way as befits our name. Will you convey my thanks to Hepsy for her gift of the guernsey? I find I shall need it as we round the Cape. My best love to you, mother, and to Sara. Be sure to see that Sambo does not curry Billy too smartly on the forelegs.

Your affectionate and dutiful son
Calvin Parker

Philip did not call around after him until late the following afternoon. He had planned a rare sport, catching flying fish. Calvin had liked the broiled ones served at

mealtime, flesh like whiting, only dryer and more firm. And then he thought of the dainty bodies sailing through the air like silver arrows, from cresting waves; it would be cruel to deprive those beautiful beings of their splendid life. But the natural inclination toward the promised excitement of the adventure determined him; he accepted, and went.

McClure was lounging in the chaise. They drove along the road, shaded now with long shadows the sun was flinging athwart the tesselated fields. In Trafalgar Square colored people sauntered; a barber plied his trade under a great live oak; sailors were making their uncertain way back to ship. One among the huddled rowboats at the quay bestirred to life. In this they put off, towing a net which was let out and spread to a considerable distance, supported by outriggers. In the middle of the rowboat a lantern had been set, and as they rounded the breakwater the air became alive with the flashings of the tempted fish. Out of the water their silver forms darted toward the lantern and, passing, fell into the net at either side. It was swift fun, watching the fleeting bodies and the excited blacks. McClure viewed the whole proceeding with a *blasé* air; Philip alone kept in active charge. As for Calvin he watched the struggling finny bodies, squirming like quicksilver in the gleaming water; the silent shipping, amongst which lay the battered Lenore; the purple night, hung thickly bright with stars.

They returned to the quay, tossing the fish helter-skelter to the begging blacks. Calvin stood aloof, watching. The croon of a strange song came to him from a loading schooner near by, thrilling him oddly; amorous females sidled close, coaxing his shy eyes. He had been brought up to feel the surge of sympathy for a wronged

race; his mind flashed back to a vision of Court Square in Boston, with militia and bayonets lining the street to secure a negro wench who had escaped from slavery, and then there came his mother and Mrs. Stowe, and his father went the wench's bond, and it startled one to see the great wave of hope which rose and flashed from the woman's eyes. But now her kind thronged him about, and they were pimps and panders, and his heart sank, making him sick to death of it all: the squirming quay and the prey of silver finny bodies; the thrilling low chanting of the naked stevedores; the riotous bounty of Philip; the saturnine, brooding McClure; the insidious madness of the tropic night. He felt a hunger for the Lenore, and his narrow berth, for the company of Murphy — like a clean sea breeze. He wished he were with his father, and thought forward impatiently to their appointed meeting the next morning, when they were to attend the Sunday service at the Cathedral.

'Well, that's done!' said Philip. 'I'm starved. Let's get to Laurie's. I've sent up some of the fish to be broiled.'

They entered the chaise, under the fire of thanks from the grateful blacks. It rattled swiftly along, through the winding, narrow streets, past lighted public houses; past the Icehouse, with its reminiscence that gave Calvin a chill. They stopped before a small café and mounted the stairs.

Philip and McClure were apparently familiars of the place. While they awaited the savory dinner the waiter carried out the junk-bottle of rum and the inevitable swizzles. Philip's eyes and McClure's were upon Calvin; he felt as if mesmerized, and drained the first proffered glass at a single draught.

'To the Lenore, sir!' said McClure.

'To the Lenore!' answered Calvin, his second glass held high. He drank it. A sense of great well-being and complete detachment from all commonplace things seemed to have come over him instantly. Within him he felt a strange new confidence that had just taken cognizance of itself, and was straining unseen bonds toward freedom. A voice seemed to speak this, to force it down; but it surged upward again. He looked at his two companions; Philip, of his own age, but now seeming so competent and older; at McClure. No life or love of life had seemed capable of stirring in the tutor when Calvin had seen him on the quay; now a veritable demon of recklessness was dancing in the Scotchman's eyes.

The swizzles were emptied; Philip hammered a tattoo for attention, and the waiters hurried in with their meal.

'Well,' said the tutor to Calvin, 'have ye made the acquaintance of any of our Bimshise females?'

Calvin flushed and murmured a 'No, sir!'

'You're right to have nothing to do with the blueskin devils,' said McClure; 'I wish your father had as much sense.'

Calvin's flush gave way to the paleness of anger; he made as though to rise, but the spirit had made him already well-nigh helpless. 'Sir, you're drunk,' he said unsteadily, 'but I'll thank you to remember it gives you no license to speak about my father!'

'How touchy we are!' drawled McClure. His eyes grew firm, and blazed like blue fire. 'Your father! Your father is the biggest whoremaster sailing the seas — do you know that?'

'By God, shut up or I'll kill you!' shouted Philip.

'Who am I to be putting ideas into any one's head?'

blandly inquired McClure of the air. 'I'm old enough to know better. That's right, laddie, I'm drunk . . . I'm drunk!' He blubbered weakly.

'It's best called off, this affair we're planning,' said Philip. 'George, cancel that order!'

'No, by God — ye don't!' yelled the Scotchman. 'Your mother and ye for orders! Yes, and your father!' He pointed at Calvin. 'I'm going to make a night of it, and you're coming along; and ye, Phipp! Make hair grow on your chest, lad. I'm in it, and all I hope is that I'm as good at it as your father.'

A rickety-rackety pianoforte struck up, and a fiddle; the latter raspy, but filling Calvin with a longing for his own beloved violin locked up in its case at home. He looked out over the tables, filled with the mates and captains of ships, facing quadroons and octoroons and others of lesser degree, their grinning, almost-white faces painted in deathly crimsons.

'I'm going to — play — that — violin!' he mumbled.

'Isn't it the braw laddie!' clapped McClure. 'Best have a sip o' rum now, laddie; ye'll feel safer.'

Calvin drained the glass unsteadily, then sprang up and zigzagged across the room, taking the violin from the colored virtuoso, who surrendered it good-naturedly.

All his being clamored for the expression of the strings, of the bow. His fingers felt for their accustomed places knowingly and he played out all his maddened spirit into the listening room. The other member of the orchestra sat baffled and silent after the first few failing chords; something dark and silent and evil brooded over them all.

Suddenly the lights dimmed, leaving only one lamp. In the corner below it draperies stirred, as though wind-blown; then parted and the light fell upon the red and

silver and golden sequins of a drape before which stood a bronzed and naked dancer.

The figure of the boy stiffened; savagely his chin clenched the violin. Only for a moment his bow and fingers faltered, and then the room twanged with the wild esctasy of a Tarantella.

On he played, and the dancing girl wreathed him about in abandon and with motion sinuous. She seemed a demon sprite blown in from some dank elfland for that wild night; the flushed boy a marionette upon whose heart-strings great and evil fingers were thrumming and sweeping that land's wild melody. On went the wild gyrations of the dance; faster went the violin; and then the dancer sank into a heap to thunderous applause and a filthy vomit raced down upon Calvin's chest.

He came to himself at the table. 'A clean capsize, by Jove!' McClure was saying. 'Strong gales and squally when the blood runs hot!'

Philip was still wiping the foul stuff from his friend's clothes. 'Best not to mix your drinks,' he said. 'Dammit, McClure, can't you see his stomach's not copper?'

'Gilbey's,' the Scotchman was ordering. 'Three pintos o' Gilbey's, and bring that girl!'

Calvin was deathly sick. The Scotchman mixed the port wine with water, half-and-half. The boy took it half-heartedly. It bucked him up. But he felt an invincible sleepiness stealing over him. The brown face of the girl sat across from him, radiating into many; into ovals; into expanding lines of black and brown and white and the silver of the smoking lights. The Scotchman's hand was patting his back. 'Oh, ye'll do, laddie — ye'll do!' said McClure encouragingly. And then he remembered the warm outer air blowing upon his face and cack-

ling laughter and hilarious clatter down the still Bay Road.

He awoke to unfamiliar surroundings. He lay upon a lounge. The bright sunlight flooded the room; the blinds were open. He recollected vaguely a dream; of dark faces leering down, down, mouthing him with kisses, until he quailed and then surrendered before the compelling of desirous eyes; the warm suck of lips; body against body. He shuddered and sat up.

The covers came back with a jerk; he was naked. He looked about the room; it was empty, but from behind a closed door came chucklings and squeakings, followed by a roar of laughter; Philip's laughter.

He gathered the coverlet about him and walked across the floor, peering through the jalousies. Outside lay a wilderness of flimsy shacks swarming with blacks, overflowing into the winding alleys. Behind him he heard a door opening; it was Philip in pyjamas. His hands toyed with a pet monkey.

'Well, how's the head?' asked his fellow carouser. 'Meet Mickey Monk!'

'This place — what is it?' Calvin asked quickly. 'Where are my clothes? Answer me!'

'Maud is pressing them spick and span,' answered Philip. 'You vomited, you know; it was a beastly mess. She let you sleep to get them ready.'

'You mean to say —?' quavered Calvin, his face blanching.

'Oh, you're well trained,' chaffed Philip. 'McClure or myself couldn't do better. And that fiddling! Your fame's made on *this* island, I'll wager! However, no harm done, and you'd never learn any younger. Best get out of

here, though; it's twelve o'clock. I'll hurry that ox. Better lie down till I come in.'

He went out and Calvin went back to the lounge. For a long time he lay there, knowing the first great devastation of shame. He had arranged to meet his father at eleven for the church service, but the inevitable explanation were as nothing beside the great filth under which his soul cowered. For he had broken faith with himself. His great song had been born, and he recked it not; no clean, sweet-scented bloom, but a dark orchid, trailing its petals through a lustful rum-shop and a nameless bawdhouse.

At Ballowclough's no one was about. Calvin packed hastily after Philip had dropped him at the planter's, and, hailing the returning chaise, rode with his chest toward the quay. His adieux were hurriedly made in the shape of a note left for his host; he dared not face Ballowclough, dreading the inevitable explanation for the night's absence; and as for his father —

A rowboat carried him to the Lenore, riding to anchor in the roadstead. The crew lay sprawled in slumber under the awnings. He stowed his chest, and poured himself a cup of coffee in the galley. Mr. Gates spoke him civilly; he learned that repairs were about completed, and that she was due to sail on the morrow. For the first time he noticed her completed rig, and the new sails which had been bent and furled on the upper yards; the new bowsprit. Then he turned in his bunk and slept.

He saw his father after the evening meal. The expected dressing-down did not materialize; he met his father's eye, and was rewarded by a quizzical look.

'Your manner of saying your thanks and farewell to host Ballowclough had been better done if you had taken

time to do it personally,' was all his father said. 'He will be on board to-night; see you to it!'

So they would leave to-morrow! Would he see Philip again? He hoped his friend would come with Ballowclough. Mixed with his shame and chagrin was the love for his new friend which, despite its betrayal, he could not tear out from the place wherein it had enmeshed itself within his being. He stood for a long time looking toward the shore, thinking the long thoughts of youth.

Boats began to come alongside after nightfall. The captains of other ships in the harbor, with their officers, were gathering for 'Godspeed!' and a parting glass. Philip came with Ballowclough, and sought out Calvin forward.

'I'm no end sorry,' he said. 'Forgive me, won't you? It was that beast McClure. I'm different when he's about; he dares me. Say you'll forgive me! You're too fine to be wasted on rot like that!'

'It is I who ought to be forgiven,' answered Calvin. 'God, what a fool I am!'

'No more than any one else. Can't you come ashore to-night? The plantation hands are having a Dignity Ball.'

But Calvin demurred. He begged Philip to carry his farewells and respects to his mother. For a long time they sat, arm in arm, talking little, watching the phosphorescent water and the falling of great stars. This was as Calvin liked it; as he idealized their friendship; he could forgive his friend all, enjoying the present pleasure, turning over its every golden moment until that last, when its glorious contact would end and the sea bear him away.

'Why do you not ask to ship on the Lenore?' asked Calvin. 'They say we shall need extra hands rounding

the Cape. You should ask my father,' suggested Calvin.

'Now that *is* fine of you,' said Philip. 'I like you for that. But my father . . . You see, I must look after my mother.'

'Is your father dead?' asked Calvin, with a generous sadness.

'My father —' quavered Philip. 'I say, they're coming off. I'd best look up Ballowclough. I'll say good-night. Good-night! See you to-morrow, surely. Oh, Mr Ballowclough —!'

The night lifted, and the blue bowl of the sky lay pink-rimmed along the horizon of the sea. A boat drew alongside, with the captain, the planter, and Philip. The latter carried a present for Calvin, a marmoset. As the latter caressed the animal and thanked Philip, the tiny monkey gazed up at him with a face oddly familiar. It was the one he had seen his friend fondling at the Bay Road house.

'Marmosets need a mate; try and get one next port,' said Philip. 'My mother asked me to make her farewells.'

'I'll write you a long letter each week; promise you'll write me,' said Calvin.

'I'm a poor letter-writer,' demurred Philip.

'I'll think of you always,' said Calvin. 'I like you — Philip; you are the first friend I ever had. I'll never forget you.'

'We are friends,' answered Philip simply. Their hands clasped. Behind them sounded the voices of Captain Peleg and Ballowclough.

'About that sugar consignment,' the captain said to Philip. 'If you'll come aft we'll fix the papers.'

Calvin made his farewells and hurried forward. The

cheery sound of 'Up anchor!' resounded over the ship; there was a striking of colors from the other harbor craft, and the Lenore made sail, slanting off before the breeze — 'Never to touch her nose to land till Whampoa Anchorage,' as Old Murphy chuckled.

From his station aloft Calvin saw Philip and the planter waving. He waved in answer. The drill-covered thwarts of their rowboat gleamed white above the beryl water; translucent it was, and showed the sea bottom fifty feet below: a gorgeous world, lit with yellows as of giant marigolds, shot with the living golds of marvelous fishes and echinas above enchanted coral forests. The Lenore gained headway; Captain Peleg stood for a long time with spyglass trained upon the shore. Long after they had made sail, and spread the awnings again from ensign staff to past the mizzenmast, Calvin saw his father looking landward; and when he had come close with tailing on to the maintopsail halyard, he thought he had seen the tears glisten on the sea-burned cheeks. Only, his own eyes were wet, and so he could not be sure.



CHAPTER XIII

SOUTHWARD

All sail upon her, the Lenore sailed briskly along on that tack which made for the greatest southing. The wind was light; each day grew warmer, until as they entered the hot zone every skylight and porthole was opened, every cabin scuttle jammed outward for the catching and deflecting inhold of the breeze, the hatches opened to ventilate the holds. The pitch oozed from the confining oakum in the seams of the deck and, dropping from the salt-whitened standing rigging, tar spat upon the deck's whitened teak. Along the weather side of the Lenore the men triced awnings like curtains against the rays of the sun. The Albatross ceased from his scrimshindy, and stowed the elaborately carved tiny galleon of bone within the confines of his chest; the porcupine and the monkey declared a truce; lassitude came over all.

They were leaving the N.E. Trades and entering that equatorial belt known as the 'Variables,' where vagrom winds scurried and lost themselves aimlessly in aërial nothingness, teasing the waiting sails, leaving them to

flap idly against the masts. Now in the night that followed the brazen bowl of the day great shooting stars sped across the sky leaving trails of golden smoke and expiring in puffs of meteoric splendor. The familiar Northern constellations no longer shone; the silvery background of the wonted stars gave way to great black voids in the tremendous amethystine sky. Lopsided and low, from the southern horizon rose the Southern Cross. The Magellan Clouds appeared; two hazy, like the Milky Way; the third, vague, mysterious, containing within itself, Mr. Gates told Calvin, the possibility of universes more mighty than any men had known, and galaxies of constellations and stars that dwarfed the visible firmament; the twilight lane along which God withdrew to His solitudes to rest.

At noon of the day the Lenore's sun sight indicated the Equator, the ship lay hove-to; her topgallant sails, royals, and staysails were furled, and her courses hauled up; and, with the after-yards thrown aback, she rested like a spiderous island upon the low, heaving lapis-lazuli sea.

All morning the men had endeavored to inveigle Calvin aloft to view the great dividing line, but they reckoned without a lad who had been the head of the Latin School class in mathematics, and who had put his idle sea hours to good account. Despairing of that sport, they managed to confine him inside the deckhouse, within which he was presently startled by a bedlam of outlandish noises which led him to imagine a storm or pirate crew was breaking over the ship.

The door flew open, and a mysterious individual garbed as a water dog, bowing, invited him on deck. Seated on a throne directly abaft the foremast was Old Murphy, in the guise of King Neptune. A peaked paper crown rested

upon his luxuriant head of hair, the ravelings of tow; a beard of similar kind disguised his own sparse one bestowed by Nature. He wore a pea jacket encrusted with barnacles. His trousers were white as snow — being indeed of new canvas and tailored by himself. The ends disappeared into huge top boots, designed for none other than a giant. Standing over him was his trident-bearer, the Albatross; naked to the waist, his mossy chest smeared with black grease wiped from the winch drums down to the top of his petticoat fashioned from old canvas salvaged from a swab. Crouched at King Neptune's feet were the fabled mermaids of the sea, reclining joyously and semi-nude to their middles in the beaming persons of the Milford Man and the unredeemably ugly Blue Noser. The Swede carried a bucket back and forth before this courtly gathering, as a dog stalks a butcher's window; the ends of his march being bounded on the larboard side by the Finn, who was armed with a wooden sword; and on the starboard side by Chips, equipped with a wooden razor. Above, resting on a swing dangling from the foreyard, was the woe-begone chum of the Milford Man, his gloomy face distorted with a wry smile as he held a kittysol solicitously over the sacred person of the Sea God.

Armed with the fog trumpet, the bosun stood in the foreground of the throne, and hailed Calvin in no politely modulated accents. He bellowed and roared to the huge delight of the captain and the two mates, who were seated under other kittysols under the awning at the break of the Lenore's quarterdeck; questioning Calvin on nautical matters while the remaining sailors stood delightedly aside, awaiting their part in the comedy. Meanwhile the water dog, the same being the wiry person of the Jersey Man, cavorted about, giving delighted yelps, as Calvin

promised his foghorn and stentorian questioner that he would never row when he could sail, never eat brown bread when he could get white, always kiss an ugly girl as the pretty ones never lacked bussing, and much other foolishness to boot. It ended with the Yankee aloft dousing Calvin with a lather made of the compost from the hencoop and salt water, which Chips razored off with his wooden razor edged with an old iron hoop, aided by auxiliary beard-softening swipes from an old tar brush. Calvin kicked and squirmed, but became helpless and acquiescent under the hold of the sailors. Then one came up with a refreshing bucket, and another from the fresh-water scuttlebutt, and the initiatory ablution was over. He was now a full-fledged sailor; he took the sport good-naturedly, and in such a way as to make him earn the commendation of his rough-and-ready mates. The crowning event came when Captain Peleg sent forward a junk of cherry rum to the fo'c'sle, and as it was ladled out by the cook the day waned into late afternoon, and the Lenore gave many a sly chuckle to the lines of sailor story and fiddled on her shrouds to the lines of sailor song.

Next morning a light air sprang up and promised to freshen, though as yet it merely made itself felt by a scarce breathing on the water. Again they made sail. Then came a strong puff aloft and a breath alow; the Lenore's sails strained at the sheets, her braces lifted, and the crew sprang eagerly to tauten the weather shrouds. Captain Peleg ordered the setting of the foretopmast studdingsail, keeping the Lenore away two or three points, until she flanked away through a fitful breeze that less alert skippers, lounging idly in the Doldrum stretches far to the distances on their either side, seemed to disregard altogether. Her yards were braced sharply up; her

sails began to stand out like carven boards; and then the Lenore was out of the Variables and fairly in the South-east Trades — the winds that were to sweep her halfway around the world and fetch the entrance to the China Sea in time to take advantage of the wind-speed of the Monsoon. Southward and eastward by the wind she sailed, larboard tacks aboard, and fifteen days went by without the need of starting tack or sheet.



CHAPTER XIV

THE CAPE OF STORMS

Captain Peleg had detoured from the nearest charted course in order to keep the S.E. Trades until these lost themselves in the stormy breezes of the south. He wondered whether it was likely the White Lightning and the Sea Empress would attempt the shorter track: skimming along the African coast, rounding the Cape, and then stretching off to the north and east, or even up the Mozambique. But he knew that on that route there were continual and strong head winds, and the two sister ships would have to contend with the powerful current that set around the Cape to the westward. In Lat. 45° S. he stood the Lenore over on the other tack, and with a stiff topgallant breeze she lay on her course N.N.E.

Now her long poles were sent down, stump topgallant masts sent up, and her best suit of sail bent on her. Standing on, it should be but a few days before they would reach the Storm Cape. The great white clouds that had rolled up continuously from the southeast grew darker and more menacing. The weather underwent a sensible change; the nights were growing cold and bitter and the

breeze came harshly through the rigging with a howl. Thick flocks of stormy petrels skimmed the long rolling waves, their tiny dark bodies disputing the great world of swelling waters; and above soared the great white albatrosses, heads forever bent in august and ghoulish questioning. The glorious constellations were lost behind the driving scud through which the moon shone northly and cold, throwing its lengthening shadow upon the ocean waste.

Many and various were the yarns spun in the fo'c'sle as they approached the dread promontory; of age-hoary Philip Vanderdecken and his phantom crew, still beating in his ancient galleot about the Cape of Storms; forever hailing passing ships for news of his ancient square-built vrouw in Amsterdam; forever trimming mainmast and jigger, in vain. 'Ye may see him down there,' said Old Murphy to Calvin as they had bent the Lenore's heavy suit of sails upon her yards, 'and be the same token our days o' futherin' and fotherin' are over. Ye can say goodbye to fair weather for a long spell. Watch an' watch it'll be, turn in an' turn out, an' lucky to fetch a bunk with dry clothes for the watch turn-out. There'll be no clinkin' o' hammers ag'in' the chains and anchor, for the waves will polish off the rust — just as they'll frobish a sailor off, me lad, unless ye keep your weather eye a foot afore its mate.'

The boats, the water casks, the galley were trebly lashed. Gratings and extra tarpaulins were spread on the hatches; relieving tackles made fast on the tiller to ease the rudder when it pounded in the sea; tackles, sheets, buntlines, and clewlines doubly clenched against getting adrift at a critical time; the chain cable itself was lashed. Between the deckhouses lifelines were stretched, and

the men overhauled bags and chests for comforters and flannel waistcoats. The worsted guernsey frock Calvin had thought childish and effeminate gratefully warmed his body, and the other men's woolens never stayed in the fo'c'sle but a moment, going forth on the persons of others less fortunate, taking on the watch. The bolt ropes were already beginning to tug like wild horses in the Antarctic gale, and white foam began to fleck the face of the whipped waters.

Captain Peleg had hoped to drive through the southern summer sea, all sails set. Now he stood at his station, a look of anxiety on his face, watching the great masses of scud that swept across the sky, torn and spinning with the gale. From the wind's eye his glance shifted aloft to the writhing yards, the while he fought against the inevitable order that would bring down the racked canvas ere it whipped, cracking, to the sea. Bravely the Lenore dared the angry swell of the three great meeting oceans; she pawed it with her martingale, and, rolling down one side of a wave until the lower yardarms almost touched the waters, she would fetch up with sudden and violent jerks, flinging the deck rivers contemptuously over her back toward the cleft bulwarks and the eager scupper ports. Her tall masts were quivering and her timbers groaned their grief; but strategy was in her, and the lust of battle; she plagued her mighty tormentors like a ball.

In the twilight of the second dog watch the men waited sullenly for orders. 'If Old Stormy doesn't decide soon,' said the Jersey Man, 'God Almighty will do it for him. Right well I know these Cape gales; she'll snuffle in a minute unless she's watched.'

'Close-reefed she'll be before ye starbowlines step off

the watch,' announced Old Murphy. 'Well, this is packing her, me boy,' he said to Calvin.

The old man's tone was kindly; it was as though he would have spared the boy this baptismal initiation into the terror that hovered forever around this treacherous Cape; this last spur of the brooding Dark Continent, around whose rocky base man's puny hand disputed the vengeful sweep of a Titan, infinitesimal amidst the black sweep of sky and sea.

Calvin saw the bosun holding on the rail, eyes aloft as though measuring the length of time required to take in the Lenore's last unfurled bit; then smartly came the order, bellowing through the storm: 'Reef topsails!'

It was work that called for all hands. They skipped up the tight weather rigging; right and left they lay out along the yards, the rising squall needling their ears, grasping the tumultuous canvas, catching hold of the reef points, forcing the slack sail. More manned the clewlines, hauling, and each leach was stretched along each yard. Lifting the weather leaches, bracing in the yards, they ran the weather clewlines up. The buntlines were released from the lizards on the yards, triced up, and the tophamper lay in its ropes, snug and safe. By backstays and running ropes, catching at the halyards to add their weight to the pull of the men below, the men aloft found their way on deck. The reefing had taken the better part of the watch; the men's chanteys had died, and they were very tired. 'Splice the main brace!' came the cheering order as they made their way to the deckhouse.

Calvin found himself joining with the men for the first time in their drink of the steaming grog; a function into which they now admitted him with all the solemnity of a form-bound liturgy. The warm rum punch tingled

through him gratefully, and he went out to stand the remainder of the watch.

Even under her double-reefed tophamper the Lenore seemed overpressed; she lay with difficulty to her course, her yards braced taut to meet the vagaries of the shifting wind. The gale had increased; it was no longer a weak element giving way before resistance; it had become a menace — tangible, evil, driving all before it. Night came, its pitchy blackness almost palpable to the touch. Upon the yardarms and the mastheads flared the eerie blue flames of the Corposant, showing the bewildered and terrified seabirds roosting precariously aloft or flying overhead like livid spirits, screaming in the night. Occasionally one dropped to the deck, and Calvin cringed in terror from the touch of each aimless beating wing, flying out of the blackness. With the Jersey Man and the Milford Man he stood at the wheel; the wind and sea forced their steering eight to ten points broad of the course, and he heard his father's muttered cursing as he went to call the second officer at a quarter of eight bells of the watch.

Calvin sensed a menace in the men's attitude when they reached the deckhouse; the men off watch were watching the Finn, and their eyes gleamed evilly. The quiet, taciturn, swarthy little seaman had unlashed his chest, and was putting on his white shirt and going-ashore jacket. He was muttering to himself in his own language; in his whole bearing there was something indescribably sad.

'God deliver me from another night like this!' cursed the Jersey Man. 'Those birds were like a plague. There is death coming over this ship.' He stalked toward the Finn, threatening. 'Do you hear, you wind-devil? *There is death on this ship!*'

But the Finn was relashing his chest in an oddly preoccupied fashion. He put on his storm coat and went out.

In the morning the heavy black cloud that had before filled but a portion of the far horizon had spread until it covered the whole expanse of sky. The wind had shifted to the southwest; and, hove-to, but a quarter of a mile under their lee, lay a ship whose standing rig seemed that of the Sea Empress. She had evidently been brought-to under a close-reefed maintopsail and foresail and foretopmast staysail; but all three of the sails had been blown clear of the bolt ropes, and there was only a bit of canvas spread in the main rigging. Under the power of the wind and waves she tossed, as though she were a chip, lifting high upon a monster crest that exposed well-nigh her keel, then hiding from sight in a valley of the sea. In the hour as they watched her they saw her crew attempt to set another foretopmast staysail; but the wind whipped it away, and the force of the mainsail suddenly brought on the stern forced her head to the wind and sea.

The Lenore altered her course to stand by. The shift sent her nearly on her beam ends, and as her lee rail dipped the water there was a noise like thunder; the Lenore's foresail split down the middle cloth, and the whole canvas lost to leeward.

'Bring up the other foresail and send the yard on deck, Mr. Gates,' ordered the captain. 'We'll bend it immediately.'

'Call all hands!' ordered the mate of the bosun.

The men hauled the new sail from the locker, stretched it across the ship, bent the rigging, reefed the sail, furled it. Taking advantage of a temporary lull the gantline was hitched in fast and the foresail was triced aloft and hauled out.

Calvin lay out with the others on the foreyard, fisting the stiff, wind-whipping folds. The wild shouts of the men were lost in the fury of the storm; the seething depths below made the boy dizzy with fear. Then he felt the Finn's arm close along his back, and felt a dazed security as inch by inch they all fought together until the great new spread of canvas was bent. He did not see the tremendous pea-green wall of sea that had suddenly stood up on their weather beam and which came on like a walking cliff. His mates remained under the spell of its awful fascination; then he heard their shouts as they cowered, trapped there aloft, and felt the body of the Finn lay atop him with his long powerful arms gripping Calvin to the yard. One moment the great wave poised and then the Lenore was one with the sucking evil of the sea.

After what seemed hours, but were only seconds, Calvin suddenly felt the pressure of the man's protecting arms relax, and sensed his body fall. He looked below. The Lenore's deck seethed in angry serpentines of water. He saw the Finn's face as the water carried the perishing man along; saw the hands reach out for the blessed anchorage of tackle, pin-rack, railing — overboard. Then the Lenore shook herself free of the sea blanket. The foremast and sail had weathered the water avalanche; Calvin and his mates disentangled themselves from the rigging and hurried below. The Finn was lost in the hilly waste of the Antarctic, and his erstwhile jibers rushed to the deckhouse to divide his belongings. The drowned man's gear went by lots, and Calvin saw the Jersey Man triumphantly gloat over the long white cord he held aloft.

'It's all unknotted!' he exclaimed triumphantly.

'Didn't I tell ye he was a wind-devil? Now we'll have fair weather.'

But Calvin, changing into dry clothing, thought of the great grip that had held him safely through the danger by sea. Outside he heard the wind soughing brokenly in requiem, and climbing into his bunk he drew out Father Taylor's prayer-book and, wet-cheeked, read the prayer appointed for the burial of the dead at sea:

> We therefore commit his body to the deep, to be turned into corruption, looking for the resurrection of the body, (when the sea shall give up her dead), and the life of the world to come, through our Lord Jesus Christ . . .

It had become certain that the other weather-beaten vessel was the Sea Empress. With the abatement of the gale they had drawn close; the Sea Empress had set a tarpaulin in the main rigging and started her engines. Clark, her master, answered the Lenore's hail. Except for the necessity of bending on a new suit of sail, all was shipshape; no, they had lost none of their crew; neither had they espied the White Lightning or the body of the Finn.

For a time the swell rolled against them, and the wind continued to one point, with varying violence. Then it came on with favoring slant, and trimming, tacking, and maneuvering, the Lenore wore around and stood past the Cape. Far off on the starboard quarter they saw the Sea Empress making sail, and the sun died in a blaze of glory as they made for the islands of Saint Paul and New Amsterdam, to prove their reckoning, and to get a departure to lay the Lenore again on her course for Java Head.



CHAPTER XV

THALATTA

Captain Peleg knew that at this time of the year Sunda Strait was best made on the Christmas Island track by the old Monsoon course. Now under whole topsails the Lenore rolled along quietly, lifting her forefoot to the long rolling swell that would carry her into the Indian Ocean, and into the track of the Southeast Trades.

The bare and sterile islands of Saint Paul and New Amsterdam were left to their whirling seabirds, and once over the calm belt of Capricorn the Lenore had her wind as though Captain Peleg had ordered it, in Old Murphy's words, 'from the clerk of the weather.' Only the best helmsmen were allowed a trick at the wheel; for the rest, there had been a securing of all deck gear that had gone adrift, a scrubbing of all paint and bright-work of the corroding mildew of the southern mists, and a general airing of all the damp clothes and bedding. The Sea Empress had gradually drawn up astern, and the race between the sister ships was now wing and wing. With fair winds and an open sea Captain Peleg entertained

reasonable hopes of even sighting and distancing the White Lightning before all made the Canton Delta.

The Lenore was renewing herself after the buffeting of the Cape. Sinnets had been plaited into gaskets, and yarn was spun and fisted into sword-mats — the last two idle tasks before the day which saw the men lying basking in the ever-warming sun, resting on mats and rugs and secure in the fact that the trade wind would neither increase nor decrease, and no bosun's bark call for the tacking of the ship or reefing her topsails. The marmoset ventured from the deckhouse, playing and chattering with his master, then darting aloft to sit in the maintop or walk deliberately along the standing part of the maintopsail brace to the mizzen. As Calvin watched the monkey survey its small world amicably from its dizzy perch, it came to him at last just how he had seen it once before; the whole vision of his Barbadoes night of shame opened before him. This, then, was to be the reminder of his sin; this tiny beast was to remain before him as the sign of the beast he had once permitted his body to become. He watched Philip's gift until the marmoset had made a flying leap downward to the peak halyards and scampered along the single part to the gaff, and out of sight. It was very warm now, but he shivered as with an ague, and Old Murphy brought him a cup of black draft from the cook.

And yet, as is the way with youth, he found the day's worries and sorrows could depart in slumber; and, indeed, around him were the jeweled trappings of the sea and the sun's handiwork enleved and filigreed large upon the world, more splendid than the dreams of eager boyhood, more gorgeous than mere sin. This was the Indian Ocean, the womb of the world; by day alive with quick opal and sapphire; amethyst and beryl; with the zebraic flame of

countless jellyfishes, afloat upon water that forever javelined upward the crystalline shafting of the sunlit sea. The firmament hung like a great draping above this womb of the world; and now it was of turquoise, and now of emerald, and now of copper flame; and then night would come, and like a nacre goddess the lofty-trucked Lenore cleaved softly a silver inlay upon the onyx sea.

Then the gleaming jacket of water about the vessel was phosphorescent no more. The gleams in the shaving foam were the eyes of sailors who had gone down to the dark, lonely sea; who followed the ship with a longing for the old, loved companionship, and eyed her aloof and speeding beauty with a helpless anguish. The spray and the phosphorescence were the jewels of mermaids, cast up recklessly to the entranced and watching boy with the siren urge: 'All these are thine; only come down to me. . . !' It was at night, too, that the deep whispered its sagas; and the moon-gleam, like a silver book, turned back for him the endless pages of the sea.

And he heard the tale from the lips of the bosun, who owned to Scotch somewhere in a remote ancestry: of malefic cats which aided the witches to raise the storm and tempest on the deep, ever since the day the Witch of Laggan bound upon a great cat the chiefest parts of a sailor lad, and, when she had christened it, drowned it in the Scottish sea, raising a mighty blowing that wrecked all ships without the town of Leith. He told, the bosun did, of his father, who had once sailed the Haunted Ship that once a year, on a certain night, snored through the Solway off the Borran Point; and how, when they came to cast anchor in Blawhooly Bay, a great cat was seen to climb the rigging; and another, and another; until at length the shrouds and masts and whole tackle were

black with their accursed bodies. And how, when he had seen one, larger than the rest, appear at the masthead in a girdle of blue flame, he knew it for the Greatest Witch of Them All; and, when the cats overturned the vessel to her leeward wale, only escaped with his life by swimming, under-surface, the treacherous waters of the firth.

And a Frenchman, one of the second mate's watch, who stood by, thereupon told of how at Dieppe, on All Souls' Day, none might venture forth; for at midnight a spectral funeral cortège would wind through the streets, with a hearse drawn by eighty white horses, wherein were the soul and bodies of all the sailors who had died that year. And another, an Englishman from the same watch, told of how once along the Spanish Main he had dug upon the shore, until he came to a boot whose brass-bound toe and tooled thigh-piece proved it none other than from the foot of Captain Kidd. And he had waved it over his head, to toss it from him, but thereby, unknowingly, worked a charm; for the infernal boot dilated under his hand until it became a galleon with silken sails bent and spread from the golden masts, and mariners aplenty; and how they had carried him away, leaving a track of fire across the water which the night could not extinguish. He told of how they had waylaid the treasure ships of Spaniard and Portuguese, and of the fair girl whose stately form was streeked in the captain's cabin on her bridal eve; of how the wine flowed, and the laugh and song of minstrelsy rang out, until it came to him this was a phantom vessel asail upon a shoreless sea. And how he came to himself bound upon the sunken rocks at the shore near an old hulk which, when he looked at it, was but the ghost of the great galleon of the hours before, except that faded were its fo'c'sle and deck and sails and pennons and shrouds,

and red fairy fish swam in and out among the green and slimy bones of the erstwhile pirate mariners, at rest it seemed never from their deeds of darkness and dolor upon the deep.

There was the watch when the Albatross was roused from taciturnity by a sea that shaded from the hue of smooth red wine to the green of bottle glass; and he haltingly related to them how once he had lain becalmed upon such a sea that heaved hotly and low like molten emerald. And of a captain who would have sold his soul for a breath of wind, and how pursuant to his wish there came before him a black-cowled figure with eyes ablaze like garnets in an ivory wall. 'Below, senhor, and seal our bargain!' quoth Ser São Elmo, for it was none other. 'And who may you be?' questioned the astounded master. 'I am he who raises the winds,' boomed the cowled one. 'So powerful?' chaffed the master. The cowled one spat his cold blue fire upon the mastheads; and his dexter arm, extending itself ten fathoms, reefed the upper mizzentopsail. 'A task for my little finger!' taunted the master. 'Perhaps my small toe is equally powerful!' jeered the cowled one; and with a kick he splintered the oaken mainmast. Then with tall arms he reached far into the firmament and pelted the sails with puffs of wind that sent the leaning vessel spinning dizzily and perilously. 'Will you be off with your damned carcass?' bellowed the master. But the cowled one only reached down into the sea; and, lifting a great pea-green wall of water upward, set it upon the ship. 'It is fitting that others know of this,' the cowled one muttered, much aggrieved; and shouldering the Albatross from a floating spar Ser São Elmo stretched his legs to the depth of the Atlantic, and walked his way to Cape San Roque on the shore.

The red glow of the sun still lay beyond the horizon of the sea as the Albatross ended his tale; he sat silent for a while, looking at the sky, looking at the sea. It was his most talkative period since they had left New York, and the crew sat breathless, listening expectantly for more from this old sailor who had sailed on Parker ships for over a decade, and who knew more of the points of sailing than even Peleg Parker; whose neck was hung with charms and whose brooding eyes, shaded below their cavernous eyebrows, might well hold within themselves that second sight which brought him *en rapport* with the spirits of the deep.

He waved his arm toward the sky. 'Like blood, senhores — no? Sacrament, how to-day makes memory!' His tongue was loosed; he now spoke with eloquence and vigor. 'Off Biafra we on a time like this drew a man from the water. Such face! One knew Heaven had marked him to carry the burden of many's sorrows; Jesu knows there are many such' — he sighed, crossing himself. 'Know, senhores, that he had been upon a ship whereon an ill-considered word did brew a mutiny and he alone was left alive upon a deck thick red and slimed with blood. And the dead bodies he had cast overboard floated with the vessel as it circled on itself, their carcasses untouched of gulls or fishes, until there arose from the hot sea the odors of pestilence. And though he prayed, it was as though God had placed His mark upon him, shutting out the hope of the world. And then he besought Satanas, and black like pitch a great vessel stood hissing on the sea. Orange like flame her sails were, senhores, and forty boats swung on red-hot davits to her broadside. But when they had taken him off, he repented, and dropped from her, swimming in the night until we found

and succored him. And one night he was gone, senhores, and one might see the *carnicolla* markings of the sailors of Satanas on the deck where they had come to bear him off. For it is known, senhores, that when one signs for the Black Ship they must sail upon her thereafter, forever . . .'

The night came down over the Indian Ocean, drawn below by a great black cloud which shaped itself presently above the horizon, and whose tip shot heat lightnings until it seemed veritably the Black Ship itself, mountained with silver spars. Was all this true? Calvin asked himself. Were these only tales shaped of the crooning of the winds and the sea, the sums of desires, the answers to longings, the vistas which opened to men whose eyes bore forever that wise and world-weary look of those whose vision dwelt only upon far horizons . . . ?

He asked Old Murphy about it at the next dog watch.

'And if what the Albytross says is true, what of it; and if it isn't true at all, what difference does it make?' answered the old sailmaker. 'Sure a man must be touched a bit to see all these things at all, and there be a lot o' Portygees have the second sight like the Irish. But a man would get a turn o' the stomach at the tales the Portygee would be telling, full o' murder and devils and blood. I'll tell ye the story of a better ship, seeing it's the time o' year when the Blessed Mother and her Son found shelter in a stable, for which the seafaring men o' the world wept bitter tears. And when the Blessed Virgin heard, she let fly loose a flock of Mother Carey's [1] chickens for a sign to the likes o' us that sail the sea that we'd never want, but that when the time came for us to take a look at Davy Jones' locker we would ship aboard Roth Ramhach her-

[1] A corruption of *Mater Cara*, i.e., 'Dear Mother.' This is the sailors' name for the stormy petrel.

self, the greatest vessel that ever sailed the sea, to sail her to the Day of Judgment and beyond.

'Along this time o' year that grand ship spreads her canvas in the far north and comes down the sea. Her sails rise into moonrakers that are high and white and far like mountains and on their fair linen are painted posies and wonderful scenes. Her masts are grand poles o' peppermint with chancey twistings, dressed with plusheen pennants and topped with silver stars. Her yards are square, and her shrouds of a golden wire that the wind plays on forever like an Italian's viol. And the sailors loll in their hammocks, singing rousing chanteys and swapping wonderful yarns and true, with bowls o' swizzle by and rum-soaked twist handy to their pipes. There's no bedeviling bosun to turn up all hands in the middle of a watch, for there be superhuman gypsy winches that work the tackle and reef and unbend the sails belike they are curtains on a pole. And as she sails along the ones that have been lost in the sea come walking up her ladders, and it is a grand "Come-all-ye" they get, you may be sure, with old shipmates meeting that's fisted many a mains'l in Cape gales together. And the Great White Whale and his mate come up to rub their barnacles off on her sides an' give her a shove; and the Horse-headed Sea Serpent and his wife lock their tails together astern an' speed her along — though, to be sure, there's always fair wind enough an' plenty. And her lantern is grander than the lamp in a cathedral an' lights her wake across the sea like a jeweled train. And if you took a spyglass you would see everything aboard her, more wonderful than a kaleidoscope. And you would see her booms ready with the slings and the covers off the hatches, ready to hoist her cargo o' bright things an' hope for every blessed soul in the world . . .'

His old eyes looked over the phosphor-lit sea. The wake of the Lenore lay veritably like a jeweled train across the waves, lit in emerald and ruby from the starboard and larboard lights.

'Mr. Murphy, you have the soul of a poet. Do you know that?' asked Calvin.

'Is it you're making fun o' me now!' exclaimed the delighted old sailmaker.

'No, Mr. Murphy,' answered Calvin. 'That story is wonderful. I like to imagine a ship like that; coming every Christmas down the sea with a "cargo of bright things and hope for every blessed soul in the world."'

'Imagine, your granny!' snorted the old sailmaker. '*Imagine* it! It is true as gospel. My eyes aren't what they once were, but when I was a lad many's the time I saw it in December, beating off the Mizzenhead and the coast of Donegal.'

The old sailmaker saw the Swede approach and he went away, shuffling along the deck and muttering. Calvin, the spell of the sea strong upon him, asked the Swede, too, for a story; and Christensen, old Viking of the ocean, told of the amethystine fiords of his Swedish home and of Varmeland, for whose green forests his sea-blue eyes ached.

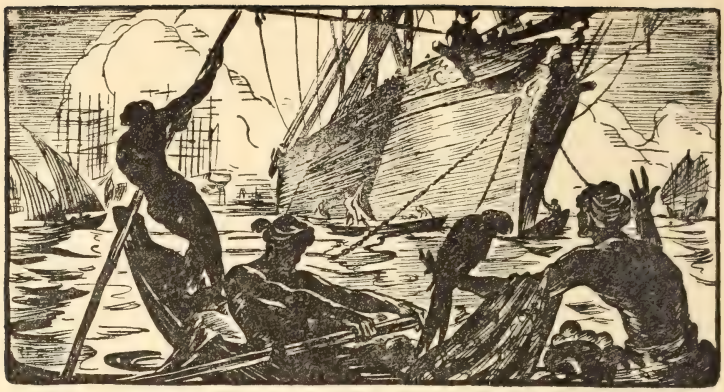
He told of Semes, the fearful god of the Black Sea; and of the Necken, who drew sailors to destruction upon the rocks of Gummers Ore. He told of the Sjö-rå that sat forever combing its kelpy hair upon the rocks, drawing sailors and ships to disaster with its siren song; forever gorging upon the bodies of young seamen it gathered to the net woven by its great webbed fingers below its scaly arms.

And the Yankee told of Mauriga Sima that lay below

Formosa, a vast Atlantis sunken in the sea, and yet peopled by its sinful dwellers' souls; and Old Manuel roused himself again, and told how Padre Philopenus of Columbus' fleet disembarked and sung Mass upon an island whereon their caravel had beached, and how it had then sunk in the sea, being but a great whale gathering breath for a journey; none other than Moby Dick, the Great White Whale, older than life, who would rise from the ocean when the end of the world was nigh and, trumpeting its mates, sail westward into the gold of new hereafters.

And yet again, from the Blue-Noser, Calvin heard of the fearsome Kraken whose tentacles rose from the sea, in indescribable iridescences quivering to the mastheads, and bore down great ships; and from the cook, of the Fish Men whose home was in this selfsame Indian Ocean, and whose patriarch was the Old Man of the Sea, speaking all mariners alike, each in his own tongue, and battening upon drowned men. Even Mr. Gates joined in one evening, and told of how he had once sighted the great Sea Serpent upon whose horse's head lofted towering knobbed horns that men hailed for mastheads upon the waters, and the folds of whose body swept far astern in mighty twistings like the crests of thunderous seas.

Above all these the Lenore murmured her own song and her own story, the while the living white fire of the darkling waters tossed their reflections upon her bosoming sails; crooning to her youthful and ancient lovers, singing through Calvin's whole being the song that would echo through his sensitive soul forever, and cradling him, when his eyes weighted with slumber, below the pink and blue swung pendulums of stars.



CHAPTER XVI

THE STRAIT OF SUNDA

CHRISTMAS and New Year had gone; time had passed while they were away from the land of the world, and it was now January in 1859. There had been no change in the grub served in the messkids; the livestock and the chickens were lost on that wild Cape night that saw the death of the Finn; and there was only redhorse to dispute the grog and plum duff for the sailors' holiday appetite. Even the men's ratline-wound tobacco had failed; the chewing quids passed at second hand from mouth to mouth, later drying in the men's pockets for their pipes. It was no wonder the boy grew homesick for the holidays of his snow-bound Boston home. Here under the awnings spread vainly against the heat from the sky, where even Venus lay day-poised visibly within the sun's translucence, and the air was somnolent with vast sleep, he thought of the bare great branches of the oaks in Harvard Yard, and the elms on Boston Common; the jolly skaters on the Frog Pond; the boisterous lads of his class quieting down to the term-beginning devotional in Appleton

Chapel. And then on January 14th the morning lookout sighted Christmas Island, and early in the afternoon a high point of land lay off the starboard bow and the log-book showed the bearing off Java Head.

Their long loneliness was gone; ship after ship hove in sight, bound for the grand tollgate of the Strait of Sunda — Anjer Town. It lay upon the very end of Java; the Strait had narrowed, until now off Anjer Point the headland of the isle of Java lay on their starboard, and that of Sumatra on their larboard beam. On both banks the town arose, its fragile buildings foundationed high on wood; the pale gold of the sun upon their leafy roofs, its colors upon the curtains and tapestries billowing from doors and windows to the breeze. In the glittering, sparkling atmosphere the land magnified itself; the small lateened boats of the Javanese loomed like large vessels. About them were schooners, barks and barkentines, the ships of every nation trading with China and Japan and these islands of the East. Upon these vessels were East-Indiamen in white drill from England and Holland; white clad Yankees from Boston, New York, and San Francisco; Arabs and Guzerates, Malabars and Parsees, and traders from Bengal and Malacca in the outlandish and motley garments of the East. Within them and the great Chinese junks which drowsed bat-winged of sail close by lay the precious cargoes of silk, cotton cloth, porcelain, and musk; for trade and barter for the arrack, the coffee, the sugar; the pepper, the cloves, the nutmeg, and mace; the cochineal and rattan, sandalwood and lancewood of this riant isle. From below a giant banyan tree towering on the shore the modern telegraph wired all these ships' passings and repassings to Aden, and thence to their hailing ports of the world.

The Lenore's course was northeasterly; the wind had freshened to a breeze which lay two points forward of the beam, enabling them to keep the Lenore's foretopmast studdingsail set to advantage, and bringing her like some proud seabird up the Strait. Her pace was not too rapid for the brown-colored, bird-winged sailing prahus of the Javanese boatmen; their craft were struggling alongside, with bumboats, scows, and outriggered canoes, manned by youthful and older men whose bronzed Adonisian nakedness was relieved by loincloths of India stuffs, brightly colored comboys or silken shawls. Their faces were tweezered smooth of beard; their heads shaved except for a saucer-sized spot on each, the long hair of which was braided and coifed into matlike skullcaps whose invitations to scratch hinted at numerous parasites the while they sheltered from the sun. Their women, less beautiful of face and figure, were petticoated and wore short jackets at the breasts, leaving them bare-bellied, and with jowls astream from the crimson salivating betel chew.

Climbing the vessel's sides, upon the Lenore's white teak decking these Javanese tossed the ravishment of the island's purple forests and gold-lit fields: cocoanuts and bananas, pineapples and bark-bitter mangosteens, velvety rambootans and smooth-skinned dookies; sweet potatoes and Java chickens; silvery finny kakabs and reed baskets filled with eggs. Upon braidedly muscled arms or roosting upon the gold inlay and jeweling of poniard and kris were dove-colored Java sparrows, gray-whiskered monkeys, and parrots. Bales and lengths of batik, blackwood idols, and hammered figurines and bowls and basins of silver and brass disputed the curiosity of Calvin and the crew; an eddy of strange musical jargon eddied about, the while the native chandlers waved note-

books for the attention of Captain Peleg and the cook.

A Javanese pilot, Pah-Sidin, came on board the Lenore as she tacked past Cracato. He held haughtily aloof from the financially frantic ones of his own people. Only, as Captain Peleg made a pretense of reading the most aggressive of the ship chandlers' latest recommendations in the shape of captains' letters, Pah-Sidin said, laconically:

'Angel Tom cheat olla Orang blanda. Him book lie. Kick him down!'

'*Ta'i, t'ai, bendoro!*' responded the pilot's boat boys. And it was so done.

Another offered his book beseechingly. Within it was stated 'To Whom It May Concern' that Java Joe, ship chandler, would steal your ship if you didn't keep your eyes greased. Besides, Captain Peleg remembered him from a previous unfortunate purchase.

'The hens of your yedow lay rotten eggs,' he informed Java Joe. 'Kick this robber overboard!'

And it was so done.

'They're all damned rascals!' he announced. 'You, there — how many chickens? Cookee, pay him a dollar and get! Stow that fruit and potatoes. Five dollars for the lot, you pirate, or I'll blackball you to every skipper on our ships. Crack on there!'

The Lenore began signaling the Sea Empress. The substance of the message was that they were to anchor at dark, and not trust sand and shoals and rocky channels that made navigation hazardous in this Sunda Sea. Whether it was but a trick of Captain Peleg, no one knew; he often took this means of stealing a march upon a rival, and had unbelievable luck in dashing through

treacherous channels in darkness, even when the thump-thump of rocks or shoal water murmured ominously of destruction.

The Sea Empress was close-reefed; the Lenore carried her usual press of sail: her topsails and courses and jibo-jib, yet made no headway. She tacked weakly to come up to the Sea Empress and speak her close, Calvin in the chains on the larboard side, heaving the lead and keeping it going. He had become a fair leadsman, though there had been no need of it since they crawled close on top of the land at Barbadoes. Now his voice carried, in bass and tenor interval, the soundings to Pah-Sidin and the Captain and the mate.

'Fifteen fathoms!'

'What's that?'

'By the mark fifteen, sir!'

'Speak English, sir. And let the line feed out and veer off to get a good bite at the bottom.'

'Aye, sir. By the deep twelve, sir!' announced Calvin with the next heave of the lead.

'This damned Pah-Sidin will have us aground,' stormed Captain Peleg. 'Why in the name of all that's holy do we captains have to be bothered with pilots, anyway!'

The wind had failed the two sister ships. They made ready to anchor; the Sea Empress this time sure of her rival's delay.

'A month's wages we'll beat her to Whampoa Anchorage!' challenged the Jersey Man.

'Make it two months, and you're taken,' bartered the Yankee from Medford.

'Two months that we'll beat the White Lightning and the Sea Empress's crews into Chinky Jim's on the sea

wall!' offered Chips. The taunt went cross-water to the Sea Empress.

'And what odds if we do?' asked Old Murphy. 'Wouldn't a man be a fool entirely to take ye up? There may be slow sailors on the Sea Empress, but they're no fools. And remember, they've their ingynes they haven't drawn a breath from yet. Save your money for your Sally, Mr. Sawhorse.'

Answering jeers came from the Sea Empress, reënforced with fingers raying from noses and a few delirious measures of a hornpipe. Then only silence and stars.

The holiday of foliage and flowers of the towering shore and day was departed; the mountain-top was veiled in mist. In the emerald moonlight the anchored shipping and the shore line seemed to hang suspended, like silver filigreed and outlined ebony seen through a gazing-glass. As Calvin watched, a prahu was paddled over the dark and dreaming water; its wake swirled abeam of the Lenore like liquid silver, and as the oars were lifted and dressed in the locks they shed a twin shower like a diamond fall.

The odors of the land exhaled; deep with the fragrances of unknown flowers; pungent with a cloy of cloves and maces; sweet with the savor of Java sugar, the like of whose honeyed and fragrant flavor was to be had in no other sweetness of the whole world. The voice of a girl sounded low over the water from a distance, followed by mellow, bell-like laughter. A distant bell answered it from the shore; an echo from some island temple that shot purple veinings into the emerald night, shading to violet, to mauve, to colorless silence; then blooming again, stirring the mind to indefinable longings, coaxing to the mind's surface vague, untraceable regrets.

A boat drew alongside in the darkness, hailing Captain Peleg. The crew listened curiously, as they rigged the ladder. But whatever it was he heard in the way of news, Captain Peleg kept it to himself. Only, his mariner's sixth sense told him that the land wind was rising.

It was half-past eight o'clock, when the word was quietly passed to make sail. The crew went silently to stations and the anchors were hauled in.

'I've just heard that the White Lightning's passed through two days before us,' Captain Peleg said to the mate. 'Forbes tried to bribe the telegraph office to keep it quiet. Now pass the word to our men: if any man-jack of them on the Lenore is chicken-livered enough to want to see the White Lightning beat us into Canton, now's his time to show it. I'll beat Forbes if I have to rattle through Macclesfield Strait!'

'I doubt if the pilot will let her, sir,' ventured the mate. 'Hardly, with her draft this voyage.'

'Pilot, hell!' spat Captain Peleg. 'I've sent him ashore!'

The Lenore was pivoting, with the starboard anchor drawing. Now as the first puff of the land breeze fluffed the sails she swung about, and began to move. There was a startled cry from the Sea Empress and the sound of running feet. Then there was only an ever-widening stretch of water, and the bested vessel's anchor light blinking its surprise as the Lenore held on, both watches on deck for the treacherous sailing ahead.

'Macclesfield Strait!' exclaimed Old Murphy, when the news had grapevined from the helmsman forward. 'It's easy knowing Old Stormy wouldn't jump out o' Sunda by another. Many's the ship that's piled herself upon Banca Reef and Pulo Leat; but there's one little

bite of the channel where a vessel o' our beauty's draft can get through with an inch to spare — *and she will!*' he announced confidently. 'For Old Stormy's the only skipper knows it, day or night!'

'With the wind northwest, there'll be plenty of water piling into it under our keel,' opined the bosun. 'I'm not saying anything, but smart sailing with every man on his toes might bring us all into Canton with an extra month's promise of shot in our dungaroos.'

'I'd like to get the feel o' it, if so be!' ventured Old Murphy.

'I'm talking of *sailors* now, Mr. Murph—e—e—e!' taunted the bosun.

'And I'm talking o' the times when there was *sailors* and a man had sense enough to know he got anywhere only by Tim Murphy's sailcloth,' countered the old sailmaker heatedly.

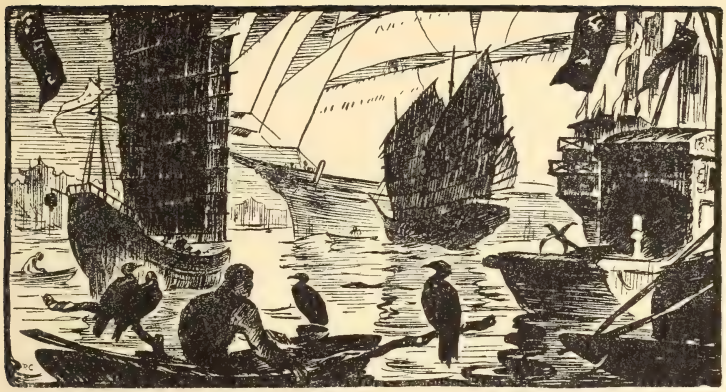
Calvin watched him walk forward to the jib and saw his form silhouette itself with the lookout against the brightness of the night. He listened to the men argue as one listened in dreams. Of course, it was idle talk; why be excited over it? There was only one Lenore; it were idle to talk of beating her. She was gifted with personality; she lived with the winged things of the airs, outside of time. He looked at her lofty trucks, whereon were encrusted, as by magic, the stars, and saw the dark cloud funnels forming, reaching downward to the sea. Through these the lightning shot like arrows, quivering in the high blow of the mighty Northeast Monsoon.

The air released from the land blew steadily, and the Lenore swept along, her keel heeling firmly in the blue water of the inland sea. They had reached the water-race of Macclesfield Strait late of an afternoon; the Jersey

Man, the Swede, and the Blue-Noser manned the wheel. The Lenore carried all her topgallants and her flying jib, and with the water abaft her beam and a favorable slant to the breeze, and barely an inch to spare on either side of her, negotiated the treacherous channel.

'Any skipper could do as much,' Captain Peleg asseverated. 'Conning a ship here is piloting, *not sailing*.'

Past Billiton and Banca; past the wooded and treacherous inlets of the Eastern Archipelago, where pirate junks lay hid waiting the chance which might come to them should calm or headwind force the Lenore helplessly on the shore, they wore around shoal and reef of the Java Sea. The beauty of the tropic foliage was departing; the bold coasts of the eastern islands swept upward from the water, and the Monsoon, beginning to be felt now with its full violence, promised them a fine breeze across the China Sea.



CHAPTER XVII

THE OUTER GATE OF THE TEN THOUSAND KINGDOMS

No one might know the weathering adventures of the great ship as she was steered and eased along her course to the Canton Delta. Trim and beautiful she was becoming again, from hull to masthead tips, her bellying canvas white as snow with its whippings from the winds and rains and the bleaching of the sun and spray. The ends of her main ropes showed in perfect double roseknots and monkey heads; her lanyard knots and rigging ends gleamed brightly brass-capped in the sun, her sheer poles coach-whipped, her every yard and seizing and ratline square and neat. White-tipped, her yard and mast ends shone with paint, against which the triced-up dark boarding nettings shone in sinister contrast between the lower rigging. Two more men were told off to act as lookouts as they neared the China coast; pistols were loaded and cutlasses placed upon the quarterdeck, and the tarpaulin ripped from the thirty-two-pounder forward. The Java Sea might be treacherous, with its efficient pirate am-

bushes; in the China Sea existed pirates who made up in desperation what they lacked in finesse.

But naught untoward happened. Five days out of Java Head the long low featureless Chinese landscape showed as a low range of mauve hills to the westward. The Lenore's cables were bent; her anchors gat off the bows. One opalescent island and another showed in the morning mist, and at six bells Calvin helped take starboard bearing on the highest peak of a rugged violet ridge of hills as none other than the Sea Empress was sighted far astern. She was coming up on the opposite tack, on a track which it would seem would bring her across the Lenore's bow; every inch of her canvas spread, a mounting cloud.

And before the Lenore lay the high mountainous island of Hongkong, the Outer Gate of the Ten Thousand Kingdoms and of the Four Seas under the Heavens; the eastern stronghold now, alas, in fief to the Southern Barbarians, the Redhaired Devils of the West. A pilot had come out from the Keun-min-foo's office near Macao, boarding the Lenore from his own lateen-sailed craft as the great ship careened onward; and with him came the welcome news that the White Lightning, engines still silent, lay off Macao waiting a turn in the northeast breeze which would enable her to brave the upland river.

The news set them all on their toes; shore clothes and sea bags and pipeclayed boots were neglected on the jackstays as the afternoon waned and the fishing boats lost in mist and shadow by the small and jagged isles. And now on the larboard quarter gleamed the pearly light of old Macao, a bit of Portugal picked out in mauve and orange on a Chinese screen. In the gathering dusk the silken-pennanted mandarin boats glided by, lantern-lit, futile

with their painted and carven galleries against the sly pirates and speedy opium smugglers who ranged up and down this great stretch of grayish river. Against the turquoise of sunset showed the purpling ragged teeth of the matting sails of junks; higher yet, their summits holding the last light of the day, were the lofty masts of Dutch and Portuguese and British troop ships, cutters, men-of-war, and East-Indiamen and the lower spars of Portuguese galleots. And, black and clear against them all, showed the high-straked hull and haughty bow and tapering mastheads of the White Lightning!

Captain Peleg's commands came cracking swift and short like the sound of whips; riding over the staccatos of the native pilot and the barkings of the mate. The Chinese pilot was against any passage up the Delta after nightfall, but was summarily silenced by the master. The Sea Empress had been gradually drawing up astern; the moon was full; the exhilaration of the moment had driven the land fever from the sailors' blood. Under Captain Peleg's swift orders they moved rapidly to stations, and the great ship glided on her way up the silent water. Her scarlet burgee trailed defiance to her sisters; downward-sailing junks gave her sea room, the Chinese sailors kow-towing to her lofty rig as she passed. To all these this glorious vessel whispered of the mysterious West; she seemed the vanguard of the Occidental civilization which little by little was to wedge itself into their life and the manner of its living; she combined within herself the perfection which commanded the ungrudging respect and admiration of the Chinese artisan, and that mastery of the sea which claimed kinship with the rote nautical science of the Chinese sailor.

And if she was all these things to all these stranger

people, what was she not to the Boston boy? With the approach to land, with the first glimpses of the weather-beaten and outlandish craft which hovered about the Chinese shore, her soul enveloped his still more; as though, now that the time of arrival brought with it, too, the imminence of leave-taking, she wished to hold his life's love leal. He had grown so used to her loveliness on the wide wastes of water, he had lost in a measure his full appreciation of her beauty and majesty. It was now, when he saw how she glided by lesser craft with the right and dignity of the queen she was, that he dreaded the inevitable moment when he must part with her. But that time, thank God, was not yet; and his heart beat in tune with hers as, reefing and tacking to make the most of the uncertain gusts of wind, the Lenore, under the sign of Scorpio, kept beating up the river.

The night tide was flowing in; astern they could hear the chug-chug of the engines of the White Lightning and the Sea Empress, started in a belated effort to gain a headway equal to the masterful Lenore's. Dark hulks of weird ships glided by silently into the night; far across the water, flat country slumbered under the monotonous moonlight. The spirit of China brooded over the great sea-married river, breaking into speech through a boatman's cry, and dawn came slowly as they reached the Bogue Forts, jagged and ruined, their grimness but a shell, undermined by English cannon in the Opium War of a few years before.

The river had narrowed, and the great junks now passed close by, more gorgeous than any they had seen off Java or down the farther Delta; high-pooped, flat-bowed, with fiery painted eyes and figureheads of gorgeous dragons or idols. Their decks swarmed with motley crews exploding

Babels of sound and their great perforated rudders cleaved the green and muddy water under the guidance of dozens of straining sailors. Above their decks one saw bale on bale, lashed with matting high up to the grass and rattan woven sails, stiffened to the masts longitudinally with bamboo, with decorations which gave the illusion as of great exotic butterflies.

Tea boats floated by, fragrant with Young Hyson and Souchong, their high sterns lit with paintings in bright colors; awnings of bright stuffs over the rounding roofs; single large sails veering to the wind. And among these tea chops glided the salt boats and smart clippers that carried rice upward to Japan; boats alive with the colorful cargoing of vegetables and fruits; fishing boats, with ring-necked, sleepy cormorants dozing on their roosts; river barges that daubed the jade water with vermilion and gold; and sampans with graceful curving roofs, sculled by cackling beings whose shapes were those of women, but whose strength seemed that of men. And all these silhouetted in moving sound and color against the green of rice-fields and canebrakes and occasional pagodas; and beyond, the mauve barrenness of hills and mountains below a soft blue sky. The Lenore's best pennant had been broken out at the main, and at noon she suddenly came upon a fleet of ships of every nation and rounded into the wind at Whampoa Reach, Calvin aloft with the Swede and Jersey Man furling her topgallants and checking the Lenore's way as one anchor was let go.

Sail was clewed up quickly, and as her way lessened, the Lenore's second anchor was let down. Slacking away as the winch hove the first one in until there was an equal length of chain upon each anchor, and then with both

hove in until the moorings tautened, the Lenore swung as on a pivot, safely radiused in the crowded anchorage.

Cheers came along the water from the crews of other boats; it was a splendid mooring of a most splendid ship. Among the grand fleet of vessels of all nations anchored at the Second Bar, the Lenore's extravagant length of spars dwarfed all others'. One might search, but in vain, for their equal upon the stunted black of the sturdy English clippers or the equally stanch but more graceful ships that flew the Yankee stripes.

Far down the river the mastheads of the Sea Empress and White Lightning showed above the low mist and the shipping; a sight that sent the men chuckling about their work, kicking and cuffing each other like a group of delighted schoolboys out for a holiday. It was something to traffic with a hurricane on the other side of the world and put in ten days for repairs; something to escape the Doldrums with but a six-hour waste; something to round the treacherous Cape with no mishap but the replaceable loss of the Finn. And it was something worthy of the Lenore, after all this, and despite the auxiliary engines of her sisters, to beat the White Lightning and the Sea Empress to the anchorage.

Already bumboats from the dens along the sea wall of Whampoa were circling about the ships. Calvin could see the men eyeing avidly the ugly squat buildings of the shore, wherein lay the promise of all their long sea dreamings: villainous whiskey and rum and the arms of tired courtesans; the gamblers' wheels and the vague lure of China which made Canton proper and its Yellow Anchorage in truth the world's Port of Missing Men. But he himself saw only some well-arranged docks and a few houses of Western design rising among the low dives of

the shore. Between him and the shore, vessels were lightening their draft by the discharge of part of their cargo into boats and barges before proceeding farther up the river to Canton proper. Other vessels were riding quietly to anchor, Whampoa Reach being one of the best of holding grounds and possessing good shelter against typhoons. One could tell the ones that had newly arrived and those whose stay had been prolonged to ten months or even a year, by the mournful droop of the rigging and the yards and the air of decrepitude which forever overwhelms ships harbored in from their thoroughfare of the seas. On the opposite side of the river the Swede, furling alongside Calvin, pointed out Danes Island, where a structure of scaffolding already proclaimed its choice as the shipyard for the building of the new Chinese ships, and to which the boilers and the engines and the machinery in the holds of the Parker ships would be lightered on the yaw-beamed chopboats of the native stevedores.

'I'll have to write mother and Sara and Hepsy about the scenery,' thought Calvin. 'After all, except for that tall pagoda, it might be East Boston itself, and those our own shipyards over there.'

But, as he sat to write, his first letter was to Philip.



CHAPTER XVIII

POWTINQUA

A FASTBOAT had put away from the low line of shore and was now alongside, discharging the Hoppo and his domestic, writer and police-runner. This official, whose duty it was to secure the measurement of all incoming vessels and ascertain the cumshaw duty, beamed upon all — officers and men — alike. That his father was on most pleasant terms with this port official was evident to Calvin. The Hoppo's writer made the merest feint at measuring, computing with a knowing eye the Lenore's length from the center of her foremast to the center of the mizzenmast; then taking her breadth from close abaft the mainmast. With his swanpan, the clerk rapidly multiplied her length by her breadth, dividing the ensuing product by ten, and thereby giving the Hoppo the measurement of the ship. The Hoppo did not even order the removal of the hatch tarpaulins and coverings, contenting himself with a cursory appraisal of the figures on the manifest. The balls of the swanpan shot again along their reckoning errand; and then, kowtowing, the customs

men departed, their fastboat hastily making way for a splendid barge whose approach was being heralded by the beating of gongs and cymbals, and whose numerous passengers, gorgeous staves, and floating banners and magnificently arrayed bow and oarsmen proclaimed it the craft of an important personage.

It was the most gayly caparisoned vessel Calvin had ever seen. He loved the Lenore; her austere lines when under her full press of sail at sea were like the ineffable, curving graces of a Greek statue. But here was sailing toward him a living picture out of the land of colors and dreams — might be the barge of the great Chan of Cathay himself, or the ship of state of Ghengis Khan; as though out of the far wastes of water a fairy wand had reached into the home on Mount Vernon Street and actuated the brocades and screens and *chinoiseries* into life.

Busy with the rest of the crew of the Lenore, unbending her sails and sending down the topgallant and royal yards, Calvin kept his eyes only fitfully to his work; irresistibly they ranged, ever and anon, the glowing scene. Six tiers of poops, each graduated and receding above the other, rose in castellated silhouette upon the barge, and their outer bulwarks were of carven golden screens of passing marvelous artistry. From his lofty perch Calvin judged the barge's length to be a hundred feet, and thirty feet her measurement abeam; the length and breadth of her laid in a deck of blackwood and mahogany, most curiously and cunningly arabesqued with tortoiseshell and pearl. Her one mast rose upward, black and smooth and polished, and inlaid with quaint devices which glittered in the sun; supporting a lateened sail, more a silken, embroidered ornament than useful, that billowed and fluttered serenely its sheening petulance like a woman's

silken gown. From a jackstaff of minutely carven ivory floated the silken banner of the Celestial Kingdom above devices of nobility enwrought with sword and shield and dragon upon a silken banner. The porcelain eyes on the barge's bow were of enormous size, imitating, on a grotesque scale, veinings and shadowed iris.

Presently the barge stopped alongside, with backing of oarsmen and long poles of bowmen; the gangway was extended from the Lenore's side, and, climbing up steps which had appeared as though by magic on the barge, Calvin beheld a most splendidly attired personage.

As he advanced, Calvin saw he was a tremendously girthed man, evidently of middle age, whose tortoise-bespectacled face beamed with intelligence and genial anticipation below a hat reminiscent of the headgear of the old Yankee Continentals. On the top of his hat a coral button faceted the sun; on the breast of his fawn-silk robe gleamed a necklace of precious stones, set off by the iridescent embroidery of fancifully conventionalized storks. Belting this garment to his ample form was a girdle of gold-bound precious stones of greenish shade, inset with rubies. From a more substantial girdle of gold, marvelously wrought, hung a scabbarded sword, hilt and sheath thickly carved and studded with the bright flashings of rare jewels. Over the back and shoulders of this personage was draped a cape of darker stuff to show advantageously at the front the close-fitting boot-leggings of red leather permitted only to the nether extremities of a mandarin of the highest rank. As he advanced, he was met deferentially at the rail by Captain Peleg; then the two walked toward the quarterdeck, and the three-eyed peacock feather hanging downward from the mandarin's hat at the back showed, as the Jersey Man informed

Calvin, that their visitor had distinguished himself in war.

A retinue of other owlishly bespectacled mandarins, in garments no less magnificent, and with different-jeweled buttons in their hats signifying their gradations of rank, now fell in behind the two leaders. Following them came their linguists or interpreters, their court-going men and accountants; and these in turn were trailed by a guard of soldiers in conical hats of pleated straw hung with red silken fringe, and with blue nankeen jackets tabarded with embroidery in character and ornament. The whole group pattered over the deck with almost noiseless tread, bodies gesticulating and fans fluttering in quaint jerkings as unstudied and continual as those of birds. Its pageantry drew Calvin down to the deck irresistibly, following the exotic parade, until the mandarins disappeared inside the cabin.

The leading mandarin was none other than Powtinqua. Of all the Hong merchants he had been most influential in causing the contract for the construction of the new Chinese vessels to be awarded Captain Parker. His reputation and experience gave him a great and honorable position in Canton and his godowns warehoused the well-earned riches of domestic and foreign commerce, and he was Peleg Parker's warm friend. But, far more important and overshadowing all his advantages of position, was the fact that he was a learned and honest man.

A formal exchange of courtesies now began. Bowing in unison and shaking his own hands vigorously within his sleeves, each mandarin murmured '*Tsing-Tsing!*' — a procedure which engaged the captain likewise. He rang the bell and gave an order for tea and pipes to the cook; also one to Mr. Gates, and Calvin found himself hurriedly

ordered to step into his best gear and present himself in the cabin.

Meanwhile the exchange of the formal, stilted, set compliments commenced, following a formula none might transgress without the gravest personal and business consequences. All those who wore spectacles politely removed them as soon as the conversations began.

'Will you not mention my name to her ladyship, your mother,' said the captain to Powtinqua, 'and present to her my best wishes?'

'I thank you,' suavely murmured the mandarin. 'My mother — who is not worthy your august attention — is extremely well.' He now countered with the accustomed inquiry as to the health of Captain Peleg's wife.

'I am overwhelmed by your kind inquiries,' answered the captain. 'Recently she has been very well.'

'How many sons have been presented to you?' asked the mandarin.

'Alas, my friend,' replied Captain Peleg, 'you and I are both unfortunate. For I also have but one son.'

'I remember,' acknowledged Powtinqua. 'He was but an infant when Tang Shin was a guest in your dwelling, receiving his degree from the great school of the West. I cannot realize that fifteen years have elapsed!'

'In the year which is past,' explained Captain Peleg, 'my son also completed the first term in that honored school. Your own son is like his father, and very apt at learning, is he not? You will soon wear the mustache of a grandfather, perhaps?'

'Alas, no!' deprecated Powtinqua. 'He possesses only ordinary ability. Never shall the Forest of Pencils bloom without my door; I shall retire to the mountains. But your own son must be exceedingly intelligent to gain ad-

mittance to such a school. I beg you will let me see him some time. It would be well that our sons also know each other.'

Calvin saw himself beckoned to by his father. 'You will say "Honored friend!" and kneel,' his elder announced in an almost savage whisper.

'Honored friend!' saluted Calvin with a dignified bow as the introduction was made, and awkwardly attempted to kneel. But the kindly mandarin dissuaded him, and Calvin returned, flushing and overwhelmed, to his station.

'Your son is of superior intelligence, and will perpetuate the seafaring traits of your family,' said the mandarin to Captain Peleg. 'He has rich eyebrows, and will have many brothers and sisters.'

Calvin, blushing, saw his father flush; for once the doughty captain seemed taken unawares. 'The members of our family are not numerous,' said he. 'And I do not entertain high expectations of my son. If he can gain a livelihood, it will be enough.'

The captain and the mandarin now whispered together in a low tone, the other mandarins maintaining their stoical deference, not even disturbed by their vigorous puffing at their pipes.

'I will again hold counsel with you,' said Captain Peleg.

'You do me too much honor,' deprecated the Hong merchant. 'I ought rather to wait upon you!'

'No, no!' expostulated the captain. 'You are too kind! Good-bye!'

Powtinqua bowed gravely, the other mandarins joining in unison. Readjusting their spectacles, they pattered out and up and onto the deck and back to their barge between the colorful guard file of the soldiers.

'Tiresome old chatterbox!' raged Captain Peleg when he had bowed Powtinqua off the gangway. 'He *will* have his fool ceremony. But ceremony or not, I meant what I said. If you'll ever be able to earn your own living, I'll be satisfied.'

And Calvin returned to the fo'c'sle.

Within was bedlam. A weazened old man with a swarthy, keen face was displaying curious eatables and outlandish knickknacks upon the deckhouse floor, aided by a stalwart lad of fifteen or thereabouts. 'Lylo, lylo! Got evelyt'ing!' came cackling in pidgin English with a smile of recognition for them all. It was Old Sam the bumboat man and his son; shrewd and sharp as a razor, but pleasant and friendly withal.

'You thieves — here again!' jeered the Medford man.

'Tief-men? Hoy!' he spat in disgust at the Medford man's sally. 'You no savvy; otha man catchem dolla, my catchem dime!'

But the sailor had turned from Old Sam to a girl in loose trousers and dark blue silk jacket, her head turbaned with a bright red silken handkerchief, feasting his eyes upon the soft, yielding lines of her face framed between the dangling golden earrings, following the lines of her figure to her ankles braceleted with silver and jade, his eyes yellowing and blinding with passion. On the other side of the deckhouse more of the sailors were clustering about jabbering tailors with their bales of stuffs and their retinue of silk-clad little boys.

'My wish dat gel hab muchee dam!' chafed Old Sam savagely. 'Man-man she smiley sailaman fo cumshaw dolla, no pidgin come fo machin man. Ai-o-oh!' he continued in high dudgeon; 'he talkee lip-lap in chop so hon',

my hope she catchee allo had. Nevva such look-see!' he lamented as his son helped him with the trays.

In the deckhouse eddied the verses of a scarlet chantey. Old Murphy had come over to Calvin, and was drunkenly coaching him in pidgin English, pointing out its superiority to the actual Chinese, which was only a 'mixture of Spanish and bobolink.' But Calvin turned from him and went outside.

Small boats lay in the shadows alongside; the glow of their lanterns fell dull upon the lippering water; in the night air was a hint of that miasma, half-acrid, half-sweetly odorous, that forever hovered over the Canton shore. Clear and watchful in the crystalline moonlight gleamed the light atop the old Whampoa pagoda, four miles across the maze of shipping; from some of the East-Indiamen came, flutelike, night bugle calls.



CHAPTER XIX

THE CITY OF THE RAMS — CANTON

Daylight found all hands busy rigging cargo gear; bleary-eyed, with palsied hands. The chopboats were alongside, swarms of Chinese stevedores were already in the hatches, and cargo was rising with the tackle. Their long queues showed under scant turbans of blue calico; their chests and shins were bare; the vessel echoed with their jolly cackle; their wrestling of the cotton bales showed them magnificently strong. The Lenore's cargo began to discharge more quickly than it had been loaded on; and by each hatch a Hong clerk stood, verifying the checking of the mates.

Calvin had been told by Mr. Gates to prepare to accompany his father to Canton in the morning. He was to take his chest and leave the vessel and the crew which had been home and friends to him for over a quarter of a year. The men stole in to the fo'c'sle by turns, their eyes shifty with the shame of the night before, their raspy voices holding genuine concern. There was an exchange of little keepsakes, and then there came the big problem of

the marmoset. Calvin hated the thought of leaving the affectionate little animal. It seemed to sense their separation; but Calvin gave it to Old Murphy without a regret; it seemed a symbol of something passing out of his life forever.

Away from the Yellow Anchorage they glided in the fastboat; the uniformed sculler in the sternsheets raising an infernal yelling and jabbering, as pulling and hauling, rowing and sculling, he wove them through the shipping and upward through the reddish-yellow water between the rocky isles. The boat was a private gig of Powtinqua's, and a speedy craft; the rowers worked uniformly as automatons.

On both sides of the Pearl River stretched a monotonously interesting landscape; pagoda terraces by coved Chinese villages; and between them the fresh green of paddy-fields terraced between the bamboo fences of gardens, inset between orange groves and plantain trees. The rocky hills were cultivated to their very tops, and against them showed the flight of wild geese, duck, and teal, startled from their feeding-grounds by the swift intruder of that January morning.

They passed vegetable barges slowly poling up the river; fresh with the golds and greens of cabbage and trocolly, cauliflower and kale; cress and colewort, garlic and leeks. They scented the hale odors of onions and scallions and chives; glimpsed the saffron of carrots, gourds, and squashes; the warm glow of pumpkins; the mauve of radishes and turnips; the scarlet of tomatoes; the moving blues of nankeen-clad bargemen.

Sampans began to swing by in increasing number; one sped close, the tiller woman working stolidly, her child shawled on her back. Chickens cackled from its baskets

hanging on the stern and chow chow puppies scampered around the row of flower pots; the smell of fish broiling on charcoal came wafting on the chilly morning. The dead body of an infant followed shortly after, already foamed and bloated from the water; farther on, clawlike and stumped hands clutched at their gunwales from a raft, and the boatmen beat off the leprous grip of some piteous beggars of the river. The boats came now less far apart; the huts thickened on their pilings by the shore. The men made ready their pikes, abandoning the double set of oars because of closer quarters, and ahead a confused murmur hung with the mist above a city — of boats.

Here, nestling below the larger bulk of lorchas, junks, and rice boats, of fruit and duck and salt and house-boats, lay the sampans of the Tanka people, eking their whole existences out upon the water. Flat-bowed and with raised poop, and opened at the fore, their egg- and barrel-shaped shelters covered with the bright colors of painted dragons and flowers and the figures of allegory, their hulls lay in heaving panorama from shore to shore, laced with precarious planking in pontoons. Midstream lay a narrow passage for traffic; and here, so close that he might touch them with his outstretched hand, Calvin saw the innermost daily living of a happy-go-lucky and intrepid people; met the answering smiles of inquisitive brown faces at sampan portholes or of fat, gurgling babies and children with bladders and anti-drowning gourds fastened about their shoulders and middles. The day's tasks of the water-folk lay before his eyes as in the pages of a book; the plaiting of queues and the shaving of heads and chins; the quarreling and the docility of the sons and daughters of families; the preparation of meals upon floating inns; the barter in the floating shops, stocked

with merchandise equal to the shore. Flower boats, vessels of pleasure, lay at their moorings, high-pooped and galleried like fabled galleons, with carven work and arabesques like lace and *cloisonné;* their silken curtains bellowing from the quaintly patterned windows, and their cabins and compartments freighted with sing-song maidens and courtesans.

Through the midst of all these they found their way, aided by the cheerful 'Yeeoo-loes!' of pikemen, which mingled with the beating of gongs, the noise of fireworks, the soft swish of burning paper prayers. And then, as they crowded toward what seemed the poorest and most miserable part of the river population, over water which yielded the pestilential odor of an open drain, the guarding shore trees parted for a vista, and the boatmen shouted, '*Shap-sam-hong!*'[1]

Here at last were the world-famed Factories; more noted than the bazaars of fabled Bagdad, surrounded in the minds of Westerners with more glamour and dreamy speculation than the Lands of Gold. They were apparently three-story buildings, of brick and stucco, foundationed with granite. In appearance they might have been in any city of the West; only, the gnarled and twisted layers of roofs that fell away over the city to westward told of the proximity of exotic Canton — Canton, the City of the Genii; Canton, the City of the Rams.

At the landing-stage the space was open, and they disembarked at the portion of the foreign quarter which bore the mellifluous and meaningful name of Jackass Point. If Calvin had had olfactory evidence of the imminence of a great land city's existence from the smells upon the nearer water, the smell ashore was to accentuate it still

[1] Cantonese for 'The Thirteen Factories.'

more; the odors here opened full upon his nostrils like a blow from the hoofs of the animal after which the Point was named. Here was fetid, unmistakable smell, undiluted with joss sticks or incense or scented paper; to be escaped only upon the mounting terraces, and in the cool interiors of the ugly Hongs.

He saw flags waving atop the American, English, and Dutch Hongs. As they mounted the terraces his father named for him the other Hongs or Factories: names which in their characteristic Oriental floweriness and oddity made, to Calvin at least, some compensation for the unrelieved ugliness of their façades. The first of the thirteen was the Danish Factory, named Huang Ch'i from its yellow Danish ensign. Second came the Spanish Factory, Lü Sung, from Luzon in the Spanish Philippines. New China Street, tabarded with the signs of shops, separated these two by its narrow length. Third came the French Factory, Kao Kung, or the High Public; fourth came the Factory of Chungqua, Wan Yüan, or The Ten Thousand Fountains. Another alley-like and sign-hung thoroughfare, Old China Street, intersected here, and then came the American Factory, Kuang Yüan, or Wide Fountains. Sixth was the Austrian Factory which also sheltered Belgian trade, and was called Ma Ying, or The Twin Eagles. Seventh came the Factory of Pao Shun, a native, aptly named The Precious and Prosperous, and shared in part by the Dent firm of factors. Eighth came the Swedish Factory, Sui, for the Scandinavian homeland. Ninth came the Old English Factory, Lung Shun, or The Gloriously Prosperous. Tenth came the Chow-Chow, or Mixed Factory, occupied by Syrian, Parsee, Bengalese, and Javanese traders, and designated T'en T'ai, The Great and Affluent — no small compliment to the ami-

cable relations of the widely diverse nationalities trading under its mansard roof. Eleventh came the New English Factory, named Pao Ho, or Ensures Harmony. Twelfth came the Dutch Factory, Chi I, indicating Assembled Righteousness. The thirteenth Factory, named The Creek, was called I Ho, or Justice and Peace.

As he walked with his father toward the American Factory, Calvin observed the ugly building narrowly, since it evidently was to be one of the main objectives of the Canton sojourn. It was of three-story construction, with a mansard roof like its flanking buildings. The exterior walls were of brick and stucco in purely utilitarian combination; there was nothing exotic or Oriental about it; to Calvin it might have been any building by any American wharf. Only the terraces leading up to it bespoke the minutiæ of faultless gardening in a manner foreign to any landscaping the boy had known. Up and down the steps cut into the terraces a continuous stream of coolies, linguists, compradores, shrotters, court-going men, sailors and their officers, and traders of all nations were passing, and one and all accorded to Captain Peleg a recognition and welcome befitting such a famous mariner; bestowing upon Calvin interested looks as though to divine in his boyish face some of the characteristics of his doughty father.

As they mounted to the terrace of the Factories there came the curving roof lines of Canton, swelling up toward the foreign quarter like the low roll of a mighty sea. The American Factory seemed less pretentious now, but its air of bustle seemed to indicate that it made up in volume of business for what it lacked in size. And now they were passing through the arched doorway in its center, and Calvin was presently introduced to Mr. Richard Dent,

the resident American factor, and an old friend of his father — a tall, bearded, lantern-jawed, shrewd Yankee.

'Any new developments?' asked Captain Peleg of the factor.

'I don't expect you'll have much opposition, Peleg,' answered Dent, 'but there will be some. You know how changeable they are. And the salt officials are afraid it will end their monopoly.'

'Aye — that it may!' mused Captain Peleg. 'But I'll brook no obstacles, Dent; there's more at stake in this for me than the shipbuilding.' He told him about the engines with which he had equipped the Sea Empress and the White Lightning, and how he proposed to salvage them for the Chinese vessels. It tickled Dent's shrewd sense of humor.

'Powtinqua's stevedores will stand by, then, until you give the word,' said Dent. 'We'll instruct them to have all in readiness for hoisting the engines as soon as it seems safe to go ahead. Forbes is somewhere around here now, sir,' he said to Captain Peleg. 'He seemed rather crestfallen.'

'So he might!' laughed Captain Peleg. 'They are two nice boys, those skippers. I know, Dent; I coddled 'em myself: ordinary seamen to master mariners. But engines and all, I've beat their ships to Canton.' He mused. 'You've sailed, Dent; you'll understand. I love that Lenore like — well, like men their sweethearts. And she — well, somehow I have the feeling she'll never fail me. You understand?'

'I understand, Peleg. We won't fail her, either. I've arranged for the first run of new tea against the time they'll be ready to go back in May. Double the rates, too, if you can make the run in the same time as the voyage out.'

'We'll better it on the way back. Ought to shave at least ten days off. You know how that current sets northward off Pernambuco.'

'I do, Peleg. Makes me homesick to think of it. What are your plans for the son? You know what the Chinese say: "When young, don't go to Canton!"' he said slyly.

'I've pulled him out of Harvard to make a man of him. Dammit, Dent, I know this is no place for a young man. But sometimes I think Boston isn't either. What have schools to give to a lad? They take all his strength of mind and independence away. Why, I've had fifty-four hours' schooling only, all my life, and I'll outlarn any fancy professors in Cambridge.'

'I wish Mrs. Dent had not gone back to Boston for a visit; she could have watched over him — a woman's eye is better than a man's. At any rate, it won't be hard to keep an eye on him. There isn't much room to roam here, in Canton, for a white boy,' finished the factor.

'He'll be traveling a pretty steady beat between the shipyard and our house, I'll warrant you,' opined Captain Peleg, laying his ship's papers on Mr. Dent's desk. That individual motioned to a Eurasian clerk.

'Richards,' said Dent, 'this is Captain Parker's son. He might like a look around.'

'Very well, sir,' answered the clerk. 'This way, sir, if you please, sir,' he requested of Calvin. 'I've a small errand in the farther wing, but it will be just as well. We can work through the factory floors from that side until we come to the office again.' He spoke English with an odd accent, mulling his *r*'s.

Calvin followed the clerk out into the office proper where American, Eurasian, and native clerks were busy with pen and brush and abacus, checking incoming and

outgoing manifests of cargoes. Nothing could have suited him better than this: to roam this storied building, to penetrate to lairs of curiosity-piquing scents and odors, to explore its cavernous shelter that gave storage to the wares of peoples diverse and innumerable.

They passed through a door and came into an inner court. Ahead of them arose a replica of the building they had just left, with an arched passage at its side. Through this they gained another open courtyard where trucking coolies sweated over the repacking and ginning of cotton bales. They passed through and entered the doorway of the third wing. Here a whole floor was given over to the storage of cotton and silk. Outside the window at the farther side ran Thirteen Factories Street, or the Shap-sam-hong Highway; and to the eastward showed other buildings hidden hitherto — the warehouses or godowns of the dead mandarin Howqua, of Tang Shin and Powtinqua, sublet by their owners in turn to other merchants of lesser degree.

The great hulk of the building rumbled and thundered with the trucking and tiering of merchandise, and the walls echoed with the soft gutturals of orders given in the Canton tongue. By Calvin passed the loin-clothed coolies, sweating under the weight of Chefu silk crêpe and nankeen and cotton in the raw, tabulated by clerks in a solemn ritual of checking numbers with brushes on paper pads.

And now they were mounting the staircase and reached a floor where were earthen jars of rare India lacquer, and piled cakes of lac dye and shellac; passing by aromatic coffins of camphor and sandalwood whose odors scented of the guileful perfume of opium besides. Now came boxes of gum dragon and tins of China oil; a loft filled

with strung-up gunnysacks bitter-smelling from galls and fragrant with mace; and out again into a room piled high with chests of Socotrine aloes, bags of gambier, and leaky tins of ghee. In an adjoining compartment were bales of carthamus, of smilax, and of the medicinally potent wild ginseng; and as they retraced their steps to circumnavigate a partition they passed the strong room, secured in this farthest wing, within which rested the chests of gold mohurs and silver rupees of the East India Company's issue; United States, Spanish, Peruvian, Mexican, Bolivian, and Chilean dollars, whole and chopped; and toward it they met advancing a compradore with his dotchin and attendant shrotters, to verify and weigh in a whole truck of sycee silver ingots and motley dollars, equal in pennyweight to several thousand taels.

Calvin and his guide now passed along a wall where were ranged drums of camphor, outside rooms wherein were piled the bronze and ivory rape of monasteries and temples; bales of gold-weighted tapestries that could stand upward to the hand, and softer stuffs that breathed forever in their lightness like zephyrs on summer seas.

And now in the second wing they came to whole floors of catties and chests of teas: Souchong, Oolong, and Young Hyson; Bohea, Congo, and Twankay; Pekoe and Gunpowder; Hyson, Cape, and Pouchong. Up and down between the tiers passed the tea-taster, followed by his cup-bearers, sampling the various teas and marking the chests, striking an average for each tier which fixed its definite grade and value.

In the adjoining compartment he saw how Nature was improved upon; for the Eurasian explained with a sly smile the processing under way in the big copper bowls at the hands of the workers, whereby used tea was being art-

fully reclaimed for yet another brewing, doctoring it with Prussian blue and gypsum, adulterating it with dust and sweepings and sweet-smelling chloranthus and the leaves of the sloe and ash. This was the *lie* tea, yielding a concoction on infusion hardly inferior to that of the fresh teas unless sampled by the critical palates of connoisseurs. On they walked; past the barreled China-ware, the sacks of sea slugs, kans of arsenic, cased jars of chow-chow, tins of pepper and areca-nut, and boxes of cocoons. They came to the floor where in seaweed-insulated divisions reposed row on row of chests of firecrackers, and flanking them on either side were the rooms filled with cases of tom-toms and kegs of fishy glue. And now they came to the high room on the third floor of the central structure, where were propped tierces filled with the most select tobaccos of the world; and going downstairs again, came upon bales of kittysols, gins of fans and boxes of tortoise-shell ware, bristle bales and hemp. Ahead of them casks of munjeet dye nestled by kegs of arrack and hartal, barrels of sweet and dry Chinese and European wines and dubbers of Java honey. The air was heavy with the scents of musk and ginger and jasmine and aromatic galangal rising from jars and kegs and casks that nestled by tins of peppermint flour and of kaya-putch. Piled high on cuttings of sandalwood and camphor wood and red dyewood and varnish tree were bales of mats, gunnies of garlicky turmeric, and baskets of Capoor cutch; bundles of gunja and Malacca canes. Tubs of munsells foundationed the baskets of white, medium, and black edible nests, and the floor teak was browned below the casks of Shoyu sauce and kegs of sirupy preserves; whole cases of glass bangles streamed a treasure of varied jewels by baskets of copper cash. Now, on the main floor

of the last wing the beams sagged below the weight of baled tinfoil, leaf brass, and pigs of antimony and lead; and incoming boxes of toys and clocks and watches and American jewelry found stowage space alongside the baled cotton and steel and pig iron and boxed machinery and hardware showing the beginnings of the leverage of the West.

They had made the whole round of the Hong, the laconic clerk telling the names of commodities by rote, and then relapsing into accustomed taciturnity. Calvin could see that his guide was bored — and, after all, why should he not be? How could he imagine the tempestuous glory this *grand tour* had wrought within the heart of the eager boy? But it seemed as though the clerk unbent as they neared the end of the journey. Again they stopped by the Treasure Room of the bronzes and ivories, and the Eurasian fingered with a loving touch the cobweb figurines, the balls revolving within balls to nothingness, the soft, carven jades and the bronzes with their patina of centuries; the porcelain and the *cloisonnés*, the carved lacquer-work and embroideries, wherein artist and artisan had captured whole cities and gardens and jungles and glimpses of Paradise. It was, thought Calvin, as he too fingered them lovingly, as though this offspring of two civilizations dreaded the inevitable departure of these treasures for the barbarian mansions and palaces of the West; spoils of trade conquest no less than spoils of war, their carving and inlaying and timeless craftsmanship traded for low-touch sycee silver or a lac of outside dollars; forever alien and discordant, and longing, as inanimate things may long, for their native country.

His father was pacing the floor nervously when he returned. 'By Gad, sir,' exclaimed Captain Peleg im-

patiently, 'make no mistake; the place is yours! You've idled away Mr. Dent's best checker's whole morning. Mr. Dent, sir!' — he hailed the factor; 'Mr. Dent, mark what I say. One year out of Harvard, but if you put him through his paces, I'll wager he'll know less than that mugwump liplap over there.'

Calvin acknowledged the deprecation shame-facedly; eyeing his new acquaintance, he felt he would not bother him much, any more. 'I enjoyed the visit though, sir,' he said to Mr. Dent; and then he was out the door following down the terrace after his father.



CHAPTER XX

THE VILLA OF POWTINQUA

In preparation for the long stay in China, Captain Peleg had leased a commodious house in the foreign quarter near the Factories. The 'foreign devils,' of whatever nationality, were not permitted the use of dwellings in the city of Canton proper, and their area of living was confined to the Factory Garden. In this space of two hundred feet wide by about a thousand feet long, extending between Hog Lane and Old China Street and walled at the east and west end, with the Cha-min, or Respondentia Walk, promenade in front, the whole life of the white residents of Canton centered. The quarters of Captain Peleg and Calvin were, like all the houses, separated from the other residences by a small alleyway. It was two residences removed from the Club, with its Occidental solaces of library and billiard room, and on a tangent to the Anglican Church, in its architecture so widely at variance with the surrounding commercial and Oriental scene.

As Calvin found out the full measure of isolation which was to be meted out to him, his heart rebelled. One might

not, he found, even visit the great temple across the river; might not even row upon the water. It had grown warm with the imminence of the early Canton springtime, and in the cool of the evening the interminable promenading, up and down, up and down, of the European residents and their scarce wives, joined by the commanders and officers of ships, maddened him. He would have preferred to remain on board the Lenore, but she was due to sail shortly and, besides, his father frowned upon the idea. He walked over to Jackass Point, and looked over the seething egg-boats of the river-folk each evening, envying them their *camaraderie* and neighborliness and liberty of movement. He heard of breaks in the residential monotony; of summer excursions to Macao, Hangchow, or Victoria; of tiffining, dancing, and excursions to the White Cloud Hills and the Honam Temple, the Parsee gardens and the shops; journeys compensating somewhat for being caged up like wild beasts by a river having for its denizens the vilest part of the water population, smelling like a drain.

And now, established in residence, with Ah Cum John, a native compradore, as loquacious head of their *ménage*, aided by a multifarious group of larn-pidgin house boys, with his whole mode of living altered, Calvin decided that, after all, life in China had its compensations. He arose at eight; a China boy made ready his bath, serving him hot tea while dressing. At nine came breakfast: fried fish, cutlets, cold roast meat; boiled eggs; tea and bread and butter. Then the fastboat came to the landing-stage, for the Danes Island yard. At four in the afternoon, Calvin and his father returned, to dine on turtle soup, a curry, a roast, and pastry; all American style except the curry. Dessert would be of cheese; fruit, such as pineapple, lungan, or mangoes; and lichee. There was the inevitable

pot of tea, some Portuguese wine besides Captain Peleg's favorite Antigua, and stout English beer; and, although it was nominally late winter, the air was moist and warm, and a China boy stolidly waved a punkah at mealtime.

Calvin was to learn that the official visit whereby he became introduced to the mandarin Powtinqua had made him acquainted with one of the most influential men of Canton and the province of Kwangtung. Powtinqua, with other mandarins such as the learned Tang Shin, was a member of a powerful Guild; possessing the power of levying tariff duties and regulating many trades, and even issuing to departing vessels their port clearance papers, or Hung pae. The richer merchants in this Guild purchased their ranks as mandarins or quahns in the nobility at costs that ran upward from a hundred thousand taels. In favor with the governing powers, controlling nearly all the godown or warehousing space and chopboat and junk bottoms, they tyrannized over countless lesser dealers, traders, and shipowners, and yet created a tremendous clanship which in turn caused the lesser merchants to aid the bigger in the resistance of every encroachment upon their privileges.

It was to sidestep the multifarious, if friendly, yoke of the native merchants that American captains established their own import and export agencies at Canton. The Boston trade, under the furtherance of such men as Captain Parker, greatly amplified the commerce of Canton to the extent of many extra hundred thousand lacs of dollars for Powtinqua and the other Hong merchants. It was natural that the Americans should have a Factory for the ingress and egress of their commodities, and though the American Hong was far from being as pretentious as the two English ones, for instance, Calvin had

seen that it made up in volume and variety of business for what it lacked in size. It was a monument to the kind of diplomacy which Americans were forever to exert in their dealings with the Chinese, and which was to make the Chinese the Yankees' fast friends in a way the French and English canister and ruthless bullying and treachery would never avail.

On a sunlit morning in late January another venture in the same kind of Yankee-Chinese diplomacy was to take place, for the gig of Powtinqua waited at Jackass Point Terrace, and in his best gear Calvin sat alongside his father and Mr. Dent upon the center thwart, under a silken canopy whose caught-back side drapings gave the effect of a floating sedan chair. They were rowed and poled out fendering to Sulphur Creek, a branch of the Pearl which swept around the west of the city. The gorgeous gigs of the other mandarins and merchants appeared bound on the same errand along the flat shores that swept upward toward the bold range of hills to the northeast. In two hours the three-story pagoda landmark of the gardens was seen; they reached a terrace which led upward to a granite wall whose gateposts were surmounted by the green-and-yellow-tiled devil-exorcisers, whose ferocious grimaces and magic swords warded off malignant spirits.

The approach to the villa was by a series of splendid terraces, along whose walks rested woven cages filled with silver pheasants, storks, mandarin ducks, rare mouse deer and other animals. At the terrace sides rose summer houses over whose lofty platforms green and blue and yellow pennants were waving, their kaleidoscopic color and movement reflected in the lotus pools below.

At the end of the vista formed by these showed the

villa proper, the grandeur and massive elegance of its construction indexing the position, rank, and luxurious taste of its occupant. Upon it gleamed the yellow of tile sacred only to Manchu palaces, and its curving gables were surmounted by long rows of fantastic animals and guardian gods. It seemed a great exotic bloom nestling within the patterning of pine and silver almond; one with the potted hothouse hollyhocks and amaranth, coxcomb and magnolia, double jasmine and sweet basil, which dotted for this occasion every portion of the spacious grounds.

They mounted to the entrance, flanked by banners bearing welcoming salutations, and the door opened. A servant in a uniform of light blue embroidered with devices on the breast ushered them over the polished blackwood floor, inlaid with teak and mother-of-pearl, into the drawing-room, already filling with distinguished guests. Carven blackwood beams supported its ceiling, and along the windowless walls shone forth exquisite frescoes by native artists, picturing the land and maritime interests of the owner, and showing him in the full gorgeous regalia of a mandarin of the second rank. Centered in one wall was a great plate-glass mirror in a golden frame from France, reflecting the crystal chandelier which hung above a mahogany table whose exquisite carving made it glow like a fairy forest in the center of the room. Pendent from the chandelier was a golden chest which contained Powtinqua's dearly purchased patent of nobility; and suspended from the chest in turn were red ribbons of stiff brocade, carrying the Emperor's personally expressed wishes for Powtinqua's happiness and long life. About the room against the walls were Shinto temple chairs of teak and locust from Kyoto, key-scroll ornamentation relieving their austere simplicity and draping of embroid-

ered scarlet. Flanking them were tabourettes of complemental pattern. Two bronze stoves, whose elaborate adornment of imperial dragons in high relief braggarted the fact of having originally been utilized in the palaces of the Ming emperors, stood at opposite ends of the room. Upon the tabourettes rested vases with flowers and bowls of strange and unbelievably perfect fruit; while an inlaid cabinet clock of Western make presently chimed the hour.

In this great room, scented with the perfume of joss-stick powder specially made at Anking of nutmeg and sandal, fir, cedar, and garoo, Calvin moved with his father, the while the latter kept up a pleasantly conversational clacker with the American factor and the native merchants. The gorgeousness of the scene within which the Boston lad moved might be described in a catalogue of phrases, but its combined effect was indescribable. He detected discords in the Oriental *nuances* of the furnishings; the blending of Oriental and Occidental furnishing had not the same happy eventuality of pleasant good taste as in his Boston home. Only, here the setting seemed to *belong* to this symphony of silken color and light and perfume. The great crystals of the chandelier ablaze with light tossed facetings to the single-button jeweled hats of the mandarins, from the ruby button of Governor Yeh, the crafty Governor of the Province with whom Calvin's father was earnestly conversing, to the coral, sapphire, lapis-lazuli, crystal, white stone, and worked gold buttons of mandarins of the lower ranks. The white felt soles of satin boots swished softly over the polished floor; single, double, and triple peacock feathers waved forth the degree of martial bravery of their wearers; then all was silence, as a low gong announced the imminence of their host. Preceded by a bearer carrying a

screen-like fan, Powtinqua entered the room, even more gorgeously robed than when he had paid his ceremonious visit to the Lenore, and the tedious ceremonials of etiquette began.

Servitors entered with trays of sweetmeats, which they placed upon the table and tabourettes; the mandarins turned from formality to informality, cramming the sweet stuffs into their mouths. Powtinqua sought out Calvin, and showered him with little acts of attention, pressing upon him a nest tray of sweetmeats. To refuse were unthinkable; it would have been violation of a hospitable, sacred custom; and, besides, Calvin was left no choice. Powtinqua had taken up a handful and was cramming them down Calvin's throat as fast as physical limitations would permit.

The gong sounded again, and the mandarins followed Powtinqua from the room. As the mandarin reached the door of another apartment across a wide vestibule, he stood aside until his guests entered. When Captain Peleg and Calvin approached, he motioned them to wait, and, clapping his hands, a youth of about Calvin's own age advanced from a screened doorway.

This was Powtinqua's only son, Chao. He was attired in a dove-colored robe embroidered with a profusion of chrysanthemums. Above its black satin collar showed a slender, pleasant face, agreeably lit with clear eyes of sparkling brown, and eyes and robe presaged his own and his father's hope for the day when he could wear the violet silk of a doctor and its golden cope, and below the double-flowered spray of his hat receive advantageous offers of marriage, far above the other Hong merchants' sons, however wealthy. For, honorable and important as a mandarin's position was, he was not strictly of the nobility,

however much his dress and manner of living might arrogate aristocratic prerogatives. His wealth and influence made Powtinqua the envy of the other quahns or mandarins, and yet his splendid villa lacked among its ornaments that literary pole which signified the possession of the highest educational honors on the part of one of its occupants. This was the 'Forest of Pencils' which Powtinqua had deprecatingly mentioned to Captain Peleg in his conversation aboard ship; and the mandarin now introduced his only son to Calvin with full appreciation of the consequences the meeting would involve.

Powtinqua was astute enough to realize that, despite Chao's proficiency in the foreign tongue, he spoke but jumbled gibberish compared to the command of speech possessed by their visitor and honored guest; and, in addition, he was anxious to have the intelligent Chao sound the intellectual capacity of this Boston boy, the product of the mysterious and mighty Occidental civilization; this Western lad who had attended the great Harvard, the mere mention of which carried with it the glamour of all the superior advancements of the West. On Calvin's part the introduction to Chao caused his heart to leap with sudden pleasure. Through the impalpable wall of opposing civilizations, eye had spoken to eye; and, without ever a word being spoken, each knew that he had found a friend — Chao to watch Calvin's every gesture with an eye and mind keen for emulation; and Calvin to possess in Chao a companion on whom he could depend to complete his introduction into the quaint and devious ways of the Eastern land.

They advanced into the chamber, their fathers following, and made their way to an open space against the wall where mats were spread. The whole company now

seated themselves; the mingling strains of an orchestra were heard, wherein one player struck upon a metal ball, another scraped a stringed instrument, and a third educed shrill notes from a kind of flute; and with swift suddenness the figure of a maiden fluttered into the room, like a white moth from the purple shadows of flowers.

Her name, Chao confided to Calvin, was Fi Yen, 'Flying Swallow,' a sing-song maiden from a flower boat in Canton Harbor; and indeed she was like the graceful bird whose name she bore as she swayed through the intricate measures of her dance; now like a white silken banner, curving with the zephyr's breath; now like a wind-bent flower, cupped to the kiss of bees. Her great dark eyes were oval pools aslant within the rosy pointing of her perfect face, as she posed quaintly, irresistibly stirring the blood of these notables of the East by her restrained exotic magnetism, her consummate art, her painted and coifed and jeweled and silkened beauty. The orchestra wailed and tremoloed a sounding clicker as though from castanets; the mandarins sat breathless and dumb, except for odd clicking sounds within their throats; sounds which hinted at an admiration not shared by their concubines at home nor their fat and somnolent and ageing wives. Then with an odd little shudder, Fi Yen was gone, swaying in curtsy to the gathering

House girls in blue embroidered robes and cherry silken slippers now bore in rare appetizers and hors d'œuvres on plates of Siuyen jade — candied walnuts, hempseed sweet, and apricot kernels blanched in oil; fragrant kum-ying-ko, wheat-sprout toffee, and peppermint stick; and dried shrimps, water beetles, and silkworms grilled in oil; brittled gizzards, and darkly ancient eggs dug from their hundred-year burial in the earth of stoical Yangchow.

On olden Kwangtung ware, paling its pheasants and hollyhocks, came pudding of arrowroot and condiment of Tongking cardamon; pears from Laiyang, persimmons from Chenfeng, and mangoes, bananas, and pineapples from Wan; Pei-Kiang oranges from the nether vale; Kwangtung gumgats, Yenchow dates, and the mellow ginger of Waichow.

So far Calvin was able to advance along the course of the banquet without any difficulty, such as would attend one accustomed to dining in the Western fashion. He ate of the sweetmeats and fruits, using his fingers or the slender ivory sticks whereon the fruits and condiments came impaled. But now came deep tureens of mucilaginous birds' nests from the Java and Chihli cliffs; bear paws from Manchuria; deer sinews from Kirin; and mandarin ducks, flattened and roasted whole. The gelatinous dishes were scooped up none too gently or noiselessly in great ladles which served as spoons; the paws, sinews, and fowl were torn asunder by the hands of Chao, and the choicest portions forced into Calvin's mouth by the unselfishly hungry Chinese lad.

Then came the choice *bêches de mer* — rare sea slugs gathered from New Holland's ocean floor; shark fins and cuttlefish from Ningpo; and crackling shoats from Kiungchow. The chopsticks ceased their rapid journeys. The clatter of conversation died; men eased their girdles' span; Chao desisted from his forcings of delectable morsels upon his new friend. Yet more courses came: of braised golden pheasant and shellfish; soups of mare's milk and blood; bamboo sprouts and potatoes various; and 'The Rice of the Immortals,' rarest of mushrooms from Hupeh.

Again the servitors advanced, bearing great platters of sea stars and tench, and beef from the tender Chinkiang

cattle. But these were only ceremonial; and warm wet towels were passed among the guests, whereon to wipe their mouths and hands. Eructating tremendously in compliment to their hospitable and resourceful host, they withdrew to the tea chamber. Here began the tea ceremony, over fumously fragrant rare Pun Cho; and when it was over, pipes and cigars were passed, and Lafitte, Chambertin, Tokay, and dry Shaohingfu vintages served the guests. A pleasant sensation of physical well-being possessed Calvin; he saw life before him in its most pleasant aspects as he reclined luxuriously against Chao's shoulder, lost in an agreeable daze.

Then, feeling for the first time in his life equal to the task, he lit and smoked, without hindrance or mishap, his first cigar.



CHAPTER XXI

THE EAST AND THE WEST

THE fumes of the fragrant tobaccos of Smyrna, of Sumatra, of Havana, of Fatshan filled the room as the mandarins reclined somnolently upon the mats. Their Gargantuan labors in the dining-pavilion and the flood of wines had gorged their blood to tremendous heat, and at pressing intervals their gorgeous robes peeled from their persons like so many onion skins, until their disarray crowded the room with discarded garments above which their corpulent forms showed as though afloat upon silken billows.

All smoked expectantly. The day's diversion, arranged as a measure of hospitality to his august guests, had really been staged by Powtinqua for his friend Peleg Parker with a definite object.

It was not to be expected that a free hand would be given by the Government on the proposed shipbuilding, since the Manchu régime presumed to regulate ship designs even as it did the native architecture. But by devious ways that objection had been got around. No;

opposition had developed among some of the native Hong merchants themselves. Further complications had arisen with the activities of the graft-seeking and crafty salt officials, who saw in the proposed new ships but another opportunity to gild their purses. It was a credit to Powtinqua's tact and diplomacy that he had brought these two opposing elements together, with a view to making even their own selfish motives serve his own ends. Chao had been delegated to search diligently through the scrolls of the great sages of the past; but, wise as they were, none of their sayings offered a precedent for such a step as the building of vessels in the manner of the foreign devils' ships. It was a puzzled Powtinqua who now sat smoking his long Havana, cogitating a method whereby he could serve his Western friend's interests and his own.

The anticipated conversation on the matter of the projected ships was opened by Tang Shin, who asked Captain Parker if he had brought with him diagrams and explanations of the manner in which he proposed to manufacture ships which would go by the force of vapor and wood and burning earth.

At a signal from Powtinqua, two boys entered with two immense books filled with mechanical diagrams. With a bow toward Tang Shin, Powtinqua blandly addressed the assembly. He briefly explained how, due to the acknowledged lack of technical knowledge among his countrymen, he had prevailed upon Captain Peleg Parker, the great Yankee mariner and builder of ships, to come to Canton as their honored guest to construct vessels in the marvelous manner of the Western country. He emphasized the tremendous personal and business sacrifice their guest had made in accepting the invitation, and what a great advantage it would be to have these

books of mystical Western lore become as familiar to their sons as the classics of the San-Tse-King or the Tsien-Tse-Wen. Arraying his facts in masterly fashion and presenting them succinctly and briefly, he finished within the space of five minutes and bowed to Captain Peleg, who arose and made obeisance to the assembly.

Much depended upon the speech he was now to make to these inscrutable representatives of the self-contained East. He dared not invite any thought of failure; already loosened in those vessels' holds the giant engines of the Sea Empress and the White Lightning waited the lifts of the stevedores to convey them to Danes Island. Tied up with this salvage of the invalidated East Boston Company contract was the hardily won integrity of his personal and maritime honor and reputation. But he knew that opposition from these men was natural, moulded and educated and trained as they were in a country, the poverty of whose physical science was hardly counterbalanced by any advancement it might possess on its, to him, incomprehensible metaphysical side.

The Chinese language, over which he had perfect command, held no phrases he could bend to the words in his mind on the proposed shipbuilding. He would have to choose his way carefully, steering a safe course through other difficulties which presented themselves: the proscriptive act San Francisco had passed against the Chinese four years before; local jealousies, graft-seekings and bickerings, whose combined result might well loom enormously negative. All eyes were upon him as, with a lightning-like mental survey of his speech, conned over and over on the long passage outward, he cleared his throat as for a purely extemporaneous effort and addressed the gathering.

'Most August High Imperial Commissioner, Viceroy of Ti Tsung Ch'ing, Lord of the Whole Earth and Brother of the Sun and Moon; Emperor of the Celestial Kingdom and of the Four Seas under the Heavens:

'Thrice-Brave and Wisely-Feared Director of the Board of War:

'Excellencies, the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor of the two Kwang Provinces:

'Comptroller of Kwangtung Maritime Customs:

'Most Influential and Power-Embracing Mandarins of the Illustrious Port of Canton, whose praiseworthy endeavors on behalf of Commerce have lent luster and power to the Ch'ing Dynasty, and made it renowned and feared, and whose business abilities are second no less to your bravery and strategy in time of War:

'From a country distant to your own by seventy thousand *li*, your more than humble servant, Peleg Parker, mariner and shipbuilder of Boston, has braved the perils of the great and boundless ocean, the thunders and the lightnings and the howlings of tempests and the jeopardy of the crocodile and the whale, bringing to the shores of your land my three vessels laden with the interior works of the new ships of Western shape and fashion which I have been commissioned to construct. On a former voyage, in conformity to a request received from your Board of Mandarins and their Excellencies of the High Imperial Commission, the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, a manifesto was issued by them to me, wherein was embodied their joint directions; and a bond was issued, conjointly in your native and the barbarian character and script.

'But now, most august assemblage, is it not gossip that difficulties are to be created to surround the construction

of these vessels? What might it be but the chatter of the horde of fast crabs which infest your shores, whose cricket voices are swollen by the yelps of altar-mice and city-foxes? Most sage notabilities, shall these triflers thwart your all-embracing will?

'Foreign ships come to Canton to engage in commercial intercourse, and extensive indeed are the profits which are realized. And whereas the vessels which in former years annually arrived did not amount to the number of several tens, they have of late years reached the number of as many as a hundred and several tens; and their entire quantities can be disposed of with advantage. Furthermore, of whatever goods they desire to purchase there are none but what they can forthwith procure. Let me ask, then, if between the whole heavens and the earth there can be anywhere else found such an advantageous commercial mart as this? But of late years profits have not increased in their natural order. The red-haired and black-haired barbarians have razed your forts and flouted your laws, and because there has been much trouble commerce has been diverted to ports less soldierly favored.

'Has not Shanghai, because of its nearer proximity to the tea districts, lessened the number of tea chops upon the River? Is it not also true that Shanghai, being near the silk districts, better prices may there be obtained? Therefore traders will abandon the old and long route to Canton. Already I have seen contracts for the next year's produce, deliverable at Shanghai port.

'Foochow will, in time, be a port for the purchase of black teas; Amoy and Ningpo, that have never furnished anything worthy of notice, now sail forth their full-laden junks to the number of twenty times ten. Nevertheless, if

Canton will but prudently and vigorously nourish the facilities now enjoyed, a commerce may be insured to continue superior to any port in the East.

'Your shipping is no clandestine commerce, unacknowledged by laws, but has the express sanction of His Excellency the Viceroy. But is it not true that your naval architecture wears the shape of great antiquity? Such vessels as Marco Polo — he whose joss is venerated among your Genii — saw in the thirteenth century of the Western era are yet to be found engaged in the commerce of your country. And is it not true that they are bound in their intercourse with foreign merchants by the pleasure of the Monsoons? August listeners, so long as you remain at the mercy of the Monsoons and upon the level of your competitors with your ocean-sailing vessels, just so shall your commerce continue to depart from you and profits dissolve to nothingness.

'I have come before you as a friend of your country, and as a friend mine is the privilege to speak unpalatable truths. Is it reprehensible that I should make a long farewell to my country that I might come here to build for you vessels of the patterns of the present day? And is it not proper that my patterns be given oversight by myself, who alone am responsible?

'Such ships as I have been honored with orders for building by the mariners and merchants of the West have been built seaworthily and well. As I have built in my home city, so will I build here.

'The vessels I shall construct will be of superior class, with planks and upper works of teak, and will cost, with their going-around entrails, far less than vessels of equal piculs burden constructed by your native experts at Siam or Amoy.

'Such vessels as I build shall sail in the fashion of all ships that fly the Flowery Flag. The sails of your vessels are of woven bamboo; I shall equip the newer vessels with fabric equal to that with which I have suited my own. My newer vessels shall come and go unmindful of the Monsoons. With the engines which I shall place in their holds they will far outdistance speedy junks. The maws of these engines consume only cheap cakes of coal dust and turf, but are thereby transformed into monsters of thundering wrath, which cunning instruments bridle as one covers the mouth of a child.

'In capacity and finish they shall be commodious and elegant, suited to the depth and velocity of the native streams, and the width of the locks and the floodgates of the canals and rivers they are intended to navigate. Their speed offers security against piratical attacks. When the slavers steal from the barracoons at night from Macao, these newer vessels may give chase and overtake them with swift justice.

'I draw toward the close of my discourse. I hold out my hands to you; see, they are empty of arms or the instruments of violence, such as others have inflicted upon you. They broke in upon your defenses; I seek to give you wisdom and defenses equal to theirs. Who is there to say I am here to work you ill? I have finished.'

He sat down to a murmur of polite clucking.

But, tactful and all-embracing as his oration was, he was not suffered to go without interrogation. An old mandarin had arisen, and Captain Peleg courteously gave him attention.

'Our ancestors have transmitted to us no words of wisdom on the devil-devil vessels which the august foreigner offers to build,' he said.

'Who withholds speech makes no mistakes,' said Powtinqua in reply. 'Is perchance not this the Way of which it has been said, "It is looked for, and cannot be seen?" It is of no great moment what you ask.' Then, in an aside, he whispered to Captain Peleg: 'The barbarian knows nothing of scientific principles. But we must beware of him. He is a hawk.'

'Will not the noise of these devil-devil boats disturb the spirits of our revered ancestors?' persisted the aged objector. Evidently the antagonistic element among the guests depended upon him as their spokesman. 'And will it not bring the wrath of the demons upon us and our sons?'

Captain Peleg answered that proper propitiation would be made to the ancestors, and in order to ward off all wrath of water and air demons the geomancers would be consulted, and the most lucky day ascertained for the beginning of the building of the ships as well as for their launching.

He then explained the use of the quadrant and sextant to his critical and unbelieving audience, elucidating how their navigators, after sailing over many thousand *li* of sea, could still ascertain their ships' positions, and would not have to depend upon landmarks. He further emphasized the remarkable fact that, due to the machinery he would install upon these vessels, when they sailed to the other side of the world they would not fall off.

This argument was not without its effect upon the audience; the venerable objector was profoundly impressed. Nevertheless he continued, doubtfully:

'The evil odor of smoke-blowing ships is unpleasant to the demons and will cause them to inflict many maladies upon us.'

'We Chinese fear demons, truly,' interjected the meditative Powtinqua. 'If the devil-devil vessels produce a great noise, this will frighten them away, and they will not harm us.'

It was a master-stroke. The mandarins and officials arose and surrounded Captain Peleg. Tang Shin, rising to the occasion, addressed him on their behalf, stating that if he would proceed with the building of the ships they would be under a great obligation; hinting at the presents with which they would reward him, and the care which would be taken to enroll him among the great benefactors of their people. With true Yankee instinct, Captain Peleg conveyed in his expression and bearing the impression that he was not overly eager to undertake the task, and, taking advantage of it, Powtinqua lost no time in securing the written vote of all present in favor of proceeding with the project. Dainty Fi Yen and the dancing girls again swept swiftly in among the guests, blindfolding the eager faces, tactfully coaxing them to play at moria and the solving of charades. So the afternoon waned, until the guest tea was proffered in signal of departure.

As the company moved down the Lane of the Red Twilight toward the gate, Powtinqua sprang his surprise. Below the swinging lines of lanterns the small model of a side-wheel steamship churned along the water, its funnel sending forth steam and smoke, its every part perfect with the painstaking workmanship of Chinese artisans. The assemblage paused in frightened admiration, and then passed on with a Babel of chatter to the landing. It was the last play in the game engineered by the astute Peleg and the suave Powtinqua. As the last scarlet sedan gig departed, and the attendant mace and stave bearers were

lost with the waving banners, the noisy gongs, and clattering sticks and drums down the river, they returned with their umbrella bearers to the villa, giggling with glee.

It had been arranged for Captain Peleg and his son to remain the night at the villa. After tiffining, the captain and his host became lost in the circular intricacies of the Game of the Thirty-Six Beasts, and the two boys went out into the garden. Their walk lay toward the little vessel, now dark and motionless at its mooring in the Pool of Stars.

'You will become a great navigator like your honored father,' said Chao in quaintly broken pidgin.

'I would rather become a great musician,' countered Calvin. 'Please tell me of your native music.'

'I know nothing of music,' announced Chao. 'My father has told me that if I avoid such vice I shall become a scholar and an industrious man.'

Calvin was thunderstruck.

'You are not alone; you have perhaps many brothers?' continued the Chinese boy naïvely.

'I have no brother. I have a sister,' informed Calvin.

'You are indeed poor — without a brother!' exclaimed Chao. 'A sister is like one's finger-nails, but brothers are like our hands and feet. I, too, am alone. I have no brother.

'Come — I like you!' announced the impulsive lad to the astonished Calvin. 'We shall be brothers! It can be done so in our land.'

He held his hands high, as though beseeching the powers of the air. Then he circled about Calvin and, pausing before him, embraced him, laying his head on his shoulder. With a small poniard, he drew blood from his upper arm

and stripped Calvin of his coat to do likewise. He touched the wounds together.

'Now we are sworn brothers,' announced Chao. 'Chao is your brother and friend forever — is it not so?'

Calvin was touched to the verge of tears. 'I am your sworn friend and brother, forever,' he answered gravely.

In the Hall of Ancestors, Chao placed incense before the ancestral tablets. In the dim light of the lamp a spot of red gleamed upon one of the characters carved upon the wood; the blood of the Western lad, commingled with his own. Then, bidding Calvin kowtow in harmonious unison with him before the household gods, he burned prayers before them, to mollify their wrath at his intrusion of a 'foreign devil' brother into the family over which they extended their benevolent protection.

The apartment to which he showed Calvin for slumber contained a great bed in the Western style, its posts set on rockers like a cradle. As the American lad sank into its downy billows, below the feathery tucking of silken comforters and embroidered counterpane, slumber lit his face with pleasure and wonder. It was pleasant to have friends, and wonderful to find them away from Boston, in strange places and in strange lands.



CHAPTER XXII

CANTON DAYS

Auspiciously, the building of the ships began. On the muddy shore of Danes Island rose the gaunt forest of bamboo scaffoldings beside the timbers which had gradually been accumulating for over a year: teak and Singapore hardwoods and timber from the Yunnan border; Oregon pine and spruce to reënforce the bamboo scaffoldings; oak; great natural crooks of cedar searched for far up the Chinese rivers and the pick of the great rafts that swung up coastwise from the Straits of Malacca. The best Indian teak was to be used for the shell of the boat above the waterline, and oak for the portion below. In the side timbers would be mortised the cedar knees to give beam strength and support the decks; and teak, mahogany, and blackwood would find their way into the trim and finish of the superstructure and deck floor and cabinet marquetry. The native lumber came short, making construction tedious in prospect. Bought and measured it was, too, by cubic inches, making extra computation necessary, and more difficult the giving of instruc-

tions; and the native carpenters and shipwrights whip-sawed and tendoned and mortised the timbers slowly in ways known to their ancestors before the white race carved their cavern homes with implements of flint.

Matting came on the junks from Wuchow for the houses of the laborers, but many of these disdained the muddy bank and built their houses here and there upon the scaffolding. Along the inclines which led from scaffold tiers of reed and grassrope-joined bamboo swarmed a medley of boys and girls, men and women, with babies strapped upon their backs. Guards kept day and night watch upon the copper plates brought up from Yunling, against thieves disguised among the sampan women who came to gather chips. Coolies worked at the forges, looking like noon devils by day; and in the darker hours, like the terrors by night. All this for fast-sailing, efficient screw steamers, with full supply of canvas; fast enough to make the Amoy or Formosa run, and broad and shallow-bottomed enough to navigate the shallow water of the rivers and canals and enable their crews and captains to go ashore without wading or getting their feet wet.

By rote the native head men and laborers learned the technical names and phrases, and the structural terms for every part of these great devil-devil ships, given in pidgin (business) English, the *lingua franca* of the whole Far East, understood and spoken by native and foreigner alike.

As for Calvin, he divided his time between the shipyard and the Lenore when he was at Whampoa Reach. He left it early each afternoon to spend a few hours with Chao, who supplanted the native tutor Captain Peleg had employed to teach him Chinese. One evening at the Club one of the British factors had blandly announced that

America should be thankful for being able to enjoy the privileges won for civilization by England, without having to do any of the dirty preliminary work. It was a nasty remark, and Captain Parker made a hot retort, with the result that the social amenities became strained and Calvin and his father paid the Club no more visits. It had the effect of throwing him back upon his own resources more than ever, and he gave the evening hours over to studying the native language. That of the western suburbs set the standard of correct pronunciation for the greater part of the province, and to this he applied himself with assiduity. He learned to write his name in Chinese characters very quickly, to the profound admiration of Ah Cum John, the compradore of their *ménage;* and picked up a more than fair smattering of the Southern Mandarin dialect, and the flowery book language of this strange people, whose real sentiments could hardly be ascertained from their spoken or printed word, and who cloaked the most matter-of-fact phrases in the suavely grandiloquent archaic wording of the past.

Broken in on by the holiday festivities of the Feast of Flowers, when Powtinqua's villa held again the august presences of the mighty ones, come to see the horticultural exhibition there, and the peach trees in bloom along the Lane of the Red Twilight; when the shipyard laborers, with colored poles capped with bells, made solemn pilgrimages to the rice-fields, and then chased the early butterflies until they stumbled and fell, overcome with the fumes of new rice wine; delayed still further by the Procession of Spring at the equinox, when the river barges came up the stream riotous with the bloom and perfume of peonies, and their petals lay like a satin carpet under the feet of the marchers — the construction

of the ships proceeded apace. Then came a day when the whole city was plunged into mourning; despite votives to Joh Wang, the medicine joss, the wife of the illustrious mandarin Tang Shin had died, and the mandarin gigs in mourning white moved mournfully toward the Temple of Honam with the funeral cortège. Behind them followed every one in Canton who could command a boat, and the less fortunate made their way across the bridge, the temple that day being open to flowery native and barbarian alike.

It was in the midst of this jostling crowd of pedestrians that Calvin and his father, with Powtinqua and his son, rode in sedans toward the temple. They were soon part of the funeral procession which followed behind the great pagoda-shaped catafalque, draped with scarlet and cloth of gold, and rumbling slowly forward under the silent propulsion of a hundred men in the red and orange of the Tang clan. The sound of beaten and stringed music filled the air with sad discordants, drowning the weeping of the keeners, as the cortège wended its way into the long courtyard and by the colossal guardian gods of the gateway; by the statues of The Four Celestial Kings, and thence along the broad path into the temple. The advance guard of stave bearers stood to one side below their proud banners, and the bearers of the giant grotesque idols gravitated to the other, shadowing below their grinning scarlet the venerable serving woman of Tang Shin's household, mournfully clad, who bore a miniature figure of her late mistress clad in rainbow-hued brocades, sparkling with countless brilliants. Then the elaborately carved and inlaid black-and-scarlet coffin of the departed rested before the railing between the right and left altars of the temple.

The processional of the priests and acolytes began, led by the abbot of the monastery. In gorgeous silk and gold vestments and alb, in mitre-like headgear and with crozier-like staff, he began the intonation of the Pali service before the candlelit altar. In lined rows and in red and yellow and violet and gray habits the attendant monks responded, chanting, their palms uplifted in supplication before the Buddha and the guardian gods; the cicatrices of their capital initiation showing in single, double, and triple spots upon their tuft-shaven heads.

With a twain of fan bearers Tang Shin prayed long and silently before the middle altar, kissing the steps repeatedly, muffling the sobs which betokened his profound grief; for he had loved his wife, and she had reigned alone in his household, respected in the Western fashion, and unchallenged in her position and authority by any of the customary concubines. At intervals between Tang Shin's salutations to the presiding divinities, acolytes placed wax tapers in his hands; which, rising, he handed to the priests, who placed them unlit before the images. To the accompaniment of beaten drums and bells the long service ended, and the cortège proceeded out of the great beamed interior.

Calvin did not, however, accompany the funeral to the City of the Dead. He preferred to idle some time away within the precincts of the temple. Its pine-shaded courtyard mooded him unaccountably; its gray walls and post-funeral quietude seemed to speak truly of religion that transcended death. Chao offered to introduce him to the abbot, and they were admitted by a withered old monk into the cloister precinct. A number of jolly young monks at backgammon crowded around Calvin, feeling his clothes admiringly, asking for tobacco, as they followed

along the long corridor to the apartment of the abbot.

Calvin saw a man past his prime, in stiffish gray robes, his ascetic, sophisticated face lit with mild pleasure below the shaven cicatriced head with its lone tuft standing upward at the crown. He inquired after the health of Chao's father, and pledged his guests to tea with the touch of a teacup, his hands nervous for his accustomed rosary and fan.

Their host, the Tae Ho-shang, was a man who had served his course of three years in the monastery as superior, and who had now retired into the meditative life as head of the Honam Temple — the Hae-Chwang Sze, the richest and most famous temple of Canton. Over fruit and sweetmeats he conversed in fair English, with lapses into Court dialect, showing a vague knowledge of the foreign countries and of the business which had brought this strange lad to Canton. Chao's proud introduction of his friend as one who had already begun his studies in the selfsame place of learning in which the illustrious Tang Shin had found honor was not without its effect. The Tae Ho-shang fluttered around the room, like a gray silken butterfly, poised uncertainly; then, bethinking himself, abstracted a small book from a cabinet.

He held its boards of painted wood in his hand, and gave division with his fingers to its pages. For a moment he stood outlining the illuminated ideographs with his exquisitely long and tapered nails before bestowing it on Calvin. Then, with his hands upraised in priestly benediction, he bowed them out of the apartment.

Outside, under the glow of the lanterns, the golden halation of the abbot's gift piqued Calvin's curiosity. He opened it and pressed Chao for a translation. 'This is the expression of The Way of Lao-Tsŭ, written on his moun-

tain by the Celestial Lake,' announced Chao. And he read:

It is looked for, and cannot be seen.
It is listened for, and cannot be heard.
It is used, and cannot be exhausted.

Who walks wisely leaves no footprints.
Who speaks wisely makes no mistakes.
Who reckons wisely uses no tally.
Who closes wisely needs no lock, nor can it be opened.
Who binds wisely needs no cord, nor can it be loosed.

Through lightness he loses his minister; following desire he forfeits his throne.
Therefore the sage walks ever in The Way, keeping stillness and poise.

Twice Calvin bade his friend read the strange, incomprehensible lines; then they were fixed in his memory.

'And are the people of your nation likewise followers of The Way?' curiously asked Chao, as they jogged homeward in the sedan.

'My people follow — another Way,' answered Calvin.

'What Way?' inquired Chao. 'Assuredly there is but one Way — The Way of Lao-Tsŭ?'

'It is a difficult Way they follow,' answered Calvin slowly. 'It is hard to explain.'

'Difficult it may be,' rejoined Chao, 'but hard it cannot be; for along it your Western nation has traveled far.'

Calvin said nothing; he was thinking rapidly. What was it Father Taylor had told him: 'Rejoice to have the grace to present Christ to the heathen.' Was this his opportunity?

'Is your Way a way of priests and temples and spirits, or is it followed by scholars?' persisted Chao.

'It is a Way of temples, surely,' answered Calvin. 'And of the Holy Spirit.'

'I am a humble scholar,' stated Chao. 'It is incon-

ceivable that there are spirits that take note of men's transgressions. Idle chatter of damp-browed temple priests! It is not good for the learned to go running through the gray dust of temples where personality is effaced, and superstition reigns in uncontested mastery.'

Overwhelmed, Calvin said nothing. He would remember Chao in his prayers, he decided; why, this Chinese lad talked as heretically as an upper classman at Harvard College! 'But do you not pray . . . to your gods?' he murmured finally.

'Life is too short for even most paltry service to the Emperor or one's parents,' responded Chao. 'Why, then, should I take time to pray to gods who may not hear me?'

Calvin was glad they were approaching the Cha-min; he wished an opportunity to be alone; to read into the strange lines of the abbot's gift some reason, some answer, for the sadly cynical outburst of his new friend. He made his farewells, and walked thoughtfully to the house.

One of Ah Cum John's staff of larn-pidgin boys opened the door. In the entry two tiny pairs of gayly embroidered street sandals caused Calvin to give the boy a questioning look.

'Blongy new missee,' answered the boy, Ahong.

'New missee?' queried Calvin vaguely.

'Captin talk Ah Cum John no man can see; one piecee Captin tiffin, one piecee missee. Captin say you makee chin-chin by joss-pidgin-man — no come.'

Calvin entered the parlor, trailed by the concerned Ahong. Seated before the mirror, a maid combing and resining her hair into the fashionable 'crow with outstretched wing' coiffure, was none other than the sing-song maiden, Fi Yen. The toilet proceeded silently on

the part of the unsuspecting females; the scent of rare Szechwan musk wafted overpoweringly toward him. He watched them, scarce daring to trust his eyes.

'Talkee Ah Cum John come chop-chop!' he commanded Ahong.

The maid placed upon her mistress a golden filigree cap, delicately enameled with springy ornaments of blue kingfisher feathers, and arm and hand bracelets and finger-rings heavily studded with gold and gems. Now, as she reached for the flower-tube, her hand stayed itself with surprise, and maid and mistress leisurely turned their heads at the voice of the interloper.

Calvin watched the slender face of Fi Yen below the jeweled helmet crown of her hair, the small eyes below the elongated eyebrows, the tiny powdered nose, white against the rose of her face, plucked from the exotic garden of her Chinese–Portuguese inheritance. He noted a telltale quiver of the long earrings that disputed in their length the resting-place of the pearl necklace which fell low over her dress of red satin, embroidered with dragons. She smoothed a silken wrinkle in her pantaloons affectedly, showing the long nail glove covering the tapering finger of which poets had sung; then arose and faced Calvin, eyes flashing, kicking the extraordinarily high heels of her diminutive purple shoes impatiently against the mat. Calvin heard the mutter of Ah Cum John as he pattered along the corridor toward the door, and eyes falling in the duel of eyes, he withdrew.

'Hai'-yah, my no can tlust mafoo no mo!' wailed the compradore. 'Captin makee much bobbely an' stlike too-muchee bad boy! How all po' mai-pan larn Ahong, he neva hit use.'

'Why is this?' asked Calvin. 'What is she doing here?'

'Fi Yen, she come; wantchee muchee bad chin-chin Captin. Massa, he muchee-muchee goody galow; he givee me ten dolla cumshaw fo' mafoo; say he like lonely goose. Lock do' — no man can see. My tink you savvy — no? Flom long time *I* know' — and Ah Cum John shook his head resignedly. 'Supposey you makee walk club? Fi Yen missee makee Ah Cum catchee one piecee hell, maskee!'

'What right has she?' asked Calvin of the chattering compradore. 'Do you mean to say she came *to dine with my father?*'

'Fi Yen likee olla foleigna,' answered Ah Cum John as he pattered toward the vestibule. 'My tink dat lip-lap missee savvy muchee man in Cantin town. Ph'oy! She cally "Peleg" in chop so nice, an' holdee han'. My wish dat gel hab pizen!' he ended with a venomous spit.

'Allo worl' be bad, yunki massa!' he said with a sigh; 'supposey you go walkee, come back nightey-time?'

Without another word Calvin hastened from the house. He walked toward the farther end of the promenade and sat down. He had come away hatless, and sat with drawn face, running his hands through his hair.

'Ai-o 'oh!' muttered old Ah Cum John, as he turned the lad's hat over and over in his hands; 'no topside. Po' yunki massa; in allo-tim such face my neva hab look-see!' And he went back to supervise the tiffin for two.

It was long after nightfall when Calvin returned. The house was quiet. There were letters from home on the dresser, courtesy of Captain Warwick of the Trade Wind, arrived that day from Boston.

Calvin sorted them eagerly. His heart fell because there was none from Philip. His mother's letter was dutiful, and Sara's contained few words and an immense

Christmas card of mica and cotton batting; he turned with relief to a letter in the labored handwriting of Hepsy, the cook:

BOSTON, MASSTTS., *Dec.* 26, 1858

DEAR MASTER CALVIN:

I hope this finds you in good health and spirits, not forgetting Captain Parker. Your mother has told me as how you liked the guernsey frock and the stockings and I am rejoiced indeed. Christmas day we had roast pig and wild turkey and plump partridges in a style Sara learned at school and which set them in my stomach like heavy bread. Father Taylor gave thanks and read a psalm of thanksgiving, which made me feel very mellow; and as he prayed for you and your father by name it seemed as if good must come to you from it. Though, to be sure, to be obliged to eat in a heathenish land on Christmas Day, with a cross-eyed Chineyman carving the roast and ladling out the sauces is conducying to homesickness, I veem.

Since your and the master's absence your mother has all the set pieces in cold Holland linen and the parlor looks like bodies set out. Sara is on the growth and I wish you could see the fall and winter dresses she has made this year. Sambo is like to die of drink, and many's the time I bring out water and stewed turnips and bran for Prince and Billy. That worthless black man does nothing but eat our good victuals and wait the Millennium foretold by that false prophet Nat Turner, when the leaves of the South shall drop blood and the land be darkened.

Dear Master Calvin, I send you a small Christmas remembrance of five dollars. Mrs. Wilkie says as how Ingee shawls are very cheap in China and how they always look well on a body. If you see an Ingee shawl that is coral with primrose gimcracks and curleycues and ribbons holding the pattern together, if you will get it and bring it and let me know the price I will pay you. This is my promise in writing. So I close, with best respects from

Respectf'y

(Miss) HEPSY HAWK



CHAPTER XXIII

THE FORBIDDEN CITY

It was late April. The Lenore was in proper trim for another voyage. For many days disguised tea boats had been coming in from the river uplands, laden with new teas that should have been loaded at Foochow, but were instead destined for the Lenore. Captain Peleg had arranged with Captain Forbes to beat the English and American clippers out of the rival port with the new teas and be the first in London River. It was no secret in Canton port; on all sides the bets were on the Lenore.

Calvin hurried down to say farewell to his old shipmates, and give into Chips's care a few curios for his mother and Sara, and Hepsy's India shawl, purchased at a rare bargain in Sai Chik's 'Fragrant Bower of the Silver Almond' on New China Street. Then he disembarked, watching the slow dressing of sail upon the Lenore's upper rigging as she swung slowly away from her moorings and down the river that led her toward the sea.

The Sea Empress and the White Lightning had also gone their varied ways: one to Liverpool and the other

to San Francisco. They had flown out as though relieved after their travail of engines, spreading their sails anticipatory to the vasty deep. Calvin felt very lonely. More and more, he found himself growing away from the restricted and ingrowing groups of the foreign quarter; his soul was reaching out its tentacles into the East. The advent of letters roused only momentarily the vision of home; Boston faded away before this great panorama of China, vast, incomprehensible but alluring, aged but strangely vital, strange but familiar too. Calvin and Chao had exchanged clothes once, and when Calvin was so attired and stood before Chao, holding eyebrows upward, with face powdered with ochre, he had surprised the mandarin's son with his resemblance to a high-caste Manchu.

This friendship for the son of one of the most powerful of the Hong merchants and his already more than mere acquaintance with the abbot of the great monastery across the river had gained for Calvin many privileges. More and more he found it possible to penetrate toward Hog Alley and beyond Thirteen Factories Street into the native quarter, making disguised saunters along the Street of Benevolence and of Ten Thousandfold Peace. But it was at the Feast of Tai Shan, the God of the Mountain, that he made his first great excursion with Chao into the deeper depths of The Forbidden City. Here in this hutch of narrow roundstone-paved streets and covered alleys, overhung with tiers of scrolls and tablets in blue and red and black, lettered in vermilion and gold, the festive paper and tinsel arches of the holiday waved slowly above the terrible figure of the idol, borne along the Street of One Thousand Grandsons upon the shoulders of the marchers. The narrow confined spaces and passages

echoed with the clanking progress of the handcuff- and chain-bearers and were perfumed by the burners of incense and the flower-bearers. The candles on the tables set before the houses flickered weakly as Calvin and Chao passed, wending their way along the Alley of Perpetual Repose to the great Prison of the Ghosts to release them for the Feast of the Dead. He saw this strange people now at first hand as though he were one of them; his face tinted with ochre, his hat the pomponed octagon skullcap; his doublet of blue silk, blue-and-white leggings, white-soled black satin shoes permitting him to pass by unchallenged of the constables; part of the parade of bonzes, geomancers, lukongs, coolies, artisans, tradesmen, human soup kitchens, and pickle-hawkers.

Along the flagged and pebble-paved streets the barbers plied their trade; the crowds fell away at intervals before vociferating coolies and the more often shabby sedans of mandarins. Scholars paused by bamboo libraries; from two shops whose eaves kissed above the paper roofing of Physic Alley two apothecaries ventured forth bearing cages — rivals walking with their rival singing larks. A traveling doctor harangued the multitude; fortune-tellers with tame birds drew missives for the hopeful gullible; blind beggars came singing for a cash. In the Alley of the Butchers wind-blown shoats hung swinging in the dusk; within, the trays were piled high with fowl; with dubious delicacies of entrails and skinned dogs. Outside the shops of the fishmongers waved shark fins above the barrels of orange sea slugs and tubs of glassy shrimps below the tiers of tench; and by the vegetable stalls showed the green, yellow, and red *mélange* of petsae and soy; radishes and cassava; mustard and peppers; potatoes and ginger; pumpkins and caraway. Already the first custard

apples and lichee nuts were in the stalls, alongside the peaches and almonds, mulberries and oranges; all, like the vegetables, intriguing to the sight and smell, but deadly from the night soil which had fertilized their native heath.

On another day they had gone by the streets of the dealers in rice and grain, and the supercilious makers of aromatic-wood coffins; the jealous dealers in lacquered ware and carvers of ivory, and sandalwood, and tortoise-shell. By the hat stores, windowed with the plumed and ornamented topsides of mandarins; into the curious shops of the jewelers, gleaming with carved jade and China ware, and the blue and gold of the rare kingfisher feather ornaments, whose lovely microscopically perfect inlay drove the eyes of its workers blind. Into the paper shops, like a riot of flowers, with fans and lanterns, scrolls and umbrellas; into the basements where the silken floss silks were woven more cunningly than the webs of spiders, and more splendidly than sunsets and flowers; into alluring doorways opening on concealed gardens, and getting noses punched with bamboo staffs for their trouble. Then out along Beggars' Square, with quinine and black draft for the pale forms dying unheeded in the middle of the ragged place with its gangs of gamblers; to the Execution Ground where children gathered by the urns of flesh and bones, listening open-mouthed to the braggart executioner. To the Temple of Horrors and its foretaste of Hell; and the Temple of the Five Hundred Genii, where the joss of Marco Polo grinned with the joss of John the Baptist, at home and familiar among the other four hundred and ninety-eight; and then to the West Gate Pagoda rising from the city wall that spread Canton at one's feet.

This was The Forbidden City; this bedlam of one and

a half million people, stretching east and west along the partition wall; associated in Calvin's mind in boyhood with teas and firecrackers, but now lying low before him, its square towers pawnshops of treasure; its signs glittering like its blue broadcloths and scarlet; its roofs like its turquoise nankeens and cottons; its darkling alleys like its spoil of dark Siberian furs. The lanterns blossomed along the red veining of its streets and the night guardians were taking their stations at the twelve great gates when the two boys descended; Chao seeing Calvin to the bridge, and then returning to the town house of his father.

As a condition of the examination for the First Degree — Siu-Tsai, or The Budding Talent — Chao had been given a theme stated by the examiner in this wise: *Chao-tze, in commenting on the Shu-King, made use of four authors, who sometimes say too much, at other times too little; sometimes their explanations are forced, at other times too ornamental. What have you to observe on them?*' The upshot was that Chao had retired, hermit-like, to the fastness of a tea house at his father's villa to embroider with the most fanciful rhetorical embellishment the form of the cast-iron thesis, typical of the ones usually required of a candidate.

Left so much to himself, Calvin thought to profit by Father Taylor's parting injunction and teach Christianity to Ah Cum John and the compradore's staff of mischievous and worldly wise house-boys. He began with the Lord's Prayer: 'Our Father Who Art in Heaven — *Tsoi Tin ke fuchan . . .*' but foundered below the explanations his wily proselytes demanded of the strange phrasing. Ah Cum John learned it in a half-hour; and then, it being the Feast of the Dragon Boats, went forth as befitted a devout Taoist, laden with rice wine tinctured with

orpiment and returning home reeling to the thump of tom-toms and the thunder of drums.

It was natural that Calvin should have been more and more forced to seek the company of the abbot, and not strange that he at last approached the monk on the subject of the religion of this Eastern country. But, when the abbot mentioned Buddha to Calvin, it was as a strange divinity from India, whose coming had chiefly modified his people's beliefs and hopes of a hereafter. His heart lay with the old national religion; and his heart's love with Lao-Tsŭ, the Old Philosopher, the long-eared, who, tradition had it, was born old with the wisdom of a sage. The abbot liked nothing better than to sit, incense burner on his small table lighted, and over the chessboard chat with Calvin of the unearthly wise sayings of this long-dead enunciator of world-old wisdom; and speculate upon alchemy and the refinement of cinnabar; the distilling of the elixir of life from morning dew; the yearning for immortal youth and life on the far isles of the Eastern Sea.

If The Way of Lao Tsŭ had seemed obscure in Chao's translation of it, the abbot's exposition made it not less so. 'Your eyebrows are indeed longer than your eyes; it is natural that you have inquiring propensities,' he playfully twitted Calvin. 'Many venerable hermits have fasted and supped dew upon the mountains and learned: To each his own way, *that* is The Way of Lao-Tsŭ,' he ended with a smile, dropping his hand to the chessboard for a Chan's gambit.

'And what is The Way of life?' he resumed musingly. 'Is it in the conflict of religious principles? My friend, religious principles dare not conflict. Has not your Western religion caused men to descend upon China in an act comparable with that of our pirates?

'Good lies not in wealth or power, nor in commercial activity; good resides only with the learned who are wise in the simple things of life. Is not all that is lovely before the eyes a sufficient end? Was not your vessel lovely, cupped with the wind which bore you over strange seas? Behold, there is but one rose in my moonlit garden, yet it is perfect below the scent of pine. One night beneath the almond bloom a young monk played low upon his flute; and the moment ended, like the moments of life that glide forever away; with their freight of richness and light; like perfume escaped on the gale. Can one wish moments more lovely?

'What Way may one travel greater than the paths of Life and Death? Riches of gold are as hands stretched out forever in vain; my riches are the dance of sunlight on water; the flight of a bird; the handclasp of friends; the long embrace, ere friends go to be absent forever.'

'I feel my Way lies here with you,' said Calvin, leaving.

'Life is as the shadow of pines on the turf,' reminded the abbot. 'Who may trace it?'

As Calvin walked out of the piney cloister an old monk stirred from the shadow of the gate, which swung open noiselessly. He laid a cash within the open palm of the withered attendant, and walked out. It came over him that there was more to this episode than the mere leaving of the monastery for his own bedside. He had passed out of vagueness into decisiveness; noiselessly as the gate had swung, his future had opened before him.

Thinking over what the abbot had said, he could not remember any one thing definitely. But when he thought of it all, he knew that its combined wisdom formed the sum of his unexpressed longings. There was, then, more to life than the mere absorption in a business career; there

was a place in life for the unnamed longings of the heart, which trade, and the men in the marts of trade, affected to despise; there was a justification for the worthlessness of violins; for the mind's dreamy journeys; for the joy which had come, for instance, with the handclasp of Philip, and the brother-bond of Chao. He would make one more trip homeward, he decided; when he returned, it would be to the monastery.



CHAPTER XXIV

THE LAUNCHINGS OF THE FI YEN AND THE KIN SAN

THE year was drawing toward its close. Now came the Northeast Monsoon, driving away the mists of summer, bringing bright skies, and buoying up bodily spirits as it brightened the agreeably cool hours of the days. The water foamed down the Pearl River, viscid and greenish; and it being the time of the Ninth Moon and nearing the end of the term of the contract, the businesslike Hong merchants gave their attention to the matter of the launching of the ships.

The ships now rested all but complete upon the ways, whence they were to slide fully equipped into the muddy waters of Whampoa Reach. A day having been chosen by the geomancers as auspicious and agreeable to the spirits of the air and of the water, the Hong mandarins set about making the launching a fitting celebration of their business prowess and of new honors to be wheedled from Peking. As perfume is carried by the wind and petals by the breeze, their invitation had gone by special

courier to the Emperor's city; and the junks and rice and tea boats carried yet other grandiloquent invitations, not only to Macao, Hongkong, Swatow, Amoy, Foochow, Ningpo, and Shanghai, but to Japan, the Philippines, the Soo-loo Islands, Celebes, the Moluccas, Borneo, Java, Sumatra, Singapore, Rhio, Siam, Cochin China, Cambodia, and Tonquin. For was not Canton still the great trade center of the southeast, and had they not given the lie to all who had spoken that, since the French and English barbarians had beaten them, Canton would die?

Already the name ideographs of Fi Yen and Kin San gleamed in gold and vermilion below the great painted eyes of their bows. Oaken planking lay copper-sheathed along the bottoms, below the squat draft lines; finely finished teak above. Their frames were of blackwood and mahogany and teak, and between perpendiculars they were filled with lesser oaken frames. Great knees of cedar, the natural crooks of trees, supported their flush decks of teakwood timbers, and gave these vessels a more thoroughly built construction and strength than any ships of equal 2800-ton or 46,480 picul size.

The boilers and machinery lay in the shallow holds, the salvaged entrails of the White Lightning and the Sea Empress. The main boilers were four in number in each vessel, the best ever designed by James Montgomery and built by J. S. Underhill; and the oscillating engines from the Atlantic Company's East Boston works, whose gleaming surfaces Calvin had seen Laird's hand stroke with pleasure, had fifty-four-inch cylinders, a three-foot stroke, and a thirteen-foot shaft to the propeller, fifteen feet in diameter. On barges alongside Danes Island lay already the coal brought from Shantung, Ichang, and Chingwantao, to fire the boilers and operate two great

Washington pumps, the iron piping for which ran the whole length of each ship, with a potential discharge of 12,800 gallons, which made each vessel equally secure in case of fire or leaks.

Each vessel was divided into watertight compartments, and carried two suits of sails for auxiliary power, dressing the three masts. The cabinet-work was done with the meticulous painstakingness of the Chinese artisans; in carving and marquetry, with exquisite finish of detail. From the passengers' cabins to the officers' quarters, and thence to the long narrow cabins for the crew, no trouble or work had been spared; they were models of perfection and of beauty, strength, and speed; admirably fitted in every way to be representative of Western shipbuilding prowess, and mark the departure of Chinese shipping from the models of its slow, unwieldy, and cumbersome lateened junks.

Meanwhile, the Lenore had again come back to China, and her Yankee mates perspiringly put the mask-faced prospective Chinese sailors through their paces. For manning these ships was in itself a problem; no longer were the Chinese sailors to exercise full control, as of the junks, with the Tow-yan or head men diffidently giving orders and the Ho-ke or comrades, the lesser sailors, obeying if they willed. The Fi Yen and the Kin San were to have Yankee captains and officers for the trial trip and a period after. The To-kungs for each vessel had to be taken in hand and taught to box the compass in a way which would justify their claims to the ratings of helmsmen. The Chinese compass with its several concentric circles, one divided into four parts and the other into eight parts; its third circle divided into twenty-four parts — for the sign-distinguished twenty-four hours of the

day — had to make way for the simpler American-style compass, with its boxing by points from north and south toward east and west. And already the cooks and the priests and the barbers had severally and individually laid their claims for consideration before Captain Peleg and the minions of Powtinqua, the while the lukongs kept constabulary watch within the shipyard to discourage the fanatics who already, more than once, had attempted to hammer the engines into junk.

The day of the launching came — the Tenth Day of the Twelfth Moon, as determined by the geomancers. Early in the morning a procession of mandarins, police-runners, officers, soldiers, and attendants, heralded by bands, came down the stream. There came the crews and officers and captains of all the foreign ships in Canton and at Whampoa Reach and the Bay of Kowloon; dapper East India lads who had left the Royal Navy for the greater pay of the Company; bearded lads from the Yankee and Hollandish clippers; factors and their families in gayly caparisoned Hong gigs. Coasting vessels glided in with curious, jealous merchants from rival ports; high up in the rigging of the surrounding vessels the crews perched like seabirds amid the fluttering colored flags and bunting with which the ships were dressed. From the Lenore's peak floated the Stars and Stripes begirt with dragon pennants; the air became noisy with rockets and firecrackers; at intervals cheers came faintly from native sampans at Whampoa, French Island, and the lower extremity of Danes. The superb barges of mandarins wove themselves arrogantly through the ever-thickening stream of river craft, flaunting their flags, streamers, umbrellas, and other insignia of office, as Captain Peleg and his officers and Calvin mounted the ladder to the deck of the Fi Yen.

Slowly they ranged themselves around the tinsel shrine of Matsoo Po, the Sea Goddess, which rested on the forward hatch. Facing them was the assemblage of mandarins and their ladies and their stave-bearers and invited guests, and tiny Fi Yen, the courtesan. Her oval eyes were non-committal as a doll's; her face gleamed deathly white and unearthly crimson with its cosmetic of white lead and rouge, against which the beauty spots of her nether lip and chin showed ghastly black; and the springed ornaments of her wide-extended headdress quivered in the coolish morning air as she shivered in her garment of orange figured silk trimmed with fur.

Suddenly the hush was broken with the cry of 'Shi Foo, lai!' and the priest advanced from the cabin, accompanied by the Heang-kung bearing incense and gold and silver paper prayers.

Cups of tea were placed again before the Sea Goddess, and the priest, making anew his prostrations, recited yet more prayers. Solemnly he presented her with food offerings, and decorated her effigy with jade flowers and perfect fruits. Then he clapped his hands, and the assistants lifted up the idol. Followed by the crew, beating gongs and flat pieces of bamboo, the idol was carried to the stern, and thence forward again, until the outlandish din had driven all the possible evil demons out through the hawsepipes. Then, as the rockets flared and spurted from the set piece ahead the forward hatch, the trigger holding the sliding ways was dropped and the Fi Yen slid gracefully as the flying swallow of her christening to the water. High on her jackstaff the silken flag of the Yellow Dragon caught the sun.

Great braided cables held her to weights in the yard as she swung around in her element; her anchors dropped.

The first launching had proceeded without a mishap. Coal barges drew alongside, and the gigs, and the guests disembarked to go ashore and repeat the ceremony on the Kin San.

Now on the water began a symbolic sham battle between boats manned by deft Chinese sailors, and representing Celestials and Barbarians. As they charged each other with shoutings and firecrackers and flaunting of banners, the Kin San came down the ways, and while she took aboard her supply of fuel the air came fragrant with the piquing scent of roasted hogs and mutton, geese and other fowl without number, barbecued for the shipbuilders and the people on the shore.

Slowly the mass of boats in the harbor parted, to allow the new ships to pass. As they swung slowly by on a zigzag course calculated to defeat any possible following evil spirits, the bellowing smoke seemed a taunt. Panic-stricken, some of the Tanka folk fled; then stood, watching and sullen, as the two devil-devil boats made their way slowly up to Canton proper under their own steam. It was sixteen miles from Whampoa Reach, and at Canton the Viceroy and other imperial messengers were to board the vessels for the trial trip to Macao Roads.

It lacked an hour of noon as they arrived at the Factories. Above the long line of barrack-like buildings floated flags and bunting. As the vessels made their way toward the western shore under the careful piloting of the Ho-changs, a temporary temple became visible. On the yellow silk of its pavilions and awnings were the imperial devices of the Emperor, and waiting below were the Songtoo, the Viceroy, with his retinue; the Hoppo, the Foo Yuen, the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, with an equally brilliant assemblage of followers; the abbot in his

flaring gray habit; and Chao, beaming beneath his flower-sprayed hat in his new doctor's robe of violet with cope of golden silk.

With Powtinqua as cicerone, the Viceroy and retinue boarded the Fi Yen gingerly after the patient coaxing of Captain Peleg. The Foo Yuen and the Hoppo and his collector of customs, with their official retinue, were obeisanced aboard the Kin San; then the suave Powtinqua, his son, Calvin, and the abbot boarded the Fi Yen, and the boats began their trial trip down the river.

Consternation was writ large upon the faces of the guests as the trembling of the vessels showed the engines had begun to work. More and more paper prayers were cast astern; more and more were red streamers tied to the wheel and around the compass as propitiatory offerings. But the Sea Goddess was in rare good humor and the demons of the air and water remained quiescent.

To Calvin, as he stood with Chao and the abbot at the stern, the scene was one of Oriental faëry. From mast to mast overhead hung many rows of lanterns, lighted, and waving in the dusk of the funnel smoke like galleries of fire. From the forecastles of the Fi Yen and the Kin San colorful rockets spurted continually; the scent of incense, smouldering from great masses of junk-shaped punk at the wheel, swept forward at intervals; dancing girls pirouetted about the decks, now here, now there, singing in quaint, bleating voices to the tune of cymbals and pouring wine upon the water to appease the demons beneath. Anon would come the shrill squalls of the paid comedians as they clambered up the shrouds to the rigging, tossing sheaf upon sheaf of rose paper prayers over the vessel, gliding sidewise to the water. Like a gorgeous

train followed astern the fantastic flower boats, high-pooped, atinkle with unseen music, laden with youths and painted courtesans; the scarlet-and-orange buntinged gigs of mandarins and officials; the brilliantly colored sampans creeping along like gorgeous water bugs. And the sun, beating down upon the green-gray water, lit the floating paper prayers in gleams of red and white and golden fire.

But the proud new ships were not to be suffered to pass on their triumphant way unmolested. At a point where the river was narrow, across it the crews of junks had lashed their unwieldy vessels together. They controlled the situation; theirs was the only channel, since the piles driven during the recent fighting by the English and the French had been let remain, due to the impoverished exchequer of the Chinese Government. The unforeseen obstruction piled up a dangerous jam quickly in the river; officers and crews were fast losing their heads. Destruction seemed imminent; an official was ordered by the Viceroy to disembark and ascertain the reason of this criminal interference with the traffic on the river.

In answer they told him that they were Tanka folk, of a foreign and despised race, not permitted to make their living upon the shore; their only subsistence being the traffic of the river. They feared the devil-devil ships would thenceforth rob them of their livelihood. The Viceroy recognized the justice of the plea. Through his interpreter he conferred with Powtinqua and Captain Peleg, and sent back his assurance that their livelihood would not be endangered; that, indeed, the new ships would increase business for them. The shrill falsettos of numberless voices came across the water, with undertones of menace; quickly Captain Peleg called fastboats along-

side, and dispatched offerings of tobacco, pipes, dried rice, and wine.

Slowly the great unwieldy vessels were unleashed, and the wind caught their great lateen sails as they were hoisted, and swung them, bow or stern foremost, aside. Looking at the immense labor of their crews it was difficult to understand their stubborn hatred of the easily gliding devil-devil vessels, which now swung contemptuously through the opening of the junks.

Past the river islands; past Honam, French, and Danes Islands, where the ways gaped forlornly after the birth of the ships of their travail; past Whampoa, and the ancient pagoda; past the ruined forts to Macao Roads, the Fi Yen and the Kin San glided easily at a good ten knots, without mishap. Off Macao they threaded through the fleet of junks and lorchas, and brought about, making their way smartly back to Whampoa Reach. It was after midnight as they came to anchor; for a moment there was the bustle and clicker-clacker of disembarking, and the trial trips of the new vessels were over.



CHAPTER XXV

AT THE NINGPO EXCHANGE

THE next evening there was a brilliant gathering at the Ningpo Exchange in Captain Peleg's honor. The silken company of mandarins and officials and European guests wove through the spacious halls and elaborate rooms, shaming the carven ornateness of the pillars; more fluent than the richly gilded inscriptions; rivaling the idols. Below the forest of dwarfed trees and flowers on the platforms, tier on tier, sat all the notables at banquet; and in the place of honor hung silken paintings of the Fi Yen and the Kin San. On a tabouret by the side of Captain Peleg rested two chests of blackwood, reënforced with silver inlay, and filled with bars of sycee silver; an inscribed and illuminated scroll detailing bestowal of the fifth mandarin rank and celestial orders upon Captain Peleg; and a superb silver set, the gift of the Yankee clippers and Indiamen in the harbor. Even the ships' pictures were gifts, being painted by a literary amateur, a protégé of Powtinqua, who disdained payment for his handiwork.

Cloyed with the banquet sweets, the guests sat, conversing and smoking, until the rising of Tang Shin caused a hush to fall upon the assembly. He bowed deeply to the Viceroy and to the Governor, and then addressed himself to His Excellency Peleg Parker, Builder of Ships:

'We are an ancient and honorable nation, and skilled in sailing of ships,' he began. 'In the history of our nation there have been many worthy builders of ships, but none more celebrated than Captain Peleg Parker. Your reputation as a shipbuilder is now twenty years old, and is known over the whole world, and thanks to you we have seen our beautiful new ships rise into being along our River of Pearl. We were amateurs in the science of steaming, but are no longer so. In our harbor the new vessels are the envy of all onlookers; they are far speedier than the Emperor's own vessels; they can match themselves against a thousand junks.

'Their white sails tower into the wind like clouds; their speeding is like the swift swallows. Their breath is like that of the dragons, swimming low on the water, while all who see them pass applaud. Their sails aloft, their proud appearance, and their speed — which expresses both skill and capacity — who is able to fully describe these beautiful ships? I remember that when the Prince deigned to visit our city sails from the east clouded our sky. Then thirty thousand vessels, some speeding, some resting, bloomed in our harbor. But none resembled these new ships. They will bear our going-abroad travelers swiftly and in great numbers; the Emperor will command that many such ships be built for our country. Our rich merchants, intent upon the rivalries of their positions, cannot remain contented unless we have more ships like these skimming the waters, adventuring like Hoei-Sin across

the Eastern Ocean to the strange lands beyond the rising sun.

'Generals after triumphs have been rewarded. Our Emperor has justly appreciated your talents; your name rolls through our capitals like the roar of thunder. The decrees of the Gazette are not silent in your praise. Without levy, our merchants have filled much silver in your strong boxes. Only our best artist has been deemed worthy to paint these ships' portraits; a decree ordained that he sail upon them, to fix them on silk.

'Whilst we shall pass away into memory, our praise will resound within this room from our sons, to whom we have given the legacy of these beautiful ships.'

Bowing deeply, he paused, and then addressed himself to Calvin.

'You are the descendant of an illustrious man who lives in the condition of a simple citizen. The splendor of your ancestor is carried on in you; in blood and in features you perpetuate him. In learning and seemliness you have reached a high degree of perfection, in a school which our own scholars would leave honors to covet. Canton and the Emperor know your father's glory; they have received him many times in their palaces.

'Thanks to your father's ability the glory of the merchants shall still survive in Canton. Our new ships brilliantly rest on the face of the water. When your father's work was finished, all other vessels were plunged into shadow. This city now possesses the most beautiful ships. Our people have only admiration in their eyes.

'The spirits of the air and water have held themselves propitious; one might say the very trees and stones were moved to admiration, as from the shore they viewed passing the splendid ships of your father's handiwork.

'You are a scholar and on the way to perfection; but as yet you are young and only a skin with nothing inside it. The reward which your father has received is the admiration of all; work hard to share your father's genius.'



CHAPTER XXVI

FAREWELLS

POWTINQUA had gone with Chao to Peking to receive his reward in the shape of a yet more precious button for his mandarin's hat. It would probably be a ruby button, Ah Cum John opined — 'allo samee that he Empelor hab got topside, galow.' The parting with Chao had been unbelievably formal; the lad was full of the idea of presentation at Court in his academic robes; of meeting the Court ladies: of receiving advantageous offers of marriage. He was not the same boy who had pledged eternal brotherhood that night on the villa grounds, Calvin thought sadly. The ambitions with which he seethed now had seemed so impossible then; Calvin almost allowed himself to think that Chao actually had patronized him in bidding good-bye, but dismissed it as imagination.

In the meantime shingle ballast and fir dunnaging were leveled over her keelson, and the Lenore was being loaded at Whampoa Reach for the return voyage. Calvin pondered reasons he could marshal in making his request of his father to be allowed to remain in China. His friend-

ship with Powtinqua, Chao, and the abbot had led to many other acquaintances and friends within the city; he had fairly mastered the intricacies of the fees and tips and the cumshaws of Canton; he was conversant with the speech of the Cantonese, and the commodities which went to make up the commerce of this great port city. He saw where he might prevail upon his father to allow him to perfect himself still more in the intricacies of the counting-house and shipping, with the idea of becoming in time the factor of the Parker Canton branch office. And yet he knew in his heart and soul that all these reasons were mere expediencies.

Allowing for the indescribable filth of the city and its barbaric crudities and cruelties, so repellent to the Western mind, the broad-minded training of even one Harvard year had yet enabled him to appreciate the ancient China glistening through it all. Here was a nation that chose its governors by competitive examination — a system his own country thought well and good for the underlings in its civil service, but knocked awry in the election of its high and vacuous officials. Here was a so-termed heathen nation which by a moulded national thought had ill-prepared for war, and the things of war; only to be imposed upon by the Christian nations of England and France in one of the most outrageous flauntings of national and human rights the world had ever seen. A nation which based its government upon reverence, upon literature and guarded rank; so different from the political mummery he had, with youthful inspection, discerned beneath the imposing garb of the statesmen who had frequented his Boston home.

He had glimpsed the existence of a vast religion and ancient; he had come into closest contact with ceremonial

observances and national rites that had intrigued his boyish mind, so different were they from Unitarian services whose dismal barrenness left a void of pageantry not satisfied by the books in his grandfather's library, or the Mock Parts celebrations of a Harvard Fall. As his conversations with the abbot bore witness, it was a nation which preferred to enjoy its own tried and hereditary customs; whose lamp of wisdom burned brightly, if hazily; which held its devotees steadily, without the elusive jumpiness of the Western will-o'-the-wisp, stubbornly refusing to be a torch for the delusive promise of Western progress. In his heart he sensed the beginning, be it never so little, of a new era. He knew that the Fi Yen and the Kin San were but the forerunners of others, that would sail down to Anjer and up to Shanghai; up the Gulf of Chihli to the gates of The Forbidden City itself. He saw how the roar of the loom and the smoke of engines would come, forcing the deft fingers of the brocade-weavers and the armorers to the soul-destroying, back-breaking labor of factories, as had already happened over the gracious New England countryside. And he hoped that the passive resistance of this vast people, so rooted in tradition, would defeat the plans the Western nations had ignorantly and flamboyantly made for its future. In his own small way he wished to help it stem the tide of Western force and Western casuistry, and still maintain its glorious childishness, which could find nourishment in the sheen of peach bloom at twilight, and paradise in the song of a favorite lark.

But the Flying Cloud arrived at Whampoa Roads with the grave news that America was on the brink of civil war. There were grave rumors of the possible secession of many of the Southern States; of the actual plan for a Southern

Confederacy. Already one noted the unwonted bustle among the ships in the harbor. Gear was being overhauled, vessels were being put in sea shape, contingencies were being shrewdly calculated, pro and con; war, in any quarter, meant privateering and blockades, great losses and sordid gains.

On the Lenore the last catty-boxes of tea were filling close up to the upper deck; the stevedores were commanding the last tiers, running back a pace and landing in sitting postures on the chests. Betimes their song went on, quaint and endless, monotonous and plaintive; the dirge for all the boy's young hope. He saw how soon her crossed topgallant and royal yards would cease from holding cargo tackles to bear the bellying sails; the holystoned deck, eased of the precautionary bamboo planking, would know the sea's wild kiss. He saw the Tai-Pan cursing the murmuring stevedores as they battened down the tarpaulins on the hatches above the Lenore's four thousand tons of tea, their fingers fumbling with their eagerness to be off to Canton for the Feast of Lanterns; he saw his father deep in thought upon the quarterdeck, his face turned as in inquiry toward the far and secretful and dangerful East. Calvin wished an answer for the new question that was stirring within him. This was his country, this one now on the verge of war; battling he had often heard threatened during the Abolitionist meetings in his father's house, and war meant that one must do one's duty as a soldier. He hailed a fastboat and sped toward Canton.

He found the abbot dreaming over his eternal poem, with the drift of incense wafting from the desk. Calvin sat down, saying nothing, as had become his custom when he found the abbot deep in thought; sensing the cool dark-

ness whispering in the pines; the lanterns of the monks, in measured passings and repassings; the solemn chant of the devotionals before the Buddha. Finally the Tae Ho-shang spoke:

'While others sit and finger their silver and gold for the New Year reckonings, I but sit and count the number of writing brushes my thoughts have required in the course of the year.' He smiled inquiringly at Calvin.

The boy spoke, unburdening himself of the thought that was in his mind.

'And is it in the Western religion that men may war upon their brothers?' asked the abbot. 'Like the Manchu, they who come by the sword shall go by the sword.'

'It is for a wronged race,' answered Calvin.

'And is it in the Western religion that men may wrong the weak?'

Calvin sought vainly for an answer.

'You have felt that your Way lies here; is it not so?' went on the abbot. 'And I, indeed, would guide and love you like a father. Within the walls of the temple, under the shade of the pine trees, like incense would be the fragrance of your thoughts. But your Way now lies in the land of your ancestors; and when the peach trees bloom again, and the cuckoo sings, I will dream of my son in the Western land. Go, my son; the battles of men are but as the cricket fights of the conjurers. May The Blessed One house you as in an iron fortress, and shelter your every step with tents of mail. And when you rest weary after battle, looking on the moon, think sometimes of your friend in this eastern land.'

He tapped the gong and a monk entered with two teacups on a tray. The abbot sipped his lightly, then gazed into the cup, as if into the uncertain future.

'I will return, most venerable Tae Ho-shang,' whispered Calvin, through tears.

The abbot embraced him. 'Life is as the shadow of pines on the turf,' he said, as once before; 'who may trace it? And the wine of life grows bitter with tears.' He disengaged himself, and went to the cabinet, returning with a silkbound parchment scroll. 'It is the Wish of the Five Blessings,' he said, handing it to the boy; 'truly a most efficacious talisman.'

'We are to sail to-morrow,' said Calvin as he acknowledged the bestowal of the remembrance, mortified that he had equipped himself with no gift in return. 'Farewell, honored, revered friend; Heaven will bless you for your kindnesses to a stranger in a strange land.'

'A strange land, but not a stranger, surely,' answered the abbot. 'It has at times seemed to me that you had come among us as the tired bird flies to its home. And like the bird, now you are gone; and none might tell the way you shall travel. Farewell, my son. Truly proud is the mother who possesses the white blossom of such a son!'

Calvin let himself out into the corridor hastily, anxious to end the mortal agony of the parting. Noiselessly the old monk rose again at the wicket; silently he passed Calvin through. Then there was only the sound of the bolt sliding in its socket and the clink of cash rolling on the flags; only the sound of sobbing from a boy stumbling blindly across the bridge from Honam to the residence on the Promenade.

The place was in the last disorder of packing. A lone boy eyed Calvin giddily and then resumed work, tipsy with stolen potations of household wine. Calvin went to his room and opened the wardrobe. The native garments

he had been wont to wear with Chao on their excursions through the city hung ready to his hand; he hurriedly invested himself. Almost breathlessly he rubbed his face with ochre and tallow, penciling his eyebrows upwards; wondering why he did it; obeying some impulse for which he was unable to account. What was there within him which made the abbot's words ring true? Was it true that he had belonged in China rather than anywhere else? What strain in this strange land called to him, an alien by every tie of blood and upbringing?

Now that he was dressed, head to foot, he stood irresolutely, thinking. The house had grown suddenly quiet, but through the paper partitions of the rooms came a sound that resembled muffled sobbing. He entered his father's room, finding it deserted and disordered like the rest of the house. Ranged upon the commode were parting gifts from some of the mandarins to his father: a pair of bronze vases with dragon and crystal ball; a pair of enameled eagles, and a pair of double-enameled vases, a pair of carved scarlet lacquer boxes, a pair of enameled fish jars, a superb golden snuffbox, nestling upon soft silk, all waiting their turn in the packing baskets.

He reached for the snuffbox, toppling over a tabouret. As he stood fingering it and speculating upon its suitability as a gift to the abbot, he heard the sound of doors sliding and faced about, flushed and uncomfortable.

It was Fi Yen. Her tiny oval face was red and distorted with weeping; her elaborate headdress was disheveled, hanging awry over her left shoulder in spitefully caught loops. All the dainty beauty of the courtesan was gone; all her artifices. She seemed but a woe-begone little girl, Chinese in her garb, something else in her features that razed the wall of nationality and circumstance and

caste, and made Calvin feel, for the first time, sorry for her.

'Ah!' she said; it was very simple, almost a whisper. Then she clapped her hands and ran from his presence.

But her maid did not answer her summons. Seething with impatience, she performed what restorations were possible in her toilet and returned.

Something had come into Calvin's heart in the interval. It was thundering. He wondered if she could hear its waves of sound tempesting about the room. And now, as he faced her again, there was a look in her eyes that, while it still left them bright and birdlike, filled them with sly cunning. He felt trapped.

'Ah!' she exclaimed again. 'What noble thief finds it necessary to rob the house of Captain Parker?'

Calvin heard her with consternation, but her illusion was explained as he looked into the mirror. And the snuff-box was in his hand.

'I am Captain Parker's son,' he answered. 'I have a right here.'

'You — are — Captain — Parker's — son!' she exclaimed, incredulous. 'You lie. You are of my own people!'

'I am Calvin Parker,' he said.

She pattered toward him, buzzing with lusts. Her tiny figure seemed to expand, to tower over him.

'Your father has sent you back for me?' she pleaded.

'I have not seen my father,' he said. 'I have been at the Hae-Chwang Sze.'

She stamped her feet in disgust. 'Perchance those altar mice have sent you to sneer at Fi Yen, now that she is abandoned.' And she tried woman's weapon, weeping.

He hesitated uncertainly for a moment, then reached

over to comfort her. In a moment she was in his arms, clinging tightly to him; kissing tears upon his face, his neck, his arms, his hands.

'You will stay?' she pleaded. 'I love you! *I love you!*' Her elder lover had indeed gone. But left behind him was this new lover; vital with youth and the lure of manly beauty; helpless under the superior wisdom of her touch and eyes.

'Your eyes are limpid like autumn water, beloved one!' she murmured.

'You . . . you . . . you are wonderful. I have never seen any one like you before . . .' breathed the trembling boy. He held her more tightly, almost swooning with the terrific pleasure which tore through his whole soul and body. 'What a lovely name you have — Flying Swallow! . . .' His voice trembled so, he could not go on.

She slid gently from his arms to the floor. He thought she had fainted, and carried her to the window. The moon was low upon the Pearl River, gilding all its sordid boat dwellings into outlined purple beauty, from whose shadowed garden of the night sprouted rockets and firecrackers as though they were shooting blossoms from the beds of the lower lanterns. He bent low to lay the girl upon the mat.

She leapt up, placing herself again within his arms. But Calvin stood looking out across the dark open spaces of the foreign quarter toward the farther shore where he had so lately made his life's most agonizing farewell. The parting words of his abbot friend, the man who loved him like a father, rang in his mind, dissipating the aura of enchantment surrounding this girl before him, showing her to him as the plaything she was. But he held her close.

And the courtesan permitted herself to dream on. Come

what might, she was living moments she wished to be able to dwell upon in her memory forever. Her body yearned toward this strange lover from the West, garbed, for what reason she could not surmise, in the garments of the East; presenting himself to view so surpassingly perfect that no one might say of what people he had come elsewhere, or of what land, save that he was Chinese of the Chinese.

'I have known many, but they were as dust before wind. I have never known any like you. Stay with me,' she pleaded.

It was a strange feeling that had come over him, this of absolute acquiescence to fact and circumstance. He had suddenly become passive. All the things that had mattered before, the dream of the novitiate in the Honam monastery, the call of business interest, the greater call of his own country, now on the verge of great battles — all did not matter now. There was only this insistent something within his being which thundered and thundered within the thin walls of bodily denial for indulgence. He felt himself speculating upon what he should do were his father to return and find him there. But no — Fi Yen had no reason for being here, were it not certain that here, where she had reigned queen-like for a short interval, she had been left deserted and alone, tossed aside like a broken toy. Calvin's fingers tightened to a clenching of fists; *damn his father!*

The tension discovered the snuffbox in his hand. Its presence, light as it was, offered ballast to his fancy, and he came more fully to himself. He disengaged himself gently from the girl's embraces and stood at the window.

After a time she came and stood beside him. She, too, wondered at herself. She had wished to seduce him; to possess him for herself. But, as she looked at him, the

mother-feeling that is in the hearts of all women overcame her.

'You must not stay here,' she whispered. 'It is evil for you. Do I not know? You are listening to other voices. They call; do not hearken more to Flying Swallow. Remove these garments and attire yourself in the proper garb of your people.'

'*You are listening to other voices. . .*' How could she know? Calvin asked himself.

He looked at her. She was gazing out upon the darkness of the night, thin with its flames of fire. She, too, was listening to other voices, for she wept . . . softly.

'Fi Yen, has my father wronged you? Shall you be penniless and homeless now that he is gone away? Tell me; I wish to help you.'

'The Flying Swallow shall dart homeward to the Flower Boat of Increasing Beauty,' she answered. 'I am only a sing-song maiden, made for men's pleasure.' She let her small hands rest upon his, and looked into his eyes. 'I could have loved you better than any I have ever known. But it is not to be. You shall marry among your own people. You shall forget Fi Yen . . . even as your father forgets. I go . . .'

She was gone. He followed, but she lost herself quickly in the shadows. Then he bethought himself of his errand, and went over to the silent cloisters. He left the snuffbox for the abbot with the dozing old monk at the wicket. The revelers were abroad in numbers. He stood aside to permit a dragon parade to pass, and followed with the carnival crowd until he approached Hog Alley, making his way through its devious windings toward the Promenade, and into the silent house. He built a fire in the grate and piece by piece laid his Oriental garments on the flames

until the last charred bit fluttered on the hearth. Then he went into his room and began to pack his chest.

A great red envelope lay on the bed, overlooked in his hurried dressing of a few hours before. It was from Chao, by messenger from Peking.

Beloved brother! [read the missive.] I am full of regrets that you are going, but it is fate. I earnestly trust you will find a wife, rich and good and beautiful, and be blessed with many sons. Since I have been given opportunity to gaze upon the faces of these northern maidens, I am not anxious to marry a fortune; it is sufficient to consider one whom I remember among the Cantonese maidens, who enjoys superior social rank and is docile, and is not cursed with big feet. While I engage myself in the service of the Emperor, you will no doubt perfect yourself in trade, as is the fashion of your country, and be enabled to satisfy a wife who desires an expensive marriage outfit. Of these the learned men who instructed me have advised Chao to beware.

The couriers have brought word to the Northern Court that your country is again preparing for war. It is the habit of the Western nations to fight. Is not this repugnant to scholars? Stand firm against it when you return to your country, for it will draw you down to poverty, as it has my people.

I embrace you again, my brother, and it grieves me that it is expedient that I remain here at your going, since it has been arranged by my honored father that I study to prepare myself for the Tsin-Shi degree also. Soon there will be schools in each Hsien which will inculcate knowledge for all as with the Western people, and it has been hinted to me that with diligence I may hope for appointment to study in your great school of the West. May wisdom bless you like a timely rain and bring out your talents, perfecting you in virtue.

Humbly, your more than stupid brother

CHAO



CHAPTER XXVII

HOMEWARD-BOUND

CALVIN came down with the last of the basketed household goods on the dawn fastboat, fearful of what his father might say of his delay. Instead, a Scotch sailor acting as watchman gave him the captain's orders to make himself presentable and show up in the quarter-deck cabin as soon as he arrived. In place of turning toward the fo'c'sle, then, he entered the quarters of his father.

The place was stuffy with the stale fumes of punches and tobacco, and was filled with captains from the vessels then at the Yellow Anchorage.

'You will enlist, sir, I dare say?' politely inquired young Captain Tate of the Chrysolite, a crack Aberdeen clipper.

'Yes, sir . . . I dare say I shall, sir,' answered Calvin vaguely. What news had they heard more than the rumors before, he wondered.

'It's all shaped for land battling,' stated Captain Putnam, master of the Wild Pigeon. 'Of course, there will be some fighting coastwise, and running of blockades. But

as for putting guns upon my ship, sirs, I'm afraid she'd follow the wild pigeons to Tibb's Hollow!'

'That man Brown's conviction is a foregone conclusion,' observed Captain Doane of the John Gilpin, judicially studying the outlines of his glass. 'It can't be avoided. Men who do such things as he did set their life in a cast and must be ready to stand the hazard of the die.'

'Aye . . .' observed Captain Peleg thoughtfully. 'Northerner or Southerner, they cannot but respect him as a hero. I think we mariners can better appraise a damned fool like that — better than landlubbers.'

'But you can't say he committed treason, if what the letter said is true,' commented Captain Putnam. 'How could he be accused of treason? He owed no allegiance to Virginia.'

'The lesson John Brown's execution will teach,' interjected Captain Peleg gravely, 'is that if men of peace will not uphold God's law against the sin of slaveholding, the men of war must put it in the shape of bullets and fight it out. Not a man of us here but has kept his hands white from the blood-money of the slavers. If the churches had done their duty, this would not have come upon us. Here we have toiled all our lives to shape respectable and profitable careers, and in a day this bobbery bids fair to bring everything wrecked and flapping about our ears.'

In an aside from his father Calvin learned that he was to make the return voyage in the capacity of third mate, a bit of news evidently kept as a surprise. Though not expected, it was very pleasant to hear; the shyness with which he had met these men gave way to a feeling of boyish pride that he was able to talk with them on some basis of equality.

All these captains commanded ships which had placed their respective nations at the peak of their shipping glory. The Lenore might have been the handsomest and fastest-sailing ship in the world, as indeed she was; the apotheosis of all clippers; the ultimate perfection of all that could enter into the design and construction and operation of a sailing ship. But the ships which lay at Whampoa Anchorage, and which these men commanded, were also as perfect in their way: the lanky, terribly stanch English greyhounds from Liverpool, Glasgow, and Aberdeen; the Boston and New York and Baltimore clippers, broad of beam, with sweeping jib and sheer line, and masts towering to the stars; the sturdy and carefully built Dutch clippers, less speedy, but clean as a Harlem vrouw's kitchen. One and all of them came far short of the Lenore in tonnage and spread of sail, but given a fair wind and the open sea, and the superior seamanship of each officer, it was forever open to demonstration whether, with an equal start, all would not arrive at a given destination at the same hour of the same day.

And as Calvin sat with these men, who were loath to leave the cheerful company of their host and fellows, and who ever and ever renewed pipe and parting glass, he noted that in their conversation, too, which made him sense in some vague way a feeling that was to possess him at intervals all through his life: the feeling that he was a spectator at a scene which shadowed forth the passing of an era. For, running through their talk of war and the rumors of war, like a ground swell came speculations of indefinable sadness: as that these ships, whose names and fortunes and quality and speed and thoroughbred excellence had made them household words in every spot which sheltered sailors or those who loved the sea and the

things of the sea, would be driven like frightened seabirds before the rising tempest of war; but, unlike the seabird, fly beyond the horizon to return no more.

They had reached their zenith, and must perforce descend; as the sun sinks to the west, as life subsides in the stilled pendulum of death. This year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and sixty, would have gilded them anew with glory. Canton was recovering from the baneful effects of the French-English-Chinese war; the new ships built by Captain Peleg had drawn back the doubtful, and Canton again bade fair to hold its prestige as southern China's chief port city. But this year the clippers from the Pagoda Anchorage at Foo-chow, and those that stole from the Yellow Anchorage at Whampoa by Canton — this year would see those vessels sailing out to race the gayly-planned annual tea race no more. With hasty, pick-up cargoes they would hurry out to sea, to steal home along unbeaten tracks, like shamed daughters returning to parental roofs; fearing the long gun of the pirate and the privateersman, the shot rammed home to annihilate brother by brother.

There was indignation, too, at the boasting that had become current in the British Hongs with the advent of the news of a rising in America. It had become current gossip that, with England neutral, the English clippers could now hope to be favored on the outbound tea cargoes, over and above the American vessels, which might be captured before they even arrived in the latitude of the Windward Isles. It was no happy prospect which presented itself to an American captain, to face the possibility of returning with 'scrub' cargo and knowing his English compeer was going back, holds bursting, with a manifest showing a cool seventeen thousand pounds' sterling

worth of tea cargo. The last mail had made all the American captains feel more depressed than ever; there was talk on the part of many of them of not waiting for the May tea loadings; but, with ballast, dunnage, and perhaps but one flooring chop of old teas, make the best of the way back to United States shores before the storm of the Rebellion burst.

'I think you may depend on us not wishing to do anything which may jeopardize our past friendship,' Captain Tate hastened to reassure Captain Parker, as they toasted each other with the cup of bitters he had poured.

'We're men of the sea,' replied Captain Peleg, 'that should be no party to such concerns, except as they touch our hand and ask a turn for the good of the country. We're parting to-day, and it may be a long day before we meet again. Let us give each other the toast, as man to man, that come what may, we're gentlemen and mariners together, and friends all!'

They repeated it as they pledged him with the slipper cup, the last cup, all standing. Then, awkwardly, as is the way with men, who are sentimental most when they are least so outwardly, the men began to take their departure. And before they went each of them eyed the Lenore with his critical eye; but she, lovely vessel, returned that gaze from her friendly inquisitors in a proud way which showed she was sure of herself. She would have cared for no greater praise than this, to be thus critically appraised by just such men; serene in her perfection and utter loveliness, she owned to no failing nor encroachment upon her prerogatives and queen-like beauty. In every portion of her she was perfect; she knew that these men, easy-goers or whippers-in, owned no vessel which could show the orderliness and sailor-like care of her.

Since the completion of the loading the night before, the hands of her sailors had been busy. There was no disorder; all lines lay flemished down to hand, undisputed by the slings; not a splinter showed in the white teak silver of her deck; not a smudge showed in the warm gold of her lofting masts and spiderous and squared yards. Light airs, full gales, or heavy weather — come what may, all were the same to her; she was spoiling for the homeward race.

The captains disembarked, barely avoiding collision with a great gig laden with sleepy mandarins, the delegates appointed by the Hong to convey the last greetings to Captain Peleg. One of their linguists bore a message for Calvin: the abbot's valedictory card, its center bright crimson, its border embellished with numerous figures and devices, its great size, thirteen feet by eight feet, indicative of the gratitude, esteem, and respectful friendship the Tae Ho-shang wished to convey.

Calvin studied it for some moments, searching for some message the card conveyed through its stilted formalities; then, inscribed minutely on a fan among the other formal decorations, read:

A youth came from a distant land
And bestowed upon most unworthy me a golden snuffbox with a scroll of writing.
At the top of the scroll was written: 'I cannot leave thee!'
At the bottom was written: 'Good-bye forever!'

How am I to know from these words what is wished?
Alas, my heart knows! It is a life-parting. You will never return.

Tears have compounded themselves with the ink wherein I have dipped my brush,
Writing these sad thoughts.
Why did you not enter?
I had not yet retired to slumber when the postern guard came,
Bearing your gift.

I sat, counting the moments since you had gone,
Feeling the time of parting was over-long;
But dawn has not yet come as I write by the light of the guttering candle —
My son, my brother, my friend!

In this short time I have grown suddenly old;
About my body my robe has grown suddenly loose.
Alas, I cannot put you out of my mind and not see, and forget you forever;
May I live on to guide you home to the Place of the Brothers!

Farewell! I have heard the waves join in my sobbing.
They, too, are left behind as the wind drives on your vessel,
Many ten thousand of li *afar.*

I have sat and communed with myself and inscribed many poems;
Yet never did I know one like unto this could torment the heart
As the thrust of a sword.

Farewell!

The crew had seeped back during the night from the shore dens and the flower boats. All the preparations for making sail had been attended to. Each coil lay neatly in its place on deck, or hung upon its pin, ready to be led to the winches for raising sail. The Lenore's sailing signal waved from the masthead; alow and aloft she seemed in the pink of condition for the homeward trip. Sinister, too, were the boarding-nettings all ready rigged to be triced up between the rigging above the rail; the thirty-two-pounder mounted forward; the cutlasses and the cocked pistols which lay upon the quarterdeck cushion; ready for pirates which might lie ambushed, intent upon the capture of the sycee silver in the Lenore's strong box; and later on, for the luck of good or ill they might encounter in the Western seas.

'Loose tops'ls; heave short on the cables!' commanded the captain.

The men leaped to their stations; a capstan chantey rang over the morning water:

Oh, we work for a Yankee dollar!
Hurrah, see — man — do;
Yankee dollar, bully dollar,
Hurrah — see — man — dollar.
Silver dollar, pretty dollar,
Hurrah — see — man — do;
I want your silver dollars,
Oh, Captain, pay me dollar . . .

The anchors came heaving in; the steel drums of the winches turned with the opening of the deck donkey engine's valves. The halyards were put around, two or three turns about, with two men on the slack; the topsails unfurled fluttering in the fairish breeze; and the Lenore began to move from her mooring-place to the cheers of the crews ranged in the yards of the other ships; the good old custom of 'Man Ship!' with captains and officers filling in with hearty halloas.

'All hands make sail when we pass the Bogue!' announced Captain Peleg to the mate after conferring with the pilot. 'Then set sea watches!'

He turned to Calvin. 'Don't stand there like a slop-shop dummy,' he said in a low whisper; 'mind your station. Have your crew see to those fenders.' Out loud he said: 'This letter came in on the Wild Pigeon. You will leave it by my chart table when you have read it. Your mother and sister are well — but worried.'

'Yes, sir!' was all Calvin could say. He put the letter in his pocket; it was from home in his mother's familiar handwriting. In the lee of the foremast as the Lenore swung slowly down the river, he read:

BOSTON, *November* 6, 1859

MY BELOVED HUSBAND:

Pray, my husband, exercise diligence and dispatch in putting an end to the work in China, for grave happenings furnish us with grounds for the greatest anxiety.

Last Wednesday a brave man by the name of John Brown was sentenced to death on a charge of exciting the Slaves to Insurrection, Treason against the State of Virginia, and Murder. He and his men carried on a raid at Harper's Ferry which has set the whole country on fire with its act and consequences. His conviction is certain, and I dread to look forward to what may be the outcome. On all sides is heard the rumor of war. Hepsy attended service this evening at the Indiana Place Chapel and reported the worshipers driven into a frenzy, as I can well believe, for she is beside herself.

Hollis & Brother have chartered the Sea Empress for Dieppe. It would be most imprudent to send her on the long Chinese voyage, for there will be no business of consequence done in that direction for five or six months to come, until this danger of war is definitely over. Consequently, I am induced that you, my husband, will approve of this undertaking. The White Lightning is at present in our graving dock, we having decided it best to recopper her.

I permitted Sara to join with her fellow scholars and the Mademoiselles Gannet in a trip to Paris, and I am very much pleased with her comportment since her return from that capital. I prefer it to a stay in Washington, notwithstanding I have, as you know, a foolish partiality for my own country, though I cannot understand these rumors of surprising revolution; or, rather, tyrannical usurpation by the Slaveholders.

It would give me pleasure to know that our son was given an officer's berth upon his return voyage with you. I long to see him again and note how he has grown and improved himself, and to learn that his time in China was not entirely misspent. I dread the thought of war. Have you thought what it will mean to us, to have to bear the sacrifice of our only son? I do not know how I should long survive his . . . Oh, my husband, I dare not go on! I send you my wifely love and affection, my dear husband, and Sara joins with me in kissing it here..X.. X..for you and Calvin alone. We shall prepare the house for you in the expectancy of seeing you in March. *Adieu!*

Your loving wife

HANNAH PARKER

A kiss (X) to my son.
May you come safely home!

Calvin desired strongly to discuss this strange new

peril with his erstwhile shipmates, and when he had returned the letter to its proper place, he went out to look upon the home-bound crew. Some were strangers — Canton beachcombers who had prevailed upon Captain Peleg to give them a chance at working their way homeward to their native country that might soon need their shoulders to bear the weight of arms; and the once friendly carpenter and bosun and the old sailmaker and the Albatross seemed already to sense the changed relation existing between them and the lad with whom they were once hail-fellow-well-met before the mast, but who was now returning as a young officer. His heart ached for the old familiar good-natured banter as the anchors were hove in; and when he had met the second officer, Mr. Grace, a short, dapper Virginian whose supercilious air grated on Calvin, he knew in his heart that his changed rank brought with it nothing but a promise of loneliness and regret. But as he came athwart the galley he saw — Ah Cum John!

'Wantchee muchee bad see Melica land,' breathlessly exclaimed the ex-compradore. 'Chin-chin fada, Captin he muchee muchee goody galow. One big piecee luck fo Ah Cum John. He savvey otha cook la-li-long; dat fella cheatee, cheatee, cheatee, ph'oy! You catchee one good piecee chow-chow; Ah Cum John catch one good piecee dolla; catchee Cantin waifo!' The fat, cheerful face disappeared before the advent of Mr. Grace's disciplinarian visage, and before Calvin could ask for possible news of Fi Yen; but otherwise easing his mind immensely. What an adventure, taking Ah Cum on the round of the sights of Boston! To Cambridge, even!

No head winds blocking, the Lenore made Macao Roads, and the pilot disembarked. The China Sea alter-

nated foggy with thick squalls, this time of the year; the nettings were triced up to be on guard against pirates, and Calvin was detailed to the masthead, watch and watch with the crew, to keep lookout into the gathering mists ahead.

Further worry was dispelled by the long low Kin San, which now loomed with its many lights and lanterns from out the shadows, and which they spoke, learning it had been detailed on mandarin police duty to ward off possible pirate attacks. As night came on, the mist lifted, and they signaled it farewell. The sailors lowered away the nettings, and the Lenore, her cargo and captain's treasure intact, once more made her way, her course due south, for Sunda. Again came the changing and the clinking of the Spanish pillar dollars for the Javanese sampanwallas' stores; the fresh-water casks were filled; Calvin sent a letter to Chao and to the abbot; and the Lenore passed Java Head on the 3d of February, 1860, lifting her forefoot to the Indian Ocean on the first stretch of the five thousand miles to the Storm Cape, and the twelve thousand miles, all told, to her anchorage in Boston Harbor.

Larboard tacks aboard, and often under single reefs, they doubled the Cape in the Antarctic summer without untoward seas or weather, catching the Southeast Trade to Saint Helena, and exchanging the leftover of the Java barter for apples and potatoes. There was but a half-day at the hilly and mountainous island, the stopping-place for many outbound and inbound vessels; a hasty mounting of Jacob's Ladder and a visit to the Corsican's grave, munching watercress, so palatable after redhorse; and then they took their departure. Passing close to the westward of the Ascension Islands the Lenore soon crossed

the Equator and entered familiar water. They heard nothing at Saint Helena which added to the unrestful news received at Canton, and it was perhaps as good a reason as any, therefore, why Captain Peleg again turned the Lenore toward Barbadoes.

It had indeed been an unbelievably lonely trip for Calvin; more so than he had foreseen. As always, his father ate alone; Calvin's few attempts at conversation with the taciturn Mr. Gates and the whipper-snapper Mr. Grace were not successful. Only once had he ventured into the sail locker to chat with Old Murphy, but the new relation of master and man created a silence between them that neither Calvin's threats nor cajolings could break. His few cheerful moments were the ones smuggled from the garrulous conversations of cheerful Ah Cum John, and the off-watch gibes of Jock Dye, a Scotch-American whose dour-looking face belied his jolly disposition. For the rest, the extra hands were a nondescript assortment: a few Yankees, a Westerner from Ohio, and a Louisianian, nicknamed quite aptly 'The Cricket,' from his swarthy, oily appearance and an eternal tooth-whistled tune.

Calvin stood the captain's watch with his father, eight o'clock to twelve, but their words were few and far between. And now, as they were reaching the end of the voyage, there were some of these watches the captain suffered his son to have alone. Those hours of the night watch were the ones wherein the Lenore at last became Calvin's love and confidante. He began a logbook of his own, and within it he wrote, not only the log of her for the watch, but dear extravagances, as a young lover writes to his first love; in it he gave form to the whispers he spoke to her in the watches of the night. Within it she became bound inextricably with his own thoughts and

lonesomeness and those ideal ambitions that mount high within the dreams of youth. It helped him to forget many things and especially the fact that Philip had never written.

He barely waited, one night, until the Lenore came to anchor off the bar; and then, it being Mr. Grace's turn at the anchor watch, Calvin entered a boat and was once more ashore in Barbadoes.



CHAPTER XXVIII

THE DRUMS OF WAR

CALVIN hailed a barouche at the quay, and gave Ballowclough's address. The same sounds and smells came to him as in the year before, and he interpreted them anew in the terms of the bitter wisdom which had come upon his youth. When they left Bridgetown and came to the undulating fields, swimming under the moonlight, the aspect of the island seemed one of sleep, of dreaming; even the cart drivers and the sleepy oxen trundling along the puncheons seemed moving in a dream. It was not more than ten o'clock, but the planter's house had the quiet of slumber; and, bidding the driver wait, he struck across the field toward Philip's.

He descended the familiar, easy path by the small forest of glossy-leaved, aromatic bay trees that flanked a newly set-out orchard of orange trees and lemon, and cinnamon and nutmeg, and came to where it divided. He was puzzled; he bent down, scrutinizing the ground closely, to ascertain the more beaten way; then doubtfully turned to the right. It led down a gully, overhung

with rock ferns waving low from many crevices, and a great silk cotton tree whose corkscrew roots gleamed in the lessened moonlight like writhing serpents. The path closed around in threatening blackness; the air pulsated with throbs which seemed no part of the natural noises of the night. Frightened, he hurried forward, scanning the path ahead for an upward rise; but it led onward at a level, flanked by darker trees and rocks that jutted silver where they caught the unequal moonlight. Every instinct within him demanded he retrace his steps from out the glen, but he dared not go back; he walked forward until the cliff sloped back less abruptly, and then grasping the roots and trunks of the fantastic trees, lifted himself upwards for a reconnoissance, shivering with strange terror.

There was a Spirit abroad that night in the glen. It was a Spirit of great compass, that had surged hitherward across the sea from the green Vermont hills, and the Rocky Mountains of the West; from the wooded and fertile Southern States of the great American continent above, where brothers had drawn a line of hate, as sons would draw a chalk-line spitefully within the walls of their father's house.

Back and forth in mighty impulses had surged the Spirit, searing some, crucibling others, until now it stood before Calvin Parker; an escaped American slave, dimly visible in the dark glen of a West Indian island, like a bronze statue of Soudan; and many of his own people would not touch him, but stood aghast, looking at this dusky one who had been baptized in blood.

He stood silently, but a slight stone's throw away from the white watcher in the tree. Below Calvin the glen repeated itself in blackness; he was on what seemed a

slight watershed, and from beneath him the throbbing of drums came in sounds deeper, more insistent, than when he had first sensed its presence in the glen. As his eyes grew accustomed to the light of a fire, he saw around it circles of faces, and a hut which broke in on the completeness of the gathering, backed against the dark wall of the ravine. And in the midst of it all stood the firelit form of the young negro man . . . waiting.

The throbbing of the drums increased to the measure of tattoos. The figure of a woman stepped out into the circle by the fire, and spat. A low moan carried toward Calvin on the night with the murmur of the drums, intensifying his feeling of strange and terrifying passion.

In ghastly contortions the woman wove around the fire, moving and writhing like one possessed. She paused, and led the standing one nearer to the flare of the fire. Then she showed them his back, all down which were welts wherein the mightiest among them might lay their fingers' breadth; and one gash healed with a scar into which any one of them might put his horny fist. And she told them how the welts were made by the whip and branding-irons of a Carolina planter, and the scarred gash by his bloodhound's teeth. And the watching boy heard a long hound-like bay rise from the crowd of watchers, that eddied and lost itself in the crannies of the glen.

'Give them a sign — a leader!' prayed an ancient negress.

'The hand of the Lord is about to smite the wickedness of the whites!' prophesied an old man, who knelt, swaying blindly.

'He has been baptized in blood, as our forefathers were; wherefore shall we not aid him and his people? Speak, O black-skinned Chem, raped from African shores!'

Again she bounded about the fire, and the convolutions

and contortions of her body wreathed anew about them indescribable ecstasies. Suddenly the squatting figures arose from their places, and in equal measure followed the figures of her dance. Faster and faster they whirled with her in the wild mazes of the orgy, and maidens threaded, now here, now there, firing their bodies with biting drafts of *rom di blanco.*

The priestess ceased her dance; her body fell near the fire, exhausted, limbs twitching grotesquely. The tattoo of the drums and the chanting subsided. A pungent sweaty odor wafted toward Calvin. Two maidens advanced from the hut, smothering the fire, and the eye of night closed in upon the drum-pulsating glen.

He was coming, The Dark One; coming in answer to the ghastly gropings and ever and ever more insistent incantations of these gatherers of the night. Their Friend was coming, black-skinned like themselves; the Foe who sided with them in their hidden daylight furies and concealed rages against their pale-skinned overlords. Again from the priestess rose the wild, exultant notes of incantation, with the responses of the worshipers:

I went into the graveyard for herbs. I have returned.

She went into the graveyard.

I am the Spirit. I have returned from beyond the grave.

From the land beyond the grave.

I beheld the souls of our people. I know whom the evil charm oppresses.

The evil charm.

I saw the ones that are to die.

They shall die.

I am no longer a priestess. I am the Spirit, Tambwe!

The Spirit Tambwe!

The fire leapt upward, and the noise of the drums; priestess and circling watchers swirled anew into life. Evil and lust eddied in the glen; the Way of The Dark One, fiery-eyed as a serpent, slimy beyond sufferance, invincibly evil. The fire flamed higher like a beacon of hell; the drums' tattoo rose to a maddening roar, until the naked forms of bodies in wild orgy fell prostrate, twitching. The Evil One had sucked their strength; their bodies had become as dried sponges; their souls as charred cinders; their minds as ashes.

Departing footsteps began to sound below Calvin. The long mist of terror faded, and he breathed deeply. Through the evergreen's branches he saw the sweet light of stars; felt the cool wind blowing from the sea. He looked down into the glen. The glamour of the place had departed; he saw only a woman sitting by the fire; self-hypnotized, perhaps, momentarily into the frenzy and power of a sorceress, but only a woman for all that, the dark forms of her erstwhile minions faded along the path leading upwards from the glen.

The King of Perdition! Grope he very likely did about the world, as Calvin had often heard the preachers of Brimstone Corner thunder from the pulpit; but that Satan could swallow his pride and come into this dark ravine at the behest of an hysterical woman, for a score or so of resentful, illiterate negroes — Tosh! Calvin's New England heritage asserted itself. Then he was out of the tree, one with the non-committal shadows, acting on his impulse to race down upon the woman; to burn her in her own fire, as his forefathers had burned other witches at the stake.

But something in the posture of the brooding figure by the fire dissuaded him. The great roll of the war drums

soon to begin in the Northern country had begun to sound in her waiting ears. Her fanatical, momentary elevation was gone; she now sat, mournful — but mournful as a queen may be — crooning a low chant, a proud chant, which he could not know; but it was such as had been chanted before battle for ages by her swart ancestors at Wyassa, Wabiyou, Wagindo, and Kilwa below Zanzibar, ere they had been exiled and cowed and bestialized by white masters into slavery.

And now came yet another sound — a horse's swift hoof-beats along the narrow path of the glen.

Philip swung by, leading the bay mare from his own saddle. 'Mother,' he whispered; 'mount — *hurry!* Father is back. The Lenore has been in the roadstead since six. Oh, *why* will you persist in this nonsense?' he finished. His alert eyes were swiftly roving the glen, as though he sensed the presence of an intruder.

'Who's there?' he asked. 'Who's there? Answer, or, by God, I'll shoot!' He dismounted swiftly.

'It's . . . it's . . . nobody. It's I . . . Calvin Parker!'

Philip ran toward him. 'You call yourself my *friend!*' he taunted. 'What kind of friend are you? What rotten idea have you of friendship? You . . . you *sneak!*'

Calvin stood still and dumb. Life seemed to have passed him by before he could find speech. 'I lost my way. I was coming to see you. I became frightened. You need not be fearful I shall tell . . . anything. I understand . . . just how it is. I am sorry, Philip!' he finished, extending his hand.

But the woman stood between them.

'I know what you had to find out before you came to your senses,' she sneered. 'I see that you are not now acting out of ignorance, but that you intend to pity my-

self and my son. Do you think we wish your silence, your pity? People pity those whom they despise, do they not? We don't require your pity, my fine Yankee upstart — I pity *you*. When I saw you, I could understand *everything*. *Everything*, do you hear? I love him; I hoped and prayed things would happen to prevent your eyes being opened to the life your father was forced to live. Because you are like that woman. You are her son. You are cold and hollow and cruel. You can never understand!'

'You will leave my mother out of this, madam, if you please,' faltered Calvin.

'Take care she stays out of it! Take care I don't force her to account!' She swept toward the bay mare, followed by Philip.

Calvin stopped his friend, hand on arm.

'Your mother hates me, Philip; you must hate me. Before God, I tell you my reason for being here is true. I left Ballowclough's to cross to your plantation. I missed my way. All this that your mother says . . . all this, my God, I never knew!' He sat down, twisting his hands in anguish.

'Makes no difference. After this Voodoo meeting I can be excused for feeling you despise us.'

'You are mad; you don't mean to say such a thing!' said Calvin, extending his arms impulsively. 'Can't you believe I am your . . . friend?'

'This is a white man's world,' countered Philip sadly. 'The chap with the white skin goes farthest. I don't ask anything but . . . justice . . . for my mother and myself, here in Barbadoes.'

Calvin grasped his hand, but Philip's usual warm, firm clasp was cold and listless.

'I promise!' pledged Calvin. 'Shan't we still be friends? I'd give up everything rather than cause you or your mother trouble or sorrow.'

Philip turned moodily, foot in stirrup. His mother scolded, impatiently. The horses trampled, eager to be gone. Philip swung into his saddle.

'Good-bye, Philip!' Calvin called after his friend, beseechingly.

'Good-bye. Safe trip!' answered Philip.

Then, like an emanation from the night, came forming the words the woman flung back at Calvin as her horse galloped down the path, out of the glen:

'*You* fight him? Ha! My son can bend you like cane.'

By the cane sheds he met some of the hands and was told that Ballowclough had left for Bridgetown immediately after dinner. As for his father, no one had seen him; but if he were not aboard ship he very likely might be at Welshman's Hall. There was nothing left for Calvin to do but ask to be driven back to the city.

He was heartsick. He looked over the island's witchery of moonlight, piecing together its patterns, always with Philip's figure in the well-remembered scene. He had thought how he would chide Philip for the days before, and for the never-answered letters, and how he would then hug his friend's apologies to his heart, dismissing Philip's self-recrimination with a laugh. And now he would sail away into the dull dreariness of Boston existence; into war, perhaps, never to feel the firm handclasp that sealed a great friendship — never to see his friend again.

'I forgive you, my father!' he sobbed, his face in the barouche cushions so the colored coachman could not hear. 'I forgive . . . but how dare I face them at home?

What can I say? What can I do? The truth will kill, and a lie destroy. Oh, I wish I had never been born!

'Damn you, you've made me lose everything! Ambition, friend, hope, name, honor — *everything!*'

The barouche drew up before the Icehouse, and Calvin went in to get drunk.



CHAPTER XXIX

TREACHERY AND MUTINY

CALVIN walked through the bar out toward the veranda. A hasty reconnaissance had shown neither Ballowclough nor his father.

As he sat in the shadow waiting the arrival of the waiter, he heard a familiar conversational burr. Who talked like that? Why, it must be McClure, he thought, and he turned to make some inquiry about Philip of the Scotch tutor. But he never asked the question, for deep in conversation with the tutor was Grace, the second officer whom Calvin had left on watch on the Lenore a few hours ago.

With every fiber of his being taut, he listened, but discerned no word which would give a key to the odd situation. Perhaps, after all, they had officered together or been shipmates in days gone by; perhaps they were only casuals of an evening, whiling away an hour over a friendly glass. But the low, earnest tone of conversation on the part of the Scotchman continued, emphasized by affirmations from the second mate. At last it came definitely

over Calvin that something was hatching, and he remembered particularly how agreeable the Virginian had been in the matter of the standing of the watch. By all accounts he should have wished to make the most of the short stay ashore.

The waiter came with whiskey-and-soda, but Calvin left it untouched. He waited until all seemed propitious to leave the veranda unobserved, and hastily made his way to the quay, giving a boatman a half-crown to row him to the Lenore.

The sound of revelry came from the open door of the fo'c'sle as he climbed the ladder. He saw no light on the quarterdeck nor amidships, and concluded that both his father and unsuspecting Mr. Gates, the mate, were either ashore or fast asleep. He found Old Murphy dozing on the middle hatch, and, waking him, told him of what he had seen and suspected.

'I disremember,' returned the startled old sailmaker, 'but I think it is Mr. Grace who had a peck o' ship's trouble a time back with some Chineymen he was smuggling to the guaney islands. And if it is him, same, belike he'll know McClure, for 'twas the Scotchman was her captain, and 'tis the knowin' o' how he did it has kept him under your father's thumb these long whiles.

'It bodes no good, sir,' went on the old sailmaker. 'They'd be as thick as three in a bed, would Mr. Grace and the Scotchman. And by the same token 'tis Mr. Grace's been tickling the crew's ribs ever since we left Canton; he let the black women come up the side as soon as your father went ashore, and they're in there now, drunk with rum he's sent from ashore.'

'Perhaps I'd better tell my father,' suggested Calvin.

'He won't be back until the morning,' said Old Mur-

phy. 'If there's trouble hatching, ye can depend on him smelling it out before the next. You'd best turn in, and I'll keep a weather-eye open here on the hatch.'

Calvin slept in fits and starts; nameless forebodings filled his slumber with bad dreams, but when he rose next morning he had to admit he was troubled without reason. The second officer was on deck, debonair and noncommittal as usual, with never an indication of a night's debauch; he, the mate, and the captain were already giving incisive orders. The bleary crew had begun a yowling capstan chantey, punctuated by their clomp-clomp about the windlass. The Lenore made her departure with colors flying, and the Stars and Stripes and the British Union Jack dipped from other vessels as she wore round and away to the music of the straining sheaves. There came the last long pull; men were told off to lash the topsail sheets to the yardarms and rack the topsail halyards. Sea watches were set, and the officers delegated to take regular lookout turns at the masthead. None of her lights were lit as dusk deepened on the sea; even the light at the binnacle was shaded, and the compass showed a wide veer from the usual track. The Lenore was pushing farther to the eastward on a great circle that would bring her by a roundabout way to Boston, for besides the imminent danger of hostilities draft ships were ranging the seas, capturing vessels outright against the coming secession, where the masters were not amenable to the more friendly form of financial coercion.

The captain's watch had ended at midnight and, after a turn about the swiftly moving vessel, he turned in. He was in the pleasant, dozing state that precedes slumber when his trained sense detected a sudden altering of the

Lenore's course. Slipping back into his trousers he bounded out on deck.

A lantern was waving in swift, measured arcs of light forward as though signaling; the ship had rounded, doubling the effect of the sails, and the creaking of the strained tiller and ropes and rudder sounded like explosions. But the trained eye of her master discerned no suspicious craft upon the midnight darkness of the sea.

The lantern had disappeared forward, as if its user had been warned. The captain stopped at the binnacle.

'Just a dozing wheelman, sir,' suavely explained Mr. Grace. 'She's steady on her course now, sir — steady.'

'What light was that forward?'

'What light, sir? There was none!'

'Oh, yes, there was, sir — and here's the one that swung it!' The form of Old Murphy came stumbling along the deck, pushing and dragging the Cricket.

'Was it not my orders that no lights be showing, fore or aft?' asked the maddened captain. 'Why did you disobey?'

'It warn't me, sir!' whined the sullen sailor.

'Are you sure there was no waving of a lantern?' asked Captain Peleg, turning on the second officer.

'Oh, yes, sir; quite confident!' responded Mr. Grace jauntily.

The captain's shrill whistle sounded over the ship. The mate and bosun responded.

'Pass the word and rouse the crew,' ordered the master. 'Mr. Gates, you will post lookouts and search the deck for suspicious preparations. I shall want the irons on this man. You are relieved of your watch, Mr. Grace. Go to your cabin, sir!'

The anxious face of Ah Cum John roused Calvin from

slumber. 'Muchee clowd aloun' topside; captin makee muchee bobbely . . . wanchee muchee bad chin-chin topside!'

As he dressed swiftly, he heard the mate's voice, husky and muffled, giving sharp orders. When he went on deck, the men were gathering about the foremast. Their faces showed sullen and drawn-faced in the moonlight.

'We've found naught untoward, sir,' reported the bosun.

The captain and the mate and Calvin ranged themselves before the men; Captain Peleg in the center, the boy and Mr. Gates on either side. The mate slid open his dark lantern and swept it over the faces of the men.

'Step forward, you!' he bellowed at the Cricket.

As the man advanced, shackled, Calvin looked at his father. Anger had distended the captain's body and heightened his stature, but he was perfectly calm. The mate flashed the dark lantern now on the book his father held, and the master's voice read quietly and evenly the article on Disobedience of Orders.

'Trice up the grating, sir!' he commanded the mate.

'All hands witness punishment — ahoy!' supplemented Mr. Gates. He gave the order in a voice which trembled.

The grating was triced up at the break of the poop. 'Strip him!' commanded Captain Peleg. 'Bosun, give him forty lashes!'

The Cricket howled in mortal agony. 'It warn't me, sir; it warn't me! Mercy, sir!'

Calvin was in equal agony. His mind flashed back to the scene on the Icehouse veranda; he endeavored to whisper to his father.

'Silence, sir! I want none of your chicken-hearted whining. I want no interference with the discipline of this ship!' The words cut, whip-like.

Meanwhile the shrinking Cricket was being spread-eagled against the grating. The sailor's body squirmed under the lashes; his shrieks sounded over the ship, eddied in the rigging, blanched the faces of the watchers; then he fainted, and the last ten lashes welted sickeningly upon his unconscious body.

The men had been saturated with liquor ever since leaving Barbadoes. They had not been in fit condition to offer objection or resistance; but now, at the spectacle of their shipmate untriced and lying in his blood, murmuring vitality ebbed back into their minds and bodies. The murmur increased to a growl that mounted in volume and menace. Then suddenly the second mate appeared in their midst, and in the sailors' hands was the brandish of knives as their glaring eyes and clenched teeth faced the captain and his two officers.

'Ah, Mr Grace — just so!' exclaimed the captain evenly. 'I thought you had been ordered to keep to your cabin. You seem bent on kicking up a bobbery since your pet scheme of fetching the blood-and-entrails [1] on the jackstaff fell through! Answer me, sir!'

'I — why — I refuse to answer such a whoremaster as you, Captain Parker!'

'Right-oh!' . . . 'Whoremaster he is!' . . . Deadly insults came from the maddened sailors. The loyal ones among them groaned, and were for rushing the others. Old Murphy lashed the wheel, where he had kept his station until now, and stood behind the captain.

'Drop your knives, ye divils!' he snarled, 'or there'll be

[1] The British Union Jack.

a round dozen hanging from the yardarms at Boston Light!'

'Hold avast!' commanded the captain. 'The quarrel's mine. I ask no man to fight my battles.' He pointed his finger at the second mate. 'As for you, you unmanly scoundrel, you shanghaied bastard from Hell, I know you took oath in Barbadoes to trim the wings of the Lenore. I know you threatened to make me sharks' food; that you said Davy's locker had waited for me too long. You've dragged women's honor into this, and now strip; damn you, *strip!*'

The eyes of the mutinous crew were riveted upon the captain. His voice, although he spoke at the natural pitch of it, was remarkably clear and strong; his whole manner inspired, willy-nilly, a feeling of respect. He stood as firmly as the Lenore's mainmast; and the moonlight-carved image of him in shirt and trousers and stocking feet, showed every inch the master of a ship.

He began to draw off his shirt. Now, for the first time, seen in conjunction with his upper nakedness, his enormous fists fitted into the symmetry of his body, and no longer seemed out of proportion and distorted. His skin ended at a clean red line on the muscled neck, already steeling itself against the blows to come, and the muscles of his powerful sloping shoulders eased down into arms superbly muscled without binding or excess. His great chest rose, slowly heaving, outlining the ribs like the ribbing of his beloved ship.

His adversary had likewise drawn off his upper clothing, and his slight but neatly muscled frame showed white below the black rage of his snarling face.

The men fell away to give room. The second mate

made a lunge, but the captain sidestepped and hammered blows upon his opponent as a cooper rims a cask. Grace clinched, and the captain's fist came up between the second mate's arms in a semi-uppercut which sent him back tripping on the blocks. He staggered forward, lunging toward the captain, but his opponent caught him again; then the second mate's swing caught the captain in his right eye.

For a moment he stood dazed, then led with his powerful right. He caught Grace fairly on the nose; followed, as the second mate fell back against the hatch, the winch, with a cracking jab from his left upon the Virginian's jaw; and as the battered recipient hung against the rail the captain landed his great right fist neatly on Grace's chin.

'You're killing him, Father; don't hit him any more!' begged Calvin.

'Look you to it I don't make *your* teeth rattle!' came the savage answer.

But the wiry Virginian had only been snatching breathing space. Now, as the ship sagged in her course, he came at Captain Peleg in a wild swing, but the captain, ducking, bestowed a stiff blinder on Grace's right eye. Again they clinched; tripped on a cleat, and hit the deck, rolling against the hatch coaming. The captain was atop the writhing Virginian, rubbing the man's head against the planking evilly, gloating over the blood which more and more grumed the deck.

'He's down, sir; remember that,' reminded Mr. Gates.

'So he is!' answered Captain Peleg, as though the fact had just occurred to him. 'Lie there, you bleeder, until I've had my say, or I'll beat your brains out,' he snarled.

He flexed himself to his feet, his eyes flashing on the beaten officer and the crew.

'You men will turn in and those on watch return to your stations or I'll pistol your brains out. And if I ever hear yawp of what has befallen here to-night, I'll get you, so help me God. If ever a word is breathed aboard this ship about the woman who has done me the honor to be my wife, I'll keelhaul the man —'

An iron belaying pin crashed on his skull, crunching him to the deck. The second officer mounted like a panther; in a second he was on the captain's prostrate form. Then he flung upward, panting and aghast. He had no quarrel with the dying.

The mate and Calvin simultaneously looked aloft. As one their pistols barked, and a figure in the rigging fell in a grotesque heap upon the deck. The back was bare; great bloody welts showed in the moonlight. It was the Cricket.

'Shipmates, ye have gone too far,' said the trembling voice of Old Murphy. 'What can ye gain but the destruction of a stricken man? There'll be no trouble, sir!' he assured the mate. The men nodded sheepishly.

'Watch and watch it is again,' spoke the incisive voice of the mate. 'One of you take the wheel. No treachery, or, by God, I'll kill you!'

The ship was now fairly round and hands were told off to trim sail. The form of Captain Peleg lay on the deck, curiously silent and quiet. There was only the low sound of a boy's weeping and his anxious murmurs. Anon came the guttural reviving breathing of the captain.

They carried the injured man to his cabin — Mr. Gates, Calvin, Old Murphy, and Ah Cum John. Captain Peleg lay on the bed, chest bare, the linen bandage about

the head thickening with the red waste of blood from his grievously fractured skull. 'Done for, by God!' he muttered at intervals. 'Done for — Lenore . . .'

The perspiration disputed the tears on the boy's face, alone with his father in the stifling closeness of the cabin. The night breeze had fallen to a gentle breathing, wafting its weakness against the windjammers into the open portholes.

Suddenly his heart leapt to the fear of hardly an hour before. Shouts were cleaving the night quietness; along the deck echoed the running of lines and the hurried pacing of feet. A singular smell wafted through the portholes; the Lenore's bell began an ominous, insistent clangor.

Steps clattered down the companion ladder. Calvin started at the sight of Old Murphy, as though he had seen a specter. The old sailmaker's face was blanched white as his beard; his finger was held to his lips, in a warning of silence: 'Sh-sh-sh! On deck with your father; *we're afire!*'

Calvin helped him, dimly comprehending, moving like an automaton. The sailmaker leaned over and clamped shut the portholes. '*Bouyla veen*, no wonder 'tis in a daze ye are. But speed ye, now; the mate's holding the men off the boats with his gun!' He arranged the clothing over his injured captain as tenderly as a mother adjusts the clothing over her babe.

'That's right . . .' — the captain's voice came feebly jerking; 'my place is on deck . . . Man every pump . . . Murphy, if it weren't for you . . . those bastards . . . God damn them all . . . !' His voice trailed off into silence with the wisp of bloody saliva that oozed from his mouth.

Calvin looked stupidly around the cabin; at the closed deadlights; the blood-stained pillows; the daguerreotypes

of his mother and sister on the rack; the logbook open on the desk. He laid a sheet upon his father's body and helped Murphy carry him to the deck.

'My race is run . . . my cable's parted . . .' muttered the master. 'Launch my hull out from your poop . . . stock and fluke . . . Lenore . . . !'



CHAPTER XXX

THE BURNING OF THE LENORE

The night air was gratefully cool, thought Calvin. Was there a fire? Where? The Lenore seemed to be making no way; her sails flapped lazily against the masts. There were two silent figures standing at the break of the quarterdeck, one larboard, one starboard, forward of the lifeboat davits. He saw they held pistols.

By the foremast he saw men dragging a tarpaulin over the forward hatch; men at the pumps; men with casks and buckets. He heard the cursing orders of the bosun, punctuated by the low, level commands of the mate, short and sinister. The cries of the crew's caged pets, parrots and Java sparrows, came startled on the night from the fo'c'sle. He saw the men forward treading in odd, dancing motions, striking ridiculous postures, but did not know the planks were becoming well-nigh unbearably hot. Presently he saw their lower extremities less and less distinctly; a fog seemed rising above the deck, sweeping back to him its pungent breath. It smarted his brittle eyes, and the captain began to cough.

"'Twill bring on a hemorrhage, unless we get him off,' announced the old sailmaker, standing by.

'But there's no fire, Murphy, that I can see,' objected Calvin.

"'Twas the lantern; he threw it down the sail locker,' explained the sailmaker. 'And I thought 'twas to the sea he threw it, bad cess to him; but 'twas down there smouldering in all the trouble, and it's eaten into the forrud hold.'

But even as he finished, a great crackle sounded forward, and with a roar a great dart of flame shot upwards from the forward hatch. The forward planks heaved, and their edges became teethed with fire; against the flaming wall he saw the men bend, sheltering their faces, and come running astern as they let fall the hose and made for the rail. Still higher flared the holocaust, as in a suction of elements. Tall tongues of flame licked the silhouetted spars; devoured the forward sails, burning them like tissue, and the light of licking, varicolored flame festooned from masts to yards, or hung suspended from the rigging like blazing stars. Over the roar of the flame soared the mate's command: 'All hands prepare to abandon ship!'

Before the armed guardians of the lifeboats the crew divided into two groups, going to the larboard and starboard stations. Ah Cum John approached with two hampers of victuals from the galley; the carpenter unlashed a brace of water casks. Old Murphy reascended from the companionway bearing the logbook, compass, quadrant, chronometer, and chart wrapped in the captain's oilskin. The second officer oversaw the disembarking preparations grimly, watching while the rigged and provisioned starboard boat, bearing the mate and the unconscious captain among the others, lowered to the

water. He told off the crew for the larboard lifeboat; again there came the squeak of sheaves, the rattle of davit blocks, the splash as the hastily lowered boat reached the water. The boats dropped away and the glorious Lenore, Queen of Clippers, was abandoned at sea.

But yet not quite abandoned; for, rowing forward to gather up the few who had dropped from the trapped forward deck, the men in the boats saw the lone figure of Grace, the second officer, standing by the rail. He knew the fate that awaited him should they make Barbadoes; here, on the Atlantic waste, he preferred to square accounts, alone. But as they watched him, they saw another figure stealing up behind; the flash of the long meat-knife as Ah Cum John, the captain's avenger, approached nearer and nearer the second mate. It was like a set scene; the two men crouching below the proscenium of arching smoke, black from the tar barrels and winged with flame; then the tableau came to life. The second mate saw the advancing Ah Cum John, paused for an instant as though transfixed with horror, and looked uncertainly toward the lifeboats and the sea. Then he backed slowly away from the maddened Chinaman — back, back, until both were at the holocaust of the forward hatch — until the Chinaman leapt upon him with his gleaming knife, and both pitched into the inferno below.

'Midships on the Lenore's deck, the body of the Cricket stirred, driven into reflex action by the heat; it rose eerily, and settled back, twitching.

'He'll be after going to jine thim in Hell,' said the old sailmaker.

As the flames raced up the Lenore's aftershrouds and backstays and burned away her braces, the yards swung

around, the main, mizzen, and spanker filled, and the blazing vessel tacked madly through the water in a burst of dying speed. The boats' crews watched with bated breath as the ship passed by, her long flying jibboom already pointing downward toward the waves. With a dull boom like thunder her middle hatch opened, and another great pillar of smoke piled upward to the sky. The main, mizzen, and spanker sails whipped off in sheets of fire; the burning embers of tea chests rode the billows of smoke, sending down about them a tempest of sparkling rain. The Lenore no longer raced on; the latest explosion had thrown her over far abeam and her tall and blazing masts fell splashing in the sea. Slowly, as though it had been struck by a wheelsman's hand, the Lenore's bell tolled out the eight bells for the ending of the watch; she began to settle by the head, never so gently; and her bell continued to toll for death and mourning as, with a characteristic, well-loved shudder, she followed her phantom sisters of all ages and nations in formless processional, down the sea. The last torch on her gleaming masts departed; the last glow upon her disdainful maintruck died; then, head foremost, rudder flapping madly in air, she was gone, bubbles and charred wreckage her only tracing on the water, and hissing steam blanketing her grave below the tropic moon.

The mate's boat had given the course; the masts were struck and with thwarts manned the boats put about again for Barbadoes. The captain moaned under the blanket.

'There'll never be another like her,' breathed Old Murphy; '*never!*'

'Aye, never!' agreed Jock Dye. 'And with her sails flattened and herself broached to, 'tis well caulked and

tackled she'll sail to Fiddler's Green. Dinna greet, sir,' he said to Calvin kindly; and to himself, ''Tis pity his cable's parting, and sae soon!'

The low murmur of an old familiar chantey came along the water:

I thought I heard Old Stormy roar:
Leave her, Johnny, leave her!
For Fiddler's Green I've bound Lenore,
Leave her, Johnny, leave her!

In Dead Man's Bay she's dropped anchor,
Leave her, Johnny, leave her!
Her days of fight and storm are o'er,
Leave her, Johnny, leave her!

In Dead Man's Bay they crowd the shore,
Leave her, Johnny, leave her!
They've never seen your like, Lenore,
Leave her, Johnny, leave her!

Oh, soon my feet will tramp the shore,
Leave her, Johnny, leave her!
I'll never sail your like, Lenore,
Leave her, Johnny, leave her!

'Seventy-two days out o' Canton, she was,' murmured Old Murphy, 'and ten more would have seen her fast at the wharf. There never was a ship will better it; never!'

'Aye!' agreed Jock Dye. 'There'll be mony a ship, but a fancier, never!'

'Nor a fancier skipper!' interjected the bosun. 'There is never another that 'ud be as quick to see a tops'l sheet, or stays'l, or halyard not properly taut; or a yard not squarely by the lifts.'

'Aye — all fair and square by the lifts and braces, is your father's plan,' affirmed Old Murphy to Calvin.

'And isn't it something, after all, that the weakness closed his skylights, so he didn't see the finish of his

Lenore? 'Twas lucky, that!' said the sorrowful Ohioan. But the Albatross, tugging at his forelock, sounded them all, and said:

'She has gone from us, senhores, because we proved unworthy of her!'



CHAPTER XXXI

THE PASSING OF THE MASTER

It was a soft tropical night, and above the haze upon the water sparkled low stars. The ship which the Cricket evidently intended to signal never came within their range of vision; there was only the great bowl of the sea dimmed with an acrid smoke pall; the sound of oars in the locks; the low chuckle of the phosphor water. The boats made the best of the light breeze; and the mate, who had seen to it that the chief mutineers occupied his boat, kept them mindful of their position with occasional savage jabs of his pistol in the ribs of the ones on the near-by thwarts. The disaster which had overtaken the Lenore brought to the full their realization of the situation to which they had reduced themselves, and the lack of wholehearted support from the others added to the ignominy they felt in their defenseless position.

The wind increased; they sped along briskly at a speed which should bring them to Bridgetown Roads about midday. In the stern sheets of Calvin's boat the form of his father lay unconscious and silent. It was evident from

his labored breathing that the hand of death was beginning to bear strongly upon him. The flame of life, whose strong force had lighted the varied, far-flung vista of his years, was flickering weakly at last; and in the glare of her doom his beloved Lenore had lighted his forward track upon the Uncharted Sea.

Now, under the tarpaulin, his movements became convulsive, and Calvin saw his father had regained consciousness.

'Well, my boy, I'm going . . . I mocked God; I thought I was secure . . . but His will mocks our feeble desires after all . . . Aye! We must all bow under the Almighty's cat, and he swings it with a just hand.'

He continued in a feebler tone, as though to no one in particular: 'I have loved beauty, and all beauty has been as you to me, Lenore! . . . I have loved my wife, and yielded to none in the respect I bore her . . . I have begotten children, and loved them also . . . I guarded them well, and opened for them the ways whereon they cared to build . . . I have drunk, and I have whored, and I have built honest ships — let any man build better if he can . . . I have tossed profits aside to give ships to our friends in China . . . I have been good to my men . . . And now, damn their souls to Hell — they've stuck me . . . God damn them all . . . !'

He paused to rest his wearied breathing.

'You lads will be the only providers left . . . Promise you'll shoulder from now on like a man, Calvin . . . It *is* a burden . . . don't you suppose I know it? . . . The bitter lonesomeness . . . the life with a pack of brutes . . . the tool of women whose lust is a fever that sets blood afire. . .

'And you did not like it . . . Calvin. I know it. You were too good . . . you *are* good, my son; forgive . . . your

poor old dying father. Stay with your mother and work with her. . . Oh!'

Calvin sprang to ease his father's pain. Captain Peleg's eyes closed as though to shut out the vision that came before him. His eyes, set in the clairvoyant fixity of approaching death, saw ahead into the great room of the Boston home; looked down, as if from his own portrait on the mantel, upon the tableau of two women facing each other across the room with their sons beside; saw the white woman face to face with the octoroon, her face a study in incredulous frustration, hate, contempt. Then he saw the octoroon's victorious, proud eye fall below the kindred light in his black coachman's eye; saw her drooping, overdressed progress down the streets of Boston, Philip raging . . . 'The very spit of Captain Parker, sir, when he was younger!' . . . and they were gone; Barbadoes again and disillusionment . . .

'Calvin . . .' moaned his father. 'As you love me . . . promise me. Tell your mother . . . nothing . . . you can withhold. Can you . . . lie . . . this *once?*'

The boy nodded, weeping. 'All shall be as you wish, Father. But you will not die. The doctors in Barbadoes . . .'

'Water . . . water . . . Calvin, . . . a drink of water! . . . Ah!' He continued: 'Philip . . . Barbadoes . . . you will see no harm befalls him and his mother?'

The weeping lad nodded. 'Stand up . . . swear it!' ordered his father, looking up. 'Hem . . . ensign inverted!' he exclaimed, as his eyes took in that indication of nautical distress. 'Makes no difference now . . . to me.'

'Philip is my dearest friend. That answers for everything, Father!' reassured Calvin.

'Now you are talking like your father's son. God . . .

it is hard to leave you . . . both . . . now. That day in the hurricane . . . and the Cricket. Dammit, I would . . . have made a man of you, my son!'

The dying mariner evidently was unconscious of the foundering of his beloved vessel, for his next words were: 'You'll see the Lenore makes Boston . . . The charter calls for ninety-day delivery at India Wharf . . .'

Again he sank back exhausted, and again the clairvoyant faculty that grows strong in venturers across the threshold of eternity came to him. He saw his old friend, Governor Andrew, presenting the regimental colors to the 'Fifty-Fourth Massachusetts Colored,' and Lieutenant Calvin Parker at the head of his division of the troops; every one black as coal, and equipped and paid from the Parker treasury by Hannah Parker, Esq., who watched them march slowly away from Evans House and across the Common, to die at Fort Wagner, and Baykins Mill, and Honey Hill, and Olustee.

'Lenore . . . she would like it, I know . . . Son, war is coming. When it comes you will do your . . . duty . . . as a Parker?'

'Oh, I will, I will . . . Father!' sobbed Calvin. 'Need you ask? I would give my life for you, my father!'

The unaccustomed word came out at the last with the full accent of filial endearment, so long unexpressed. It seemed to Calvin he had just come to know the full stature of his father; now, only, when he was about to lose him forever.

'Philip . . . Calvin . . . promise! Lenore, where are you . . . why haven't you come?' he asked; then nestled back into the pillow, breathing deeply, in whistles; like a taut rope paying through a sheave.

'McClure,' he muttered, 'this . . . will be a . . . leak . . .

to sink your soul to Hell . . . in that day . . . when you come to pass in your accounts . . .' Suddenly he rose up, standing.

'Ahoy, Lenore . . . ahoy . . .!'

His voice rang over the sea with its old power. It seemed to play upon that wide glistening world of water, so sweet and yet so terrible; out of which had come all life; into which would gather in time all death, infinitesimal as this death that was now being gathered from its far interests and horizons to fade out as the low swell upon the sea. It was his last cry; and the sea took it to herself, wafting it over her waste of waters, working that into it which would make it part of her own squalls and tempests, sunshine and storm, forever.

And now it came back as a requiem with the wind's breath. And these men who had lived and fought and allowed their fates to be abided by the sea sensed it, for from the two boats as if by concert came welling the dolorous air of an old chantey. All the mock seriousness that they had been wont to put into it in other days was gone; it was a solemn thing. And neither Mr. Gates nor Calvin resented it; their master was passing; they were yielding him their last respects in the best way they knew:

Old Stormy, he is dead and gone,
To me, way, hay, storm along, John!
Old Stormy, he is dead and gone,
Woe, O, come along, get along, storm along, John!
Old Stormy, he was a bully old man,
To me, way, you storm along!
Old Stormy, he was a bully old man,
Ay-e-e, master — storm along!

Don't carry him along to Boston town,
Storm along, boys, storm along!
But bury him away from black Bridgetown,
Storm along, boys, storm along . . . !

The other boat had drawn close; Mr. Gates, leaning over the gunwales, felt the weakening pulse of his stormy old master suddenly cease. With a look he hushed the chanters and comforted the weeping boy.

After all, it was as the master would have asked it — this cradling upon the vast waters for his last sleep. He had lived hard, lusted hard, worked hard; let the Almighty Judge, Who despises the coward, softens to the repentant sinner, and rewards honest labor, work His will with him. Captain Peleg Parker was dead.

About them the chantey still hovered, like an echo of bells.

'May God have mercy on him, and all the faithful departed!' prayed the Albatross.

'Amen . . . and on the unfaithful, too!' amended Old Murphy.

THE SONG OF THE LENORE

Death! Death! What is it? Rise from the stern sheets, Peleg Parker, builder and mariner, and render the account of thy abandonment of thy Lenore!

The moonstream, the moonbeam; my handservants, — where are they? My wings have torn by like bats; my rigging is fashioned with fire. My bosom aches for your trample; my womb is in torment with the monster of its deliverance.

An enemy has crawled upon me like a viper; my white beauty is gone. My breast heaves in the last gasp of dissolution; the chests of silver in my strong room sear through me, hissing down in the sea.

Birth! Birth! Never did it equal this pain! Never was my beloved ocean cruel like unto this. Gone are the screaming seabirds who circled me with adoration and envy; scarlet hawks eddy over me, whose eyes flash with fire; a stifling black tempest writhes through my shrouds. My bell jangles in the fog of my terror.

I am alone!

I see an unfamiliar harbor. Its water is stagnant; its shore is piled high with bones; its craft are bleached and kelpened and strange. Their crews stare upon me, and their eyes are as garnets set in an ivory wall. Its fog is like Gravesend; its rain squalls like Bergen; its wind fiercer than Texel; its stench like Marseilles.

No, no! Not there, my master! It is the Harbor of Death! Ours be that course beyond, my master! There! Off Fiddler's Green! Ho, for Fiddler's Green!

Come quickly, old warrior of the sea! There shall we sail onward forever in deathless beauty, thy Lenore the white foil for the crimson mains of gilded carracks; the painted spread of great

carven galleons. Ours the white coursers and the staving billows; the ocean like polished glass. We shall cow the Four Winds; we shall pass all as an arrow!

You made me stand before the world in utter loveliness. My sisters shall grow old and decay; their proud masts shall be stumped; their hulls rot with foul cargoes; their great white blossoming sails wither with smoke on the sea. But you and I shall sail on forever in our vigorous prime, eternally young!

Maybe some who have sailed with us will remember. Old sailors shall sit by their hearthstones, home from the sea. And perhaps they will say: 'We sailed on her, once.' And their children will listen with envy and pride.

EXPLICIT

End of the Chronicle of the Lenore

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